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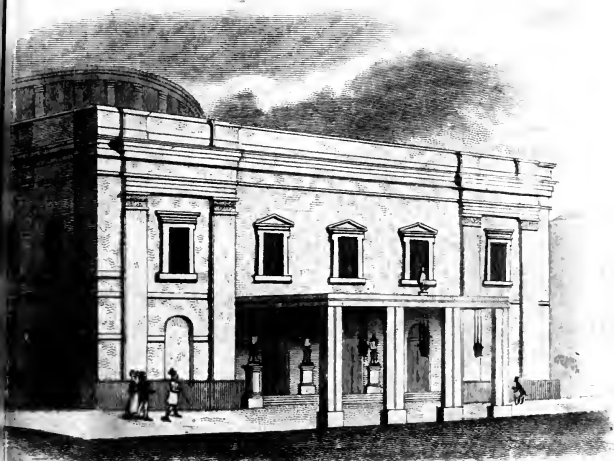




Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MR. SINCLAIR,
AS DON CARLOS,
IN THE DUENNA.

THE
D R A M A .
OR



View of the Exterior of Drury Lane Theatre.

THEATRICAL POCKET MAGAZINE.

Vol : VII.

THE BRADY

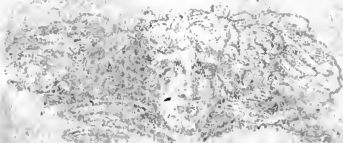
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FOR THE M A G A Z I N E

BRADY

A COMPANION TO THE BRADY

Illustration of the building



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THE DRAMA;

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE,

FORMING
A COMPLETE CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL
Illustration of the British Stage.

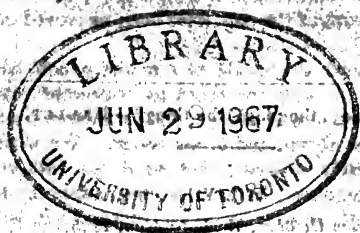


“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

VOL. VII.
From October, 1824, to May, 1825.

EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT PORTRAITS OF THE
Principal Performers of the London Theatres.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY T. and J. ELVEY,
63, FLEET STREET, and 30, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN,



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PREFACE.

SEVEN Volumes of this Dramatic Collection are now before the public; and the extraordinary patronage which has been bestowed upon it during its progress, is most gratifying to the conductors, as it is a convincing evidence, that the strenuous efforts they have made, to render the Work, one of the first Dramatic Records of the day, have been approved of.

The plan, and the mode of conduct which has been pursued to bring the Work to its present perfection, are now so well known, that to enlarge upon them would be absurd and unnecessary. We shall, therefore, merely observe, that as it has hitherto been always regulated by the strictest attention to private interest as well as public duty, so it will always be continued—guided by a strict impartiality, undefiled by the praise of venality, or the false assertions of envy or dislike.

In original correspondence the present Volume will be found peculiarly rich, and here it becomes our duty to return our most grateful thanks to our many kind and valuable Correspondents, by whose liberal and excellent contributions we have thus been enabled to uphold the character of our Work. We here again embrace the opportunity of observing,

PREFACE

that all elucidations of obscure passages, or adjustments of mistake—Ancient Dramatic Anecdotes and Fragments—Memoirs of Actors, Ancient and Modern—and passing observations on dramatic events of the day will be gratefully received, and find early insertion.

Previous to concluding the present Preface, we beg leave to state to our readers, that Messrs. ELVEYS having disposed of their interest in the Publication to Mr. GIFFORD, of Paternoster Row; it will be continued by him on the same scale of elegance as heretofore. Various improvements are in contemplation for the ensuing Volumes; and we are requested to say that no expense will be spared to render it worthy of the dramatic library of the most fastidious collector. The Engravings will be furnished from original drawings and paintings; and engraved by Artists of the highest celebrity. Correspondents are therefore requested to observe that all communications must for the future be addressed to Mr. GIFFORD, Periodical Publication Office, Paternoster Row, for the Editor.

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1824.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE.		PAGE
Memoir of Mr. Sinclair	7	Sonnet to Miss Kelly	40
The Ghost in Macbeth	11	THEATRICAL INQUISITION.	
Bolinbroke’s Clara..	15	Covent Garden	<i>ib.</i>
Dramatic Excerpta ..	16	Drury Lane.....	47
Anecdotes of Ancient Actors	25	Haymarket	49
On the preternatural Beings of Shakspeare	27	MINOR DRAMA.	
Dramatic Sketcher..	35	Surrey Theatre	51
Stephen Kemble....	38	Adelphi.....	53
		Cobourg	55
		Olympic.....	57
		West London.....	<i>ib.</i>
		Town Talk	

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF
Mr. INCLEDON.

London :

PUBLISHED BY T. and J. ELVEY,
63, FLEET STREET, and 30, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN.
To whom all Communications “ for the Editor,”
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PRICE SIXPENCE.

TOWN TALK, No. XVIII.

COLOURED FLAMES.—Add a little boracic acid to a spoonful of alcohol, and stir them together, in a saucer or cup, then set them on fire, and the flame will be of a beautiful green colour. If strontites in powder be added to alcohol, it burns with a carmine flame; if barytes be added, the flame is yellow; if the alcohol contain muriate of magnesia, it burns with a reddish-yellow flame. Z. Z.

A villanous attempt was made on Friday last to fire the Exeter Theatre. During the temporary absence of the cheque-taker, just at the commencement of the farce, some malicious scoundrel put a lighted paper into a lamp in the passage leading to the pit, which, setting fire to the cotton in it, produced a high flame, and a great deal of smoke, which the current of air through the avenues naturally conveyed into the pit. This attempt having been accompanied by the cry of "Fire!" the confusion which took place may be easily conceived. Ladies were shrieking and fainting in various directions, and in one minute the most timid of the audience found themselves in safety on the outside of the theatre; but those who remained were soon satisfied, by the exertions of Mr. HARVEY, the stage-manager, of their security. "God save the King" was then played by the orchestra, and the performance proceeded.—*Aug. 29.*

On Friday night, during the performance of "*Is he Jealous?*" at the English Opera House, an individual in the side boxes, in the midst of the laughter excited by the admirable performance of Miss KELLY and WRENCH, forgot to take care of his hat, and it fell into the pit. The moment he perceived the serious loss which he had sustained, considering generosity in that instance to be true policy, he called out aloud, "I will give sixpence to any gentleman who will bring up my hat." Such, however, is the state of affluence to which the country has arrived, that no gentleman sought to avail himself of this silver opportunity, and the owner of the hat was obliged to go down for it himself.—*24th Sept. 1824.*



THE DRAMA ;

OR,

Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. I.

OCTOBER, 1824.

Vol. VII.

MR. SINCLAIR.

“ His strains exalt and ravish the soul ;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you, now in sprightly strain
Breathes a gay rapture through the thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad.”

“ What swelling notes now burst upon the ear !
Sure some unrivalled singer must be near—
The *Tramezzani* of our English stage ;
The *Farinelli* of our modern age ;
Now swelling high, now sinking simply low,
With joy excessive, or with poignant woe.
SINCLAIR ! thou prodigy of modern day,
Who strik'st the soul with thy inspiring lay ;
All the high passions of the heart awake,
As on the ear thy tones mellifluous break ;
Touch the soft breast with melting lays of love,
As floating zephyrs move the rustling grove ;
Then mount on high, with unexampled song,
And, on its breath, the spirit bear along !”

NUGÆ THEATR.

WE may search the annals of dramatic biography with some care and trouble, and probably not meet with one of its members, who has ascended the lofty eminence of fame with more certain step, and with less opposition

and struggle, than the subject of the present outline. The life of Mr. SINCLAIR is not fraught with "hair-breadth escapes"—"barn-door miseries"—"the miseries to which all flesh is heir to," or the wretchedness and beggary generally attendant upon the race of aspirants to theatrical celebrity. Mr. S's pursuit to the temple of musical fame has been through scenes of calm and uninterrupted serenity and flowery paths, without scarcely a breeze to ruffle the soft wave of hope upon which his pretensions and qualifications were borne. The God of music, had marked him as one devoted to his shrine, and awaited only the result of time to prove the value of his choice.

Mr. SINCLAIR is a native of Edinburgh, and was born in the year 1790. His predilection and taste for music were manifested at a very early period of infancy, and every opportunity being afforded for the cultivation of that taste, he received the best of instruction during several years. He visited Aberdeen, where he followed the branches of the art for a considerable time, and chiefly confined his talent to private tuition. Desirous of hearing and being familiar with the style and proficiency of our most eminent professors, he came to London, and subsequently met with an introduction to that "master of scholars," (as HAZLITT would term it,) THOMAS WELSH, whose judgment no doubt was formed as readily as it was decisive. Articles were arranged under his tutorship for three years, and his pupil was shortly presented to the notice of Mr. HARRIS, of Covent Garden Theatre. An engagement for five years (afterwards renewed to seven) was the result of his acquaintance with Mr. T. WELSH, who shared his salary, produce of benefits, provincial engagements, &c. during the period of time he remained under his tuition. Mr. SINCLAIR's first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre was in the part of *Carlos* in "*The Duenna*;" his success was as gratifying as probably could be wished, and he quickly rose in the public estimation. Mr. SINCLAIR had not, during his studies, forgotten or resisted the attractions of the "softer sex;" and after gaining the confidence of an amiable lady, the daughter of Captain NORTON, (who fell in

Egypt, under Sir RALPH ABERCROMBY) with whom a private correspondence had been kept up for a considerable period, they were united in the year 1816 at Edinburgh. The marriage took place without the consent of her mother; but a reconciliation was speedily effected by the means of her father-in-law. In the season of 1818, Mr. SINCLAIR's engagement at Covent Garden expired; the most advantageous terms were submitted to him with regard to a renewal; but his property being sufficiently ample to relinquish a theatrical dependance, he resolved to fulfil an ardent desire which he had entertained, for a tour to Italy, and there to direct his attention to the most eligible opportunities for improvement, and the acquirement of music, under the first masters. He completed some prior engagements which had been contracted in the North, and in the principal towns in England; and in April 1819 he quitted the metropolis for Paris. Here he continued for some months, and profited by the constant instructions of PELLEGRINI, the celebrated singer at the Italian Opera House in Paris. In the autumn he went to Milan, and studied under BANDERALI, one of the masters of the Conservatoire, which he frequently attended, for the purpose of acquiring their method of singing and teaching, being at that time undetermined whether to form any professional engagement on the continent or not. However, he refused a very liberal engagement offered him while there, feeling a wish, before he did appear on the Italian stage, to hear every singer of celebrity, and which desire was accomplished by visiting every town in Italy, where the most popular opera was performing, or singer engaged. In the spring of 1820 he left Milan, making a short stay at Florence and Rome, on his way to Naples. Here he sang to ROSSINI, and by his request, to the manager of San Carlos, who instantly offered him an engagement, but it was of too long duration to meet his own views. Terms were however concluded upon for one year, when suddenly all negotiations were put a stop to by the Neapolitan revolution breaking out. The theatre became abandoned. The involvements of the manager obliged him to leave

Naples, and Mr. SINCLAIR's engagement was never fulfilled. During his residence here he experienced the benefit of ROSSINI's advice and assistance very considerably, which was also continued at Venice, where most of the music sung by Mr. S. was written for him by that celebrated master, who was appointed composer there during Mr. S.'s engagement. Mr. S. likewise practised under CARLINI, a principal composer of the Theatre San Carlos, and MOSCA, the teacher of singing. Terms which had been offered to Mr. SINCLAIR from the north of Italy were now accepted, and in the summer of 1821 he visited Florence: here too he benefitted by the aid of COCHERINI, whose style of singing is much admired at that place. In the Carnival of 1821 and 1822 he made his *debut* at Pisa, in ROSSINI's opera of "*Torvaldo and Dorliska*," and his reception far surpassed his expectations; prior to this he was introduced at the Court of Tuscany; his abilities excited the utmost satisfaction, and the Grand Duke, with a most gratifying instance of liberality, rewarded the efforts of the vocalist.

In March, 1822, he arrived in Bologna, where he was voted member of the Philharmonic Academy (a distinction considered the greatest in Italy, and an honour but seldom granted). The summer of the same year he sung at Modena, in ROSSINI's opera of "*Eduardo e Cristina*;" in the autumn at Florence, in the opera of "*Aureliano a Palmira*," by the same author; and in the "*Baccanali di Romo*," by GENERALI. During the Carnival of 1822 and 1823, he returned to Venice, and appeared in ROSSINI's "*Mahomet II.*" "*Ricciardo and Zoraida*," and "*Semiramide*." In the spring of the present year, he sang at Genoa, in "*La Donna del Lago*," and "*Zelmira*." During his performance here, he appeared before the Emperors of Austria and Russia, at the Grand Concert, and at Genoa he sang at the Court of the King of Sardinia, where his engagement in Italy terminated. Several eligible offers were made to him from Turin, Barcelona, and Naples, (the theatre being re-opened)—but as he had in December of the last year signed an engagement with Charles KEMBLE for fifty nights at Covent Garden Theatre, he once more crossed the Atlantic, and welcomed his "native home."

On Wednesday, Nov. 19, after an absence of six years, he made his first appearance in the character of *Prince Orlando*, in the "*Cabinet*." His reception is clearly known—it was with sincere pleasure we congratulated a return marked with such enthusiastic warmth, and a success no way inferior. There was much contention in public opinion previous to his *debut*, and a great deal of unwise and paltry jargon retailed about his qualifications—the value of which such persons were as ignorant of, as they were incapable of doing justice to them.—Some of the idle insinuations met with publicity in two or three journals; but the manly and "unvarnished" reply from the pen of that gentleman, produced a silence at once conclusive and effective; and those whose wishes were doubtless in opposition to Mr. SINCLAIR's interest and success, were left to bask in the rays of their own envy and spleen.

That Mr. SINCLAIR could do otherwise than succeed, was an idle and weak idea—they who knew what he could do six years previously, and were aware of the very meridian of musical excellence in which he had moved since that period, were not alarmed for his safety in this engagement—were not disposed to entertain a thought that could emanate from failure or disappointment. We were of that number, and our satisfaction was triumphant.

THE GHOST IN MACBETH.

MR. DRAMA,

No one who is at all able to fancy the mimic scenes on the stage a present nullity, but must deplore the want of taste and judgment displayed by the managers of our national theatres, in their mode of exciting terror and wonder, when these are required, in some of our sterling tragedies: instead of making the business of the stage an epitome of real life according to our ideas of real life, or even according to our ideas of super-

natural agency—for of this “it is my hint to speak,” the glitter, the fuss, the *mortality* of the thing, alone stare us in the face, and fail to engender those feelings which

“ Enwrap the soul,
And make it pause in wonder.”

The managers of one of our winter houses have, at any rate, professed an admiration of the genius of our immortal bard, and are endeavouring to represent him with, at least, some of the splendour he deserves, and I am surprised they have not directed their attention to those splendid creations of fancy—the ghost in *Hamlet* and the ghost in *Macbeth*, the due shadowing forth of which—for it should be nothing farther—has not yet been attempted. Of the former (the ghost in *Hamlet*) I shall merely refer the reader to a very able paper which appeared a few months since in the London Magazine: of the latter something more may be added.

I am well aware that to excite in the breasts of an audience a feeling of awe is by no means an easy task, and one certainly not to be attempted by those individuals to whom it has of late fallen to the lot to embody forth: so difficult is it indeed, that it requires all the tact of a first-rate and finished performer. It has been well remarked, that “it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,” and so true it is, that what should make an audience quake, is, as at present managed, more likely to make them laugh. As *Macbeth* is performed at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, allowing a very superior actor to fill the part of *Macbeth*, and a female of great judgment to undertake that of *Lady Macbeth*, I would ask, is not the scene in which he kills *Duncan* much more terrible than the one in which the ghost of the murdered *Banquo* makes his appearance, even with all the well-expressed horror of the principal performer? Supposing this to be the fact, and it is the fact, must there not be some radical defect, not in the scene as drawn by SHAKSPEARE—for in the reading those who have any pretensions to imagination must have “supped full of horrors,” but in the personation of the spirit of *Banquo*?

—Let us state the case as it now stands. After *Macbeth* has welcomed his guests and expressed his regret at the absence of *Banquo*, in stalks, not the ghost, but *Banquo* himself, after *Macbeth* is well assured of his death from the previous testimony of the murderers, and is exceedingly frightened at him whom he ought, every one should suppose, to have been delighted with ; or, at any rate, as he had before proved himself such a dissembler, expressed delight if the sensation was a stranger to him. Well, after *Banquo* has taken his post, close to the foot-lights, pointing all the while to his bloody, not bloodless, face, he makes two or three paces backwards and *exit* ; as he has to come on and go off again he plays the same farce in the same style, and right farcical it is. Now I will ask any candid person, whether this description is consistent with his ideas of a ghost as formed from the tales told by his nurse in his childhood, such ideas so tenacious that all the arguments of reason and common sense are unable to eradicate them. Here we have a mere mortal man, evidently mortal, the heaving of his chest, the motion of his limbs, the winking of his eyes, the noise of his shoes on the floor, all apparent to the senses : he has all the freshness of countenance, heightened by some regularly painted streaks of red, all the corpulency of body, and the same dress he was wont to wear, just the same as *Banquo*.* If any then can imagine a being, unencumbered with the load of mortality, the pale and death-like hue of countenance, and appropriate garb which he attaches to an inhabitant of the shades, I can only give him credit for a fancy certainly the most boundless of any it has been my lot to meet with in my

* The following conversation recently took place within my hearing, on a late representation of *Macbeth*, in the boxes, between a very pretty little girl and her mother. “Now, my dear, don’t you see the ghost?”—“La! mamma, that is not the ghost, is it? —“Oh! yes, it is,” was the reply.—“Well, I never saw a ghost like that before,” rejoined the young lady.

intercourse with the world. *Macbeth* may well exclaim,—

“ Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder?”

It is perhaps hardly fair to find much fault without at the same time offering a few suggestions towards amendment, and I do this the more confidently as I am well persuaded nine-tenths of your readers must have perceived the absurdity of the thing as it now is. It may appear *prima facie* no very difficult undertaking to represent such a ghost as that of *Banquo*, who merely has to make its appearance and say nothing, to utter none of the unearthly sentences in an unearthly tone of voice as the ghost of the elder *Hamlet*, yet it requires more talent than is in the possession of either Mr. POPE or Mr. EGERTON, the usual representatives of the character at our national theatres, as is plainly evinced from the feelings of the audience. As I do not wish to detract from the reputation of the above-mentioned gentlemen, I will go so far as to say, that even they might personify a ghost better than they now do, though I must confess, I would rather less “pursy spirits” take their place.—I would, first, have SHAKSPEARE's directions literally followed when practicable; the ghost should therefore “*rise*,” that is, from the ground, and not walk deliberately from the green-room on the stage. Secondly, instead of walking out (a ghost should not walk at all) let him sink after the manner of the ghost in *Hamlet*. Thirdly, let this take place *at the table*, and not so near the audience as to be *very* perceptible: how can *Macbeth* exclaim “the table's full,” when the seat which *Macbeth* should occupy, and which the ghost takes, is not at either table—for the liberality of our London managers institutes two tables,—but is placed in the middle of the stage, entirely apart from them? Fourthly, the dress of the ghost should be the dress of most other ghosts, and that is *white*, at least so says ancient tradition; let him then be clad in such a garment as the managers would take care should adorn a ghost in a modern melo-drame: in fact, let him *look like a*

ghost: then the face should be whitened, as should the hands, and if the face must appear bloody, let the red daub be not so methodically patched on as it at present is; and instead of a modern well-curved wig, let the hair be so matted with gore as to justify *Macbeth's* expression,—

“Never shake thy gory locks at me.”

Let every ghost-player go and witness Mr. T. P. COOKE's personation of the monster in *Frankenstein*, and I am sure he will receive many valuable hints towards perfecting himself in the character of *Banquo's* sprite; or rather, I should say, let Mr. T. P. COOKE usurp the place of Messrs. POPE and EGERTON, and play the ghost himself, for no man on the boards knows better how to excite the feeling of the horrible.

Many excuses, Mr. DRAMA, might be made for the length of this communication, the best I am acquainted with is—the importance of the subject, and thus thinking, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

August 9, 1824.

*

P.S. Perhaps some of your correspondents may feel inclined to resume the subject, and by additional arguments endeavour to convince the managers that a reform should and ought to take place.



BOLINBROKE'S CLARA.

MR. DRAMA,

Among the ballad singers in chief repute during the time of SWIFT, BOLINBROKE, GAY, STEELE, &c. there was a young creature, now known to the world by no other title than CLARA, who drew much attention at this time, by the sweetness and pathos of her tones; she was the original singer of “*Black-eyed Susan*,” and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced into

the "*Beggar's Opera*." But her recommendation to particular notice was, the circumstance of her having for many years been the object of Lord BOLINBROKE's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his lordship had not seen her, and it was after that interval that, having met her, he addressed to her the tender lines beginning

" Dear thoughtless CLARA, to my verse attend;
Believe, for once, the lover and the friend."

And concludes thus:

" To virtue thus, and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored;
Be to thy HARRY kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you."

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges at the Court of Requests.

Southampton, Sept. 1, 1824.

C. C. F.

DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. VIII.

1.—*Dramatic Poets Considered.*

DRYDEN had no talent for Dramatic Poetry;—he deserted nature, to make passion declamatory; and prostituting his facility at rhyming, shackled the free measures of our tragic verse with an imitation of French jingle; and, throwing aside the sock and buskin, mounted tragedy and comedy on stilts. He was, poor fellow, unable to resist the bad taste of his times, because he wrote for his bread. OTWAY was by nature endowed with a genius far more true to pathos than the author of "*Alexander's Feast*;" but, like him, frequently wrote for the stage in rhyme. The "*Orphan*" and "*Venice Preserved*" bear testimony of his powers.

LEE, another contemporary of DRYDEN, also wrote in rhyme; he was all exaggeration, and nothing when not extravagant.

SOUTHERN was always natural and pathetic, as many parts of his "*Isabella*" and "*Oroonoko*" sufficiently evince. He was the last tragic poet of Britain who attempted to please without rule, and to copy nature unrestrained. ROWE and ADDISON were tame and chilling, though certainly more classical.

The manners represented by CONGREVE certainly did not predominate in his time, and nothing was more unlike his "*Way of the World*," than the world it is supposed to represent. From BEN JONSON, the true parent of legitimate English comedy, to this poet, there was not a man endowed with such powers for witty and appropriate dialogue. WYCHERLY, CIBBER, VANBURGH, and FARQUHAR were lively and entertaining. Our comic poets since have wandered about in stray paths, and lost themselves in wildernesses. O'KEEFFE, indeed, arose, and established the Listonian school of buffoonery.

It is remarkable that among our dramatic writers, a greater proportion of comic than of tragic poets belong to Ireland, where wit is in some measure become a weapon of the weak to direct the anger of the more powerful.

2.—On the Degeneracy of the Drama.

Every thing has improved within the last century, except the drama. Why is this?—because every thing else is free: the stage is alone a subject of monopoly. All the success of a dramatist depends on the taste, caprice, avarice, or jealousy of the managers of our London theatres. When a dramatist has presented his production to the London manager, it is likely to be left neglected; for above two hundred dramas are yearly offered to each of our great theatres. If, therefore, the author has not great influence and some reputation, it often remains even unperused. If the stage were free, it would be the interest of managers to court a preference of representing the various productions of an author of

talent; but as it is now, an author must go, cap in hand, to solicit as a favour, and which, if granted by the manager, some actor or actress may consider the part destined for his or her representation will not exhibit them to advantage, and thereby refuse co-operation. If the stage were free, a dramatist might follow the full bent of his own genius, and introduce characters that his judgment should prompt. The manager would then find it to be his interest to procure performers qualified to do them justice. Whereas now the dramatist is not only reduced to consider the pretensions, vanity, and abilities of the actors and actresses, but their age and corpulency; he must, in fact, take measure of them, as well as the stage tailor does.

3.—*Keen Wit.*

Green room gossip reports that, Mr. KEAN will play nothing now but the *Cox-swain* in the "*Pirate*," and a part in the farce of the "*Citizen*."

4.—During the reigns of Queen ELIZABETH and JAMES I. and even down to the time of CHARLES, St. Paul's was the rendezvous of all the idle and dissipated persons of the period, as well as of those whom serious business, or a desire to learn the news of the day, led to frequent it as a place of public resort. Being a place privileged from arrest, it afforded considerable convenience to the first of these descriptions. One whole scene of BEN JONSON'S "*Every Man out of his Humour*," is laid among the loiterers who frequented the western and middle aisle of St. Paul's, which *Sir Fastidious Brisk* affectedly terms *Mediterraneo*. It cannot be forgotten that there *Falstaff* picked up his trusty follower *Bardolph*. OSBOURNE also informs us, that it was the fashion from the time of JAMES I. down to that of the Commonwealth, "for the principal Gentry, Lords, Courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanics, to meet in St. Paul's Church by eleven,

and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six," and by attending to the news which was there daily current, they picked up a reasonable *modicum* of political information.

5.—Mr. ASTLEY, sen. (of the Royal Circus,) on a return from France, brought over a little spectacle which he had got translated, and entitled "*Sailors and Savages.*" His composer, at that time, was named HERON; not remembering his name, he always called him Dr. HERRING, and said to him, "Doctor, I want you to compose me a tune for a combat of two broad-swords, to re, tang, tang, tang." Between the principal savage and the sailor was a broad-sword combat: and on the night of the first rehearsal of it, Mr. ASTLEY, sen. was seated in the front of the stage, as usual. The savage was performed by Mr. J. TAYLOR, Mr. ASTLEY's nephew; and the Lieutenant, by Mr. JOHN ASTLEY, his son: after the set-to with the swords, the old gentleman was somewhat displeased at it, as it was not striking enough.—"JOHNNY! JOHNNY! this won't do—we must have shields." HERON, on hearing the name of SHIELDS, thought he wanted the composer of that name, jumped from his seat, and getting the parts of the orchestra together, he got on the stage, tore them in piece-meal, and then, in a high tone of voice said, "Now send for SHIELDS." Mr. ASTLEY was surprised, not knowing the cause which had so offended the enraged musician, and said, "What is it you mean, Dr. HERRING?" "Why," said HERON, "if Mr. SHIELDS can compose better than me, send for him at once."—"Oh, by G—!" replied Mr. ASTLEY, "I meant a pair of shields, Sir, for the fight!" A reconciliation took place, and HERON recomposed the music.—*From the Memoirs of J. Decastro, Comedian.*

6.—The following, from the *New Monthly Magazine*, professes to be a letter written by an actress to the Manager of a Theatre:

June 19.

My dear Sir—I am a tragedy actress, but I really in my heart love fun. There is a whimsicality in your letter that pleases me, and (*win or lose*) please God I will be with you on your present proposition, viz. five nights at Brighton—the last my own night,—a clear half of the house, and four at Worthing—the fourth my own. I will give you the whole strength and force of my talent and spirit. You give me all the consequence that in these cases are given, where a London constellation comes down to glitter (sometimes with *false glare*) over those who may be less fortunate, but not always less worthy, than themselves. Miss O'NEIL came to a prosperous house, and therefore all went well with her: I came in support of a falling ruin; and as I am not an *Atlas*, why I have been obliged to be—a *woman*. I play *Lady Macbeth* on Monday—my last appearance this season; so I may now make my own arrangements. Let me know when you wish me to be with you, and I will arrange accordingly. Let me know as soon you can whether you want me by the fifteenth of July. I had rather not *open* the theatre if you can avoid it. Let *Imogene* be my first character. Will there be time for the MS. play I mentioned to be got up for my night, if I play the four nights in one week? I send this off immediately on the receipt of your's—uncertain if you will get it to-night, as I have not a messenger. But I suppose these letters will be forwarded to you at Gravesend. I shall feel obliged by hearing from you as to the time, as I have some *literary* arrangements to make that I am pledged for the finishing of in a stated time.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient, ———

7.—*The Ballet of Hamlet at Naples.*

(From Vieusseux's Italy, and the Italians in the nineteenth Century.)

The Opera most in vogue at the time, being repeatedly performed at San Carlo, was the *Tancredi*, by ROSSINI. LA MALANOTTI performed the part of *Tancredi*, and LA FESTA that of *Amenaide*. They are both first-rate singers; the former has a fine contralto voice, not agree-

able, however, at first, but which, after the ear is accustomed to it, becomes very attractive, being full of pathos and expression. She sang beautifully the arietta *di tanti palpiti*, which is her favourite. The first night she appeared on the stage of San Carlo she was but indifferently received, but has been applauded ever after. I observed, on this occasion, that the voice, unless very powerful, is lost in this immense theatre, perhaps less on account of its size, than of some fault in its construction. The persons who have the misfortune to be seated in the farther half of the pit, can, with difficulty, distinguish a few words out of the whole Opera.—We had also a ballet, the title of which was *Hamlet*; but the subject has been sadly disfigured. The ghost appeared to *Hamlet* in his palace, and in order to explain the circumstances of the murder, pointed to a sort of mirror, on which the horrible transaction was reflected: this contrivance had certainly a very striking effect. *Hamlet* became raving, and attempted at once to kill his uncle: the *King* was prevented by his wife from putting him to death, but had him confined in a dungeon, where he and all his court paid *Hamlet* a visit, and where a repetition of the same violence between uncle and nephew took place. The last scene was full of noise and confusion; peals of thunder were heard, clouds of smoke arose, the *King* was frightened, and *Hamlet* availed himself of this opportunity to stab him. The *Queen* swooned; and, to crown the whole, the *Ghost* appeared again, surrounded with phosphoric light, to testify his satisfaction, and give, as it were, his blessing to the audience. This was the substance of the plot, intermixed with *pas de deux* and grotesque dances. The dresses were gaudy, according to the taste of the country. The music, however, was delightful, and atoned in part for the silliness of the performance.

8.—Goethe.

The following account of the cause of GOETHE's desertion of the German Theatre, in which he took so

intense an interest, is extracted from a recent *Tour in Germany*:—"For nearly five years he has deserted what used to be the scene of his greatest glory. By the weight of his reputation and directorship he had established such a despotism, that the spectators would have deemed it treason to applaud before GOETHE had given from his box the signal of approbation. Yet a dog and a woman could drive him from the theatre and the world. Most people know the French melo-drame, "*The Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of St. Aubry*." The piece became a temporary favourite in Germany, as well as in France; for it was something new to see a mastiff play the part of a tragic hero. An attempt was made to have it represented at Weimar. GOETHE, who, after the death of SCHILLER, reigned absolute monarch of the theatre, resisted the design with vehemence; he esteemed it a profanation of the stage, which he and his brethren had raised to the rank of the purest in Germany, that it should be polluted by dumb men, noisy *spectacle*, and the barkings of a mastiff, taught to pull a bell by tying a sausage to the bell-rope. But his opposition was in vain; the principal actress insisted that the piece should be performed; and this lady has long possessed peculiar sources of influence over the Grand Duke. The dog made his *debut*, and GOETHE his *exit*: the latter immediately resigned the direction of the theatre, which he has never since entered.

9.—GEORGE STEEVENS, *the Commentator on SHAKESPEARE*, Mrs. SIDDONS, and Miss KEMBLE.*

With his critical acumen, and inexhaustible stores of knowledge relating to bards of the *olden time*, GEORGE STEEVENS united a malice happily still more rare than his talents or learning. Woe to those who chanced to become the objects of his dislike. Mrs. SIDDONS, it would seem, was in this last predicament, though at one time he pretended to idolize her. The following curious

* Afterwards, we believe, Mrs. TWISS.

letter, extracted from the recently published *Memoirs of Hayley*, to whom it was addressed, affords a proof. Its object, as it would seem, was to endeavour to mortify Mrs. SIDDONS, by magnifying the theatrical talents of her sister :

“ Hampstead Heath, July 27, 1784.

“ My dear Sir—You have it in your power at once to confer a great favour on me, and do eminent service to a good and lovely girl. Your *Lord Russell* appears in the course of next week at the Haymarket. Miss KEMBLE, who has succeeded beyond the expectations of her warmest friends in the very delicate part of *Harriet*, in “ *The Guardian*,” is to personate your *Lady Margaret* ; and I will venture to promise she shall execute all you could desire within the compass of so small a character. If her natural timidity could once be overcome, she would make a distinguished figure in her profession, as her mind is every way stronger and more cultivated than that of her sister. Her diffidence in herself is her chief enemy ; and I know not how it can be dislodged, but by praise, when she has deserved it. If, therefore, you, whose approbation is fame, would bestow a dozen lines on her performance of *Margaret*, you will be guilty only of an honest stratagem to procure her that confidence in her own abilities, which I am certain will operate to her future advantage. You know what you should hope to find in the representative of old Bedford’s daughter, and no one can describe it half so well. If you will oblige me with a few verses, which I may send to her in your name and in your hand-writing, the day after she has trod in your buskins, you will, as I observed before, prove the best friend she ever met with. You are one of the few people whom one can venture to solicit in the cause of an honest woman. You have my assurance, that your lines shall not be printed without your immediate permission. I shall persuade her you came up *incog.* to see your own play, returned into the country next morning, and not knowing her address, intrusted me with the delivery of your compliment. I shall attend every representation of your play, and will transmit you a faithful account of its success, which I do not doubt

of. Your *Lady Russell*, though patronised by a number of clamorous friends, will prove only a piece of beautiful imbecility. I saw her in *Sigismunda* twice; her voice is hardly audible, and her face, though handsome, exhibits no variety of expression. If I can prevail on you to oblige me, let me beg you will write the lines on a separate sheet of paper, and inclose them in your letter. I shall pay with cheerfulness for a packet of a pound weight on such an occasion. With my best compliments to the fair Eliza, whom I intreat to back my petition,

“I remain your ever faithful and affectionate,

“G. STEEVENS.

“P.S. On second thoughts, if you will allow the verses to go into the “*St. James’s Chronicle*,” after they have been presented to the lady, you will do her cause more extensive service. But without your leave they shall be circulated only among her friends in manuscript. I am sure she will be more flattered by your notice, than by any present that could be made her.

“I hear you have re-purchased all your works from DODSLEY—a circumstance I much rejoice in. Is it true? If it is, we may expect, I hope, a handsome edition. Pray let me know how the *Lord Russell* went off at Chichester. I fear the COLLINS’s did little justice to it. I have discharged *Hernandez* with better success than I expected; and most heartily wish our *Marcella* was to be your *Rachel*. I never heard a line so forcibly spoken as she spoke one of your’s:—

‘And all the blazing ruin rushes on thee.’—Adieu.

“My best wishes to nurse; she will see I have not forgotten an old friend, though I am soliciting for a new one.”

HAYLEY, of course, modestly declined the proposal of STEEVENS.

SAM SAM’S SON.

Truro, 12th Oct. 1824.



ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT ACTORS.

No. 1.

1.—HART.

Before BETTERTON laid claim to the Thespian throne, HART shone a blazing star: his principal characters were *Othello*, *Rolla*, *Amintor* in "*The Maid's Tragedy*," *Brutus*, *Michael Perez* in "*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*," *Hotspur*, and *Alexander the Great*. Towards the latter end of his career, if he acted either one of those, the house was filled as at a new play, especially *Alexander*, which he acted with such grandeur and agreeable majesty, that one of the court was pleased to honour him with this commendation, "That HART might teach any king on earth how to comport himself." It is uncertain when he died; but I am led to suppose it was but a short time before the union of the two companies.

BURT, Major MOHUN, CARTWRIGHT, and WINTERSEL were likewise favourites at this time.

2.—KYNASTON.

Was celebrated for being a complete stage beauty, performing principally women's parts. We are told by old Mr. CIBBER, that after the Restoration it was a frequent practice of the ladies of quality to carry him in his female dress after the play (which began then at three o'clock) in their coaches to Hyde Park.

Of BETTERTON it is needless to speak, his fame being already fully established; his name is enrolled in the book of immortality as the father of the stage. His transcendent merit makes it doubtful, whether he or GARRICK was the most universal actor.

3.—HARRIS.

By the variety of parts which this gentleman sustained, we may fairly conjecture, that he was a general

as well as a favourite actor; a complete master of his profession; *Romeo*, *Sir Andrew Ague Cheek*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, *Medley* in "*Sir Fopling Flutter*," *Henry the Fifth*, *Sir Joshlin Jolley* in "*She would if she could*," and a *Ballad Singer*,* required various and opposite abilities. He either died, or left the stage some years before the union of the King's and Duke's companies, for his name is not in any *dramatis personæ* of a new play after 1676.

4.—Mrs. OLDFIELD'S

Superior merit in the part of *Mrs. Buttle* in BETTERTON'S comedy of "*The Amorous Widow*," as it was decided by the audience, in a contest between her and Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, occasioned the latter to leave the stage about the year 1707.

5.

In the *dramatis personæ* of DAVENANT'S alteration of *Macbeth* we read that *Banquo* and the *Ghost of Banquo* were represented by dividual performers; the former by SMITH, and the latter by SANDFORD; the reason for which I cannot guess, unless it was that SANDFORD'S countenance was naturally formed to inspire terror, while the representative of the living *Banquo* had, as was necessary, a placid mien.

6.—OTWAY.

In Mrs. BEHN'S play of "*The Jealous Bridegroom*," the above celebrated poet requested the fair authoress to allow him to make his débüt as the *King*, which was assented to; but not being used to the stage, the full house put him into such a perspiration and tremendous

* In the Epilogue to DAVENANT'S "*Man's the Master*," HARRIS and SANDFORD sung the epilogue in the characters of street ballad singers.

agony, that he was completely spoiled for an actor. This occurrence took place in the year 1761, consequently some time before he had written any of those inestimable productions, which are the theme of admiration throughout the world. It is reported that he perished through want!

E. DARLINGTON.

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## ON THE PRETERNATURAL BEINGS OF SHAKSPEARE.

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(Concluded from Vol. VI. page 352.)  
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SHAKSPEARE, in the dark shades of Gothic barbarism, had no resources but in the very phantoms that walked the night of ignorance and superstition; or in touching the latent passions of civil rage and discord; sure to please best his fierce and barbarous audience, when he raised the bloody ghost, or reared the warlike standard. His choice of these subjects was judicious, if we consider the times in which he lived; his management of them so masterly, that he will be admired in all times.

In the same age, BEN JONSON, more proud of his learning than confident of his genius, was desirous to give a metaphysical air to his compositions. He composed many pieces of the allegorical kind, established on the Grecian mythology, and rendered his play-house a perfect pantheon.—SHAKSPEARE disdained these quaint devices: an admirable judge of human nature, with a capacity most extensive, and an invention most happy, he contented himself with giving dramatic manners to history, sublimity and its appropriated powers and charms to fiction; and in both these arts he is unequalled. The "*Cataline*" and "*Sejanus*" of JONSON are cold, crude, heavy pieces; turgid where they should be great; bombastic where they should be sublime; the sentiments extravagant; the manners exaggerated, and the whole undramatically conducted by long senatorial speeches, and flat plagiarisms from

TACITUS and SALLUST. Such of this author's pieces as he boasts to be *grounded on antiquity and solid learning, and to lay hold on removed mysteries*,\* have neither the majesty of SHAKSPEARE's serious fables, nor the pleasing sportfulness and poetical imagination of his fairy tales. Indeed, if we compare our countryman, in this respect, with the most admired writers of antiquity. we shall, perhaps, not find him inferior to them. ÆSCHYLUS, with greater impetuosity of genius than even our countryman, makes bold incursions into the blind chaos of mingled allegory and fable, but he is not so happy in diffusing the solemn shade; in casting the dim religious light that should reign there. When he introduces his furies, and other supernatural beings, he exposes them by too glaring a light; causes affright in the spectator, but never rises to imparting that unlimited terror, which we feel when *Macbeth* to his bold address,

“How now! ye secret, foul, and midnight hags,  
What is't ye do?”

is answered,—

“A deed without a name.”

The witches of the forest are as important in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, as the Eumenides in the drama of ÆSCHYLUS; but our poet is infinitely more dexterous and judicious in the conduct of their part. The secret, foul, and midnight hags are not introduced into the castle of *Macbeth*; they never appear but in their allotted region of solitude and night, nor act beyond their sphere of ambiguous prophecy and malignant sorcery. The Eumenides snoring in the temple of APOLLO, and their appearing as evidences against *Orestes* in the Areopagus, seem both acting out of their sphere, and below their character. It was the appointed office of the venerable goddesses, to avenge the crimes unwhipped of justice, not to demand the public trial of guilty men. They must lose much of the fear and reverence in which they were held for their secret influence on the mind, and the terrors

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\* Prologue to the “*Masque of Queens*.”

they could inflict on criminal consciences, when they were represented as obliged to have recourse to the ordinary method of revenge, by being witnesses and pleaders in a court of justice, to obtain the corporal punishment of the offender. Indeed, it is possible, that the whole story of this play might be allegorical; as thus—that *Orestes*, haunted by the terrors which pursue the guilty mind, confessed his crime to the Areopagus, with all the aggravating circumstances remorse suggested to him, from a pious desire to expiate his offence, by submitting to whatever sentence this respectable assembly should pronounce for that purpose. The oracle, which commanded him to put *Clytemnestra* to death, would plead for him with his judges: their voices being equal for absolving or punishing, wisdom gives her vote for absolving him.

Thus considered, what appears so odd in the mouth of a goddess, that she is little affected by the circumstance of *Clytemnestra's* relation to the murderer, because she herself had no mother, means only, that justice is not governed by any affection or personal consideration, but acts by an invariable and general rule. If the oracle commanded, and the laws justified the act of *Orestes*, by appointing the next in blood to avenge the murder, then other circumstances of a special and inferior kind, were not to have any weight. I am inclined to think this tragedy is a mixture of history and allegory. *ÆSCHYLUS* affected the allegorical manner so much as to form a tragedy, called "*The Balance*," upon the allegory in *HOMER*, of *JUPITER's* weighing the fates of *HECTOR* and *ACHILLES*;\* and it is apparent, that the *Prometheus* of this author, is the ancient allegory of *Prometheus* wrought into a drama. *Prometheus* makes his first appearance with two symbolical persons, *Violence* and *Force*, which are, apparently, of the poet's fiction. *PERE BRUMOY* intimates a suspicion that this tragedy is an allegory, but imagines it alludes to *XERXES* or *DARIUS*, because it abounds with reflections on tyranny. To flatter the republican spirit, all the Grecian tragedies are full of such reflections. But an oblique

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\* Apud Plut. de modo leg. poëtas.

censure on the Persian monarch could not have excused the direct imputations thrown on the character of JUPITER, if the circumstances of the story had been taken in a literal sense; nor can it be supposed that the Athenians would have endured the most violent affronts to have been offered to the character of that deity to whom they every day offered sacrifice. An allegory being sometimes a mere physical hypothesis, without impiety might be treated with freedom. It is probable that many allegories brought from the hieroglyphic land of Egypt, were, in the grosser times of Greece, literally understood by the vulgar; but, in more philosophic ages, were again transmitted into allegory; which will account for the mythology of the Greeks and Egyptians varying greatly, but still preserving such a resemblance as shews them to be derived from the same original.

Jealous of the neighbouring states, and ever attentive to the glory and interest of their commonwealth, an Athenian audience listened with pleasure to any circumstances, in their theatrical entertainments which reflected honour on their country. The institution of the Areopagus by the express commands of MINERVA; a perpetual amity promised by *Orestes* between Argos and Athens in the tragedy of the *Eumenides*; and a prophecy of *Prometheus*, which threw a lustre on the author of the race of *Heraclida*, were circumstances, without question, sedulously sought by the poet, and favourably received by the spectator. But though such subjects might be chosen, or invented, as would introduce some favourable incidents, or flattering reflections, this intention did not always reign through the whole drama.

It has been just now observed, that SHAKSPEARE has an advantage over the Greek poets, in the more solemn, gloomy, and mysterious air of his national superstitions; but this avails him only with critics of deep penetration and true taste, and with whom sentiment has more sway than authority. The learned have received the popular tales of Greece from their poets; airs are derived to them from the illiterate vulgar. The phantom of *Darius*, in the tragedy of "*The Persians*,"

evoked by ancient rites, is beheld with reverence by the scholar, and endeared by the bel-esprit. To these the *Ghost of Hamlet* is an object of contempt or ridicule. Let us candidly examine these royal shades, as exhibited to us by those great masters in the art of exciting pity and terror, *ÆSCHYLUS* and *SHAKSPEARE*; and impartially decide which poet throws most of the sublime into the preternatural character; and, also, which has the art to render it most efficient in the drama. This inquiry may be more interesting, as the French wits have often mentioned *Hamlet's Ghost* as an instance of the barbarism of our theatre. "*The Persians*" of *ÆSCHYLUS*, is certainly one of the most august spectacles that ever was represented in a theatre; nobly imagined, happily sustained, regularly conducted, deeply interesting to the Athenian people, and favourable to their great scheme of resisting the power of the Persian monarch. It would be absurd to depreciate this excellent piece, or to bring into a general comparison with it, a drama of so different a kind as the tragedy of "*Hamlet*." But it is surely allowable to compare the Persian phantom with the Danish ghost; and to examine, whether any thing but prejudice, in favour of the ancients, protects the superstitious circumstances relative to the one, from the ridicule with which those accompanying the other are treated. *Atossa*, the widow of *Darius*, relates to the sages of the Persian council, a dream and an omen; they advise her to consult the shade of her dead lord, upon what is to be done in the unfortunate situation of *Xerxes* just defeated by the Greeks. In the third act she enters offering to the manes a libation composed of milk, honey, wine, oil, &c.; upon this *Darius* issues from his tomb. Let the wits, who are so smart on our ghost's disappearing at the cock's crowing, explain why, in reason, a ghost in Persia, or in Greece, should be more fond of milk and honey, than averse, in Denmark, to the crowing of a cock. Each poet adopted, in his work, the superstition relative to his subject; and the poet who does so, understands his business much better than the critic, who, in judging of that work, refuses it his attention. The phantom of *Darius* comes forth in his regal robes

to *Atossa* and the Satraps in council, who, in the Eastern manner, pay their silent adorations to their emperor. His quality of ghost does not appear to make any impression upon them; and the Satraps so exactly preserve the character of courtiers, that they do not venture to tell him the true state of the affairs of his kingdom, and its recent disgraces: finding he cannot get any information from them, he addresses himself to *Atossa*, who breaks forth with that passion and tenderness one would suppose she would do on the sight of her long lost husband; but very calmly informs him, after some flattery on the constant prosperity of his reign, of the calamitous state of Persia under *Xerxes*, who has been stimulated by his courtiers to make war upon Greece. The phantom, who was to appear ignorant of what was past, that the Athenian ear might be soothed and flattered with the detail of their victory at Salamis, is allowed, for the same reason, such prescience as to foretel their future triumph at Platea. Whatever else he adds by way of counsel or reproof, either in itself, or in the mode of delivering it, is nothing more than might have been expected from an old counsellor of state. *Darius* gives his advice to the old men, to enjoy whatever they can, because riches are of no use in the grave. As this touches the most absurd and ridiculous foible in human nature, the increase of a greedy and solicitous desire of wealth as the period of enjoyment of it becomes more precarious and short, the admonition has something of a comic and satirical turn, unbecoming the solemn character of the speaker, and the sad exigency upon which he was called. The intervention of this preternatural being gives nothing of the marvellous or the sublime to the piece, nor adds to, nor is connected with, its interest. The supernatural divested of the *august and the terrible* makes but a poor figure in any species of poetry; useless and unconnected with the fable it wants propriety in dramatic poetry. SHAKSPEARE had so just a taste that he never introduced any preternatural character on the stage that did not assist in the conduct of the drama. Indeed, he had such a prodigious force of talents, he could make every being his fancy created subservient to his designs. The uncouth,

ungainly monster, *Caliban*, is so subject to his genius, as to assist in bringing things to the proposed end and perfection. And the slight fairies, *weak masters though they be*, even in their wanton gambols, and idle sports, perform great tasks by *his so potent art*.

But to return to the intended comparison between the Grecian shade and the Danish ghost. The first propriety in the conduct of this kind of machinery, seems to be, that the preternatural person be intimately connected with the fable; that he increase the interest, add to the solemnity of it, and that his efficiency, in bringing on the catastrophe, be in some measure adequate to the violence done to the ordinary course of things in his visible interposition. These are points peculiarly important in dramatic poetry, as has been before observed. To these ends it is necessary this being should be acknowledged and revered by the national superstition, and every operation that develops the attributes, which the vulgar opinion, or nurse's legend, taught us to ascribe to him, will augment our pleasure; whether we give the reins to imagination, and, as spectators, willingly yield ourselves up to the pleasing delusion, or, as critics, examine the merits of the composition. I hope it is not difficult to shew, that in all these capital points our author has excelled. At the solemn midnight hour, *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the schoolfellows of young *Hamlet*, come to the sentinels upon guard, excited by a report that the ghost of their late monarch had some preceding nights appeared to them. *Horatio*, not being of the credulous vulgar, gives little credit to the story, but bids *Bernardo* proceed in his relation.

*Bernardo.*

Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward of the pole,  
Had made his course t' illumine that part of heav'n,  
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,  
The bell then beating one—

Here enters the ghost, after you are thus prepared. There is something solemn and sublime in thus regulating the walking of the spirit, by the course of the star: it intimates a connection and correspondence between things

beyond our ken, and above the *visible diurnal sphere*. *Horatio* is affected by that kind of fear which such an appearance would naturally excite. He trembles and turns pale. When the violence of the emotion subsides, he reflects, that probably this preternatural event portends some danger lurking in the state. This suggestion gives importance to the phenomenon, and engages our attention. *Horatio's* relation of the King's combat with the Norwegian, and of the forces the young *Fontinbras* is assembling in order to attack Denmark, seems to point out from what quarter the apprehended peril is to arise. Such appearances, says he, preceded the fate of mighty *Julius*, and he adds, such have often been the omens of disasters in our state. There is great art in this conduct. The true cause of the royal Dane's discontent could not be guessed at: it was a secret which could only be revealed by himself. In the meantime, it was necessary to captivate our attention, by demonstrating, that the poet was not going to exhibit such idle and frivolous gambols as ghosts are by the vulgar often represented to perform. The historical testimony, that, antecedent to the death of *Cæsar*,

“The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead,  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,”

gives credibility and importance to this phenomenon. *Horatio's* address to the *Ghost* is brief and pertinent, and the whole purport of it agreeable to the vulgar conception of these matters. Its vanishing at the crowing of the cock is another circumstance of the established superstition.

Young *Hamlet's* indignation at his mother's hasty and incestuous marriage, his sorrow for his father's death, his character of that prince, prepare the spectator to sympathize with his wrongs and sufferings. The son, as is natural, with much more vehement emotion than *Horatio* did, addresses his father's shade. *Hamlet's* terror, his astonishment, his vehement desire to know the cause of this visitation, are irresistibly communicated to the spectator by the speech, “Angels and ministers,” &c. Never did the Grecian muse of tragedy relate a



tale so full of pity and terror as is imparted by the *Ghost*, and every circumstance in it melts us with compassion. Whatever in *Hamlet* belongs to the preternatural is perfectly fine; the rest of the play does not come within the subject of this essay.

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THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

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No. XV.

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PELAGIO.

Pelagio, a noble Spaniard, has borne away *Fatima* from the court of her father, the Saracen King of Grenada.

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SCENE.—A Valley of Castile.

Pel. Now we are safe. I saw the horsemen halt
At yonder hill foot. Will my lady rest?
We are on Christian ground.

Fat. I am your slave.

Pel. No, but my wife, my lady, and my love.
What's in this eye, a tear!

Fat. But two days since
I was in Cordova.

Pel. That tear's for gold,
For Persian sofas, turbans, plumes, and pearls,
And iron bars and solitude; weep on:
Shall we go back?

Fat. I left my father's halls
And followed you,

Pel. For love!

Fat. She who does this
Must be love's slave.

Pel. You are the sweetest thing
That ever cheated man.

Fat. Cheated, my lord.

Pel. My maid of beauty, is it not to cheat,

To steal the precious slumber from the eyes,
 To turn the thoughtless quiet of the heart
 Into unfruitful wanderings, waking dreams;
 To make on manhood's lips the fearless speech
 Die at a glance, like spring's untimely flower
 Before the sudden arrows of the sun?

Fat. And have I done all this?

Pel.

Aye, sweet, and more :

You made me feel the captive's heavy chain
 I know not how much heavier. By those stars,
 Your blue eyes' only rivals ; by this earth,
 That bears not half so sweet a flower, I swear;
 Nay, by this hand thus prettily withdrawn
 From the rude clasp of mine : 'twas on the eve
 When first I saw my love, that first I felt
 The bitterness of chains.

Fat.

Is't true ?

Pel.

As that I live.

I would have rushed upon a thousand swords,
 Have scaled the tower, have climbed the very winds,
 But for one pressure of this lovely hand.

Fat. Look not upon it ; it is dangerous.

Pel. So I have thought.

Fat.

There's witching in't.

Pel.

Most true ;—

And never bird hung o'er the fatal net
 More helpless than this heart o'er this white hand.

Fat. Look on't no more : there's a line in't
 That's full of sorrow—

Pel.

As the lily is,

Opening its whiteness to the wooing air.

Fat. My mother was a Christian, but she knew
 Most subtle things. The magic of our Moors
 Was blindness to her wisdom. Two days since,
 The eve I left her, did she on this hand
 Gaze hour by hour, and reading all its lines
 Said, that whene'er I wedded, all its dower
 Should be misfortune.

Pel.

Magic's idle dreams :

Your dower shall be my heart, my sword, my soul.
 There is a potent spirit in true love

That turns all sorrows, like the clouds of eve,
 Into the radiant colours of the sky.
 Away with tears, or let me cherish them
 As precious dew upon this burning heart,
 Like holy offerings on an altar's fires.

Fat. I will believe you ; for you look like truth.

Pel. What if we're flung from man ? the earth is wide,
 We'll slumber with the deer. There's light i' the sun
 To shine upon our chamber in the morn.
 We'll ask no palace walls, while we can have
 The forest with its beauty, branch, and leaf,
 For our pavilion. What's the stateliest roof,
 With its thick, heating air, and its dim lamps,
 To the blue concave, with those countless lights
 Of living diamond, pearl, and burning gold :
 Come, love, one smile : you shall have music too,
 Sweeter than midnight lutes. The living winds
 Shall, ere they spread their fleet wings to the clouds,
 Come to your window, and sigh silver songs
 Among the bowering roses. When they're gone,
 The tinkling of the brook shall fill the charm,
 Till the rich nightingale begins her hymn,
 And summons us to bed.

Fat. I' the wilderness !

Pel. Nor worse, nor better, gentle Saracen,
 You'll have no Indian silks, no golden urns,
 Sickening the air with fragrant heaviness :
 Had I your father's treasures in this wood,
 I could not buy a single ostrich plume
 To fan my lady's cheek, when slumber sits
 Enamoured of her beauty. But we'll have—
 Nay, by this hand, 'tis true, a sumptuous bed.

Fat. And here ?

Pel. Aye !—by our marriage vow, even here ;
 Our couch shall be tissued of all sweet flowers ;
 The violet for the pillow of this cheek ;
 Our curtains of the vine, with its thick buds,
 Like opening pearls ; our roof of the olive bough,
 With here and there a star to peep between,
 And love, with outspread wings, shall guard the bower
 Where sleeps my beauty.

Fat.

So; I must not fear.

Pel. No, if the lion ramp'd beside your couch,
There is no danger; where true hearts are wed,
The place is full of holiness; Heaven's eye
Looks down in tenfold blessings, and its spirits
Have special charge to keep its temple free.

T. W.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

It was said of Mr. Stephen KEMBLE, that he was *constitutionally great*. It will be within the recollection of our readers, that his size was so immense, that he always played *Falstaff* without stuffing; and, quantity and quality considered, was respectable as a man and an actor. On one of his visits to London, he was engaged to play three nights at Drury Lane. Stephen was always afraid of the sarcasm of FAWCETT, the unrivalled *Falstaff* of the other house, and he was told that FAWCETT meant to witness his performance on the first night, in company with John BANNISTER. Stephen whispered thus to the latter—"John, I understand FAWCETT comes to the house to-night, to quiz my *Falstaff*; now I know, John, you are my friend—don't let him run his rigs upon me; I know you'll defend me." "My dear fellow," replied BANNISTER, "that I will, you may rely on me." The next morning KEMBLE eagerly sought him: "Well, John, what said FAWCETT?"—"Why he was very quiet till the play was over."—"Well, what then?"—"Why then he said—'drabbit it, I must not tell you.'"—"Nonsense, nonsense, man—what was it?—I know you defended me."—"He said," replied John, "that you were *not fit to carry guts to a bear*!"—"Well, but you contradicted it, didn't you?"—"O yes, directly—I said *you were*!"

Mr. Stephen KEMBLE having engaged Miss S. BOOTH for a few nights at one of his theatres in the North,

advertised her in very prominent characters the first night, for a dance of Parisot's. The house was unusually full, and the last coach came in, but no Miss BOOTH. The audience becoming boisterous, Stephen came forward, and addressed them thus—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you that some unforeseen accident has prevented the lady from making her appearance; but, in order that you should not be disappointed, you shall have a dance. I do not know the shawl dance myself, but I will do my endeavours at a hornpipe." And, to the no small astonishment of the audience, he danced a hornpipe.

Stephen used to say of himself, that he was sufficient ballast for a collier. One day a gentleman at Newcastle, wishing to get to London, advertised for a post-chaise companion. He received a note, informing him that a gentleman, who also wished to go, would call upon him in the evening. At the appointed time Stephen made his appearance, and declared himself to be the person who wished to accompany him. "You accompany me!" exclaimed the advertiser; "what, to the devil do you mean? Do you think I am going by the waggon?"

Mr. KEMBLE was one morning in the travellers' room of an inn, in Newcastle, sitting upon three chairs, as usual, occupying an entire corner of the room, and reading the newspaper, when a commercial traveller, from Leeds (called, in ridicule, by his familiars, the polite Yorkshireman), came in, and looking at Stephen said, "Be you ganging to tak brickfast, Sur?"—"Yes, Sir." "A' should be happy to join you."—"With great pleasure, Sir." "Dang it," returned the Yorkshireman, "I think a's seed you before."—"Perhaps you have." "Ah, a' payed a shilling to see you."—"Ha! ha! ha! perhaps you might, Sir" (fancying he had been in the gallery at the theatre). "Ah, a' know it war you; it war at Lester."—"No, Sir, you mistake; I never was at Leicester." "Nay, dang it, but you war; I seed you in a wild-beast cart like."—"Wild-beast cart!" retorted Stephen. "Aye, man; *why your't great big Lambert, bean't you?*"—"D—n me, Sir," said Stephen in a passion, "do you mean to insult me? breakfast by yourself."

SONNET TO MISS KELLY.

Handmaid of those sweet spirits of the air,
 That minister the food that feeds the heart!
 I joy to look upon thy form, to hear
 The sounds seraphic which thy lips impart;
 And yet it is not for thyself I love
 To gaze, till mine eyes ache, yet will not close;
 To listen till my senses seem to rove,
 And writhe amid imaginary woes.

Oh, no!--I must not say it is thy form,
 Thy voice, that rivet thus mine eye and ear—
 It is some being of another sphere
 That thou dost press upon my fancy warm—
 One that's not moulded of our earthly clay,
 One lovely, kind, and good, whose essence lives in thee!

G. P. B.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.—CICERO.

The imitation of life,—the mirror of manners,—the representation of truth.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Oct. 8th.—Pride shall have a Fall—Charles II.

9th.—Inconstant—Irish Tutor—Tale of Mystery.

11th.—Mountaineers—Harlequin and Poor Robin.

12th.—Inconstant—Cozening—Tale of Mystery.

13th.—Man of the World—Charles the Second.

Mr. YOUNG made his first appearance for the season

in the character of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*. He was received on his entrance, with considerable enthusiasm, by a very numerous audience. Country practice has certainly improved him in the performance of this difficult part; and to those who have never seen MACKLIN in the "booing" Scotch baronet, the acting of Mr. YOUNG this evening must have appeared as perfect as acting could be. Mr. Y. was throughout, the same—always effective, and never forgetting for a moment the part he sustained. In the latter scenes of the Comedy, and particularly in the interview with *Sydney*, he was as powerful as we ever recollect him to have been. Mr. COOPER's performance of *Egerton*, was on the whole excellent, although too tame now and then. Mrs. CHATTERLEY supported *Lady Rodolpha*, with that *gaieté du cœur* which so peculiarly distinguishes her. We cannot compliment the other actors in any very great degree.

14.—DER FRIESCHÜTZ, or the *Black Huntsman of Bohemia*, (1st time)—Simpson and Co.

This evening we were compelled to witness another version of this *diabolical* opera, which, after having been performed for two months and upwards at the English Opera House, and bandied about on every petty stage in the metropolis, has found its way to the boards of the great theatres.—That there may be "too much of a good thing," is an admitted axiom; and we own the renewal of this piece appeared to us somewhat to "border on the verge" of a violation of this well-recognized rule. However, it may be said, that this theatre was anxious to entertain the winter visitors of the metropolis with a piece of which its summer residents had manifested an unbounded approbation. The experiment has been decidedly successful. A fuller house than that of this evening we have rarely witnessed, and seldom noticed greater exertion on the part of the management to produce a piece with such full and effective support: *dare* we say we wish they had been exerted in a *better* cause?—We mean so far as *public taste* is concerned—for in this view of it, we really begin to murmur and to exercise that privilege of dis-

content, which, as Englishmen, we hold to be one of the chief *rights of man*. To confess the truth, we have no honest liking for the German Drama, whether in the shape of tragedy or opera; and whether the incidents are of this world or the world of romance, it may be, perhaps, that we are of a temperament that has no sort of sympathy with spectres of the night and *Black Huntsmen* of the Forest; or that our reason is too stubborn to submit to *all* the monstrous demands that are made upon it; or that there is no correspondent chord in our bosom that vibrates with all these super-human attacks upon our sensibility. Be the cause what it may, such is the fact; we have an utter distaste to the modern theatricals of the German school, and we know of no one of its productions ever exhibited on the stage, that we could refer to, as abating our aversion one jot. Not that we mean to deny that such writers as GOETHE, LESSING, and SCHILLER, have, each in their respective provinces, very high claims to praise; we are aware, too, of the great merits of LEISURTZ and GARSTENBURG, and of several other *crack* names, that if they were not difficult and dangerous to pronounce, we might add to the list. But with all their beauties,—and they have many,—their dramatic pieces are not calculated for dramatic exhibition. In the tragedy, for example, of “*Goetz von Berlechingen*,” one of the best productions of GOETHE, knights on horseback appear on the stage, among the *dramatis personæ*, and views of towns and castles in flames constitute a part of the necessary scenery. A German dramatist is never at rest but when he is harrowing up our feelings: our imagination is perpetually “frightened from its propriety,” his *sublimity* always reaches above “the seventh heaven,” and his *horrors* have no fathom, there is always

“In the *lowest* deep, a *lower* still.”

He is not content that we should be struck,—we must be *thunder-struck*: we must feel with his heroines through all their extremes; we have no choice between “heart-felt rapture” and “shuddering agony.” Now, we have really no fondness for all this wildness and extravagance:

there may possibly be some who feel quite at home amidst all these desperate and lawless doings, but we could never brace ourselves up to the relish of so much emotion ; we can delight at all times to follow nature, but we do not care to be carried so far out of bounds. It has been well observed by a contemporary print—that it ought to excite surprise how people, who profess to admire SHAKSPEARE, can run after the unnatural stuff of the German dramatic school. They cannot derive pleasure from such exhibitions, but they go to see them because it is the fashion. There is something novel in their horrors, and that is enough to attract ; there is also some beautiful music generally attached, and that is thought sufficient by a good-natured audience to redeem a host of monstrosities.

To return to the opera of "*Der Freischütz*."—The plot is nearly the same as that produced at the English Opera House ; and for the benefit of those who may have forgotten, or have not seen it, we are induced to repeat the following brief outline of the story :—

The huntsman *Caspar*, having sold himself to the Demon of the Forest, *Zamiel*, endeavours to obtain a three years' respite from his doom by seducing *Wilhelm*, another huntsman, and his favoured rival in the affections of *Agnes*, into a similar compact with the terrific fiend, and for this purpose having, by the assistance of the wicked spirit, deprived him of his skill in archery, upon which, by the command of the Bohemian Prince *Ottocar*, the hand of *Agnes* is to depend, *Wilhelm* is prevailed upon to accompany him to the Wolf's Glen, to assist him in the magical process of making seven enchanted bullets, six of which are to implicitly follow the will of the marksman, and the seventh that of the wayward demon :

" Six will achieve,
The seventh deceive."

It is so contrived by *Caspar*, that this seventh bullet shall be used by *Wilhelm*, who keeps clear of any compact, and is not made aware of its evil property, to shoot for the bridal prize. This *enfant perdu* expects

that the Demon, in the genuine spirit of his profession, will turn it aside to the accomplishment of some dire mischief which will ensure the disgrace and destruction of *Wilhelm*, whereas the retributive devil, to prove the truth of the observation, we suppose, that there is a spirit of goodness even in things evil, causes the swift white pigeon, which is the allotted mark, to fly across the bosom of the villain *Caspar*, who thus falls a sacrifice to his own diabolism ;—the terrific *Zamiel* instantly seizing his sinking frame in person, and bearing him off in fiery triumph to the regions below. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the catastrophe is completed by the union of the lovers.

Very slight and unimportant alterations are introduced : some fresh minor characters are brought forward, and some of the scenes are transposed, but there is no other alteration requiring particular notice. Mr. PEARMAN was the hero of the piece, who cannot truly be considered a very efficient substitute for BRAHAM ; but then Lady LENNOX (late Miss PATON) played *Bertha*, and she, in the taste, style, and execution of *bravura* singing is without a rival on the English stage. There is a fulness in her voice, a volubility of sound, and a sedulously cultivated acquaintance with the science and the melody of music, which always render it a pleasure and an instruction to hear her. The overture was *encored*. We assuredly mean no disrespect to the composer, CARL MARIA VON WEBER, when we affirm, that we have known many overtures much better entitled to this distinguished honour, that have never obtained it. But in all these things there is a fashion. To our ear, there is nothing in it of that exquisite and impressive melody which ought to be found in whatever can deservedly call forth any extraordinary testimony of approbation. Its most prominent passages are not new, and the abrupt transitions from the soft *adagio* to the sweeping *crash* from the whole orchestra, is far from pleasing in its effect. The true force and feeling of music are not produced by pouncing upon us in this way—and as to *expression*, it is utterly destroyed by all these attempts to startle and surprise ; nothing can be more distant from the perfection

of the science than the too frequent recurrence of these sudden contrasts. No one should know this truth better than M. WEBER, if we may judge from such of his compositions as are left to assert their own beauty, and in which there is no straining after effect.

In the *Polacca*, by Miss LOVE, beginning,

“When a lover kneels before her,”

the style of the music is not at all suited to the words. The adaptation of the one to the other is essential in every song, for without this there can be no real excellence.

The *Aria* of

“From her open casement bending,”

was well given by Mr. PEARMAN, but here again the loud and discordant clash of the instruments, immediately before the line—

“Fate has of every bliss bereft me,”

comes not only most unexpectedly, but most offensively on the ear. If it is meant to represent, as we suppose it is, the repetition of *Caspar's threats and invocations*, we consider all such attempts to square the sound to the sense as absurd, and beneath any composer of eminence. We remember “The cries of the wounded,” in the “*Battle of Prague*,” by KOTZEEUE, and that the same notes would equally well describe a knot of boys playing at see-saw, or at shuttlecock. At the same time, we do not forget “*The fallen is the foe*,” of HANDEL; but the instance there is memorable; it is one of those happy efforts of human genius which is never twice attempted with success. In the

“Why thus give way to sadness?”

None can Fate control,”

by Mr. TINNEY, the instrumental accompaniment is in a tone of deep and tender feeling which is exquisite. The composer has here shewn a true knowledge of effect, and has displayed it inimitably.

“Hope with to-morrow's dawn may wake,”

in the *finale* of the first act, is finely set, and was admirably sung.

In the *Chorus of Hunters*, which concludes it, the vocal bursts are both too shrill and too sudden; the ear is not prepared for them, and is deafened instead of being delighted. It is, however, not wanting in taste and brilliancy of composition to render it highly attractive.

We have only to remark further, the sweetly pathetic recitative in the second act of—

“Heart wilt thou rest thee never?”

which was deliciously sung by Lady LENNOX, and in which we were again forcibly struck with the subdued tone of the accompaniment, but which, though subdued, was affecting and appropriate, and was *felt* to be so. The *Aria* beginning

“Thou whose hand the wind unchaineth,”

is set to strains of solemn harmony, to which she gave the utmost aid of vocal expression, and here again the accompaniment was bewitching.

The execution of the whole of the scenery is admirable. The most effective scene, however, and the one in which Covent Garden sets at immeasurable distance all its minor competitors, was that which is termed the incantation scene. The fluttering of pinions, the moving of shadows, and the association of owls, ravens, and all birds and animals calculated to inspire terror, constituted, perhaps, the most perfectly repulsive display of diabolism ever exhibited on the stage. The gradual darkening of the moon at the commencement of the storm in this scene is cleverly managed; and the tremendous crashes, as of rocks, or other immense bodies falling, produce an effect in all probability far beyond that which the devisers counted upon. The skeleton stag hunt in the air—the colossal skeleton of fire, the demons, dragons, serpents, toads, &c. &c. were all well versed in their respective parts, and consequently were most effective. The management of the last scene of the burning forest is striking—well conceived—well executed, and told well upon the audience. The Opera

which was translated by Mr. LIVIUS, was given out for repetition with thunders of applause. There was £500 in cash in the house.

Oct. 19.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.

20th.—Ibid—Clari.

21st.—Ibid—Charles II.

22nd.—Ibid—Clari.

23d.—Ibid—Charles II.

25th.—Ibid—Pantomime.

26th.—Ibid—Clari.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Oct. 23.—Marriage of Figaro—New Divertisement—Frightened to Death.

This theatre commenced its winter season with the above performances. The interior of the house seems to have undergone little alteration since the last, if we except the renovation effected by the hand of the gilder, and the application of the brush where the painting had become obscured. The drawing up of the curtain introduced the vocal strength of the company, who, agreeably to custom, sang the national anthem of "*God save the King.*" The first piece presented a novelty in the person of Miss GRADDON, from the Dublin Theatre, who played *Susanna*, being her first appearance. The musical talents of this lady are certainly considerable. Her figure, although somewhat below the middle size, is pleasing, and her countenance expressive of intelligence. To a sedulously-cultivated voice she unites a very refined taste, and a brilliancy of execution, which, in several passages, met and merited very general applause. She was encored in "*The youth in his blooming array,*" and in several other *arias*, but

that in which she pleased us most, and in which she evinced a very intimate acquaintance with the science and melody of music, was the duet with Miss POVEY, "*How gently, when the sun's descending,*" &c. Her speaking voice wants volume, and is somewhat deficient in sprightliness of tone; but this may be owing to the incompleteness of self-possession, very usual and very excusable on a first appearance. All together she is an undoubted acquisition to the operatic department of the theatre, and has qualified herself to hold a respectable station in it, by a manifested close and accurate attention to the study of music.—HARLEY played *Figaro* with his wonted vivacity, but his singing is truly execrable: in justice to himself, and in mercy to the audience, he should omit it altogether. Miss POVEY was, as usual, pleasing and impressive. The other performers presented few traits exhibitiv of merit. A new divertisement followed, which consisted of an exhibition of the progress in dancing of children from three years old to twelve and fourteen. It was quite a sort of boarding-school display of girlish pirouetting. We could not refrain from pitying the little infants, who were thrust upon the stage to dance before they were well able to stand. It was really a humiliating spectacle, to behold a British audience entertained with the jumping of these little urchins, at a time when their ideas are scarcely multiplied beyond what they might have been in the maternal womb, and that they live almost without a consciousness of their existence:—

"Vivit et est vitæ nescius ipse suæ."

We were glad to observe a very numerous and sensible portion of the audience indulge in a well-merited hiss at the most ridiculous fantoccini exhibition we have been, perhaps, ever condemned to witness. Two or three of the grown girls evinced considerable proficiency in dancing.

25th.—Pizarro—Monsieur Tonson.

26th.—Marriage of *Figaro*.—Divertisement.—Sleeping Draught.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Oct. 8th.—Sweethearts and Wives—'Twould puzzle a Conjuror—Paul and Virginia.

9th.—Rob Roy—Ibid—Intrigue.

11th.—Rivals—Intrigue—Animal Magnetism.

12th.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Selection of Songs and Music—Sweethearts and Wives [Benefit of Madame VESTRIS.]

13th.—Road to Ruin—Two Pages of Frederick the Great—'Twould puzzle a Conjuror.

14th.—Merry Wives of Windsor—'Twould puzzle a Conjuror—Intrigue.

15th.—Ibid—Sweethearts and Wives.

16th.—Road to Ruin—'Twould puzzle a Conjuror—Devil to Pay.

18th.—Hypocrite—Sweethearts and Wives.

19th.—Seeing is Believing—Rivals.—'Twould puzzle a Conjuror.

This evening was prolific of new faces at this establishment. First came Mr. RAYMOND, from the Theatre Birmingham, who made his *debut* in the character of *Faulkland* in the "*Rivals*." The voice of this new candidate for metropolitan fame was wretched; his acting if possible still worse, and the disapprobation of the audience throughout testified the sense which prevailed as to his deserts. His interview with *Julia* in the fifth act was of the most ludicrous description.

The next new aspirant for public honours was a Mr. DUFF, from Edinburgh, as *David*, and though he deserves somewhat better mention, we are not prepared to speak of him in very exalted terms. Further acquaintance may enable us to form a more favourable opinion of him.

20th.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Fish out of Water.

21st.—Hypocrite.—Sweethearts and Wives.

22d.—Heir at Law.—HIDE AND SEEK [1st. time].—Devil to Pay.

A new petit opera under this title, from the pen of

an anonymous author, was produced this evening, and met with great disapprobation. It has neither plot, dialogue, wit, character, nor interest of any kind to recommend it. To make the failure complete, the acting and singing were almost as insipid as the author's composition, and the music (excepting the overture, which was pleasing) was like all the rest--of the most inferior order. The following account of the plot we beg to extract from a contemporary publication as we do not feel at all inclined to take the trouble of penning one.

"The materials were so scanty that we may put our readers in possession of them in a few words. Where the scene is laid we cannot guess, but presume, from the way in which the characters are dressed, that the author did not intend it to be in England. *Frederick*, (Mrs. T. HILL) wears pantaloons, and towards the conclusion of the piece, she turns out to be a runaway Page to some lord, (MELROSE,) whose title we did not hear. *Frederick* is in love with *Flora*, (Miss KELLY,) the daughter of a thrifty village planter, (WILLIAMS), who has a nephew called *Davy* or *David*, (LISTON,) who wears a gardener's apron. *Davy* is also enamoured of *Flora*, and talks of being almost as good as married to her. The lord now comes upon the scene, and he also becomes the adorer of the fascinating *Flora* at first sight, and makes her father a present of the land which he occupies, without any reason in the world for thus disposing of his acres. *Frederick* has committed, it seems, some fault which the audience is left in darkness about, and *Flora* makes an assignation in a covered grove at night with his master, for the purpose of asking forgiveness for his page. The lord mistakes the object of her appointment, but is undeceived in the hearing of *Frederick*, who has been informed of the meeting, and who listens to the conversation. The old man, *Davy*, and some attendants, now enter with lights; the lord, having pardoned *Frederick*, asks the old man's permission for her to marry the page, which is readily obtained; *Davy* kisses his darling, and resigns her very contentedly to his rival; a chorus concludes the whole, and the curtain falls. *Frederick*, who is at first concealed in a green-house,

is supposed by *Davy* to be a ghost, and the old man fancies there is a fox in his grounds. The lord makes sad havoc among the old man's plantations in a shooting excursion; but he cannot find the fox. There is a table spread, and *Frederick* hides himself under it, and strikes the lord's legs with a cane like the clown in a pantomime. All this is exceedingly contemptible, and it is not redeemed by any one trait of merit, or a solitary joke. MELROSE both acted and sung miserably: nothing could possibly be worse. LISTON had a severe hoarseness, and Miss KELLY a violent cold. WILLIAMS had little to do, and that was done in a middling sort of way. —The only character which deserves any mention on account of the acting was *Frederick*. Mrs. T. HILL did the utmost that could be done with so meagre a part; but she looked too feminine for a lover, even though that lover was a page. At the close of the piece, Mr. LISTON came forward, and very inaudibly addressed the audience: we understood him to say, that he laboured under a cold, and that he had not been able to do justice to his part, and he therefore solicited the indulgence of the audience. The manager will act wisely by *shelving* the piece itself: he would have acted more wisely had he never produced it."

MINOR DRAMA.

SURREY THEATRE.

The performances at this Theatre still continue to attract respectable and crowded audiences, at which, indeed, we are not surprised, as the managers get up their entertainments in a very superior manner, and they, generally speaking, are of an interesting nature. "*The Kæuba, or the Indian Pirate*," is still performing here; and the acting of Mrs. YOUNG and Mr. H. KEMBLE in some of the scenes excites an almost painful

interest. We cannot omit noticing again the marine scenery of this drama, which is singularly true and beautiful, and on which evidently a great deal of attention has been bestowed. The *Kæuba* is nightly followed by "*Der Freischütz*," of which, as we have before spoken so largely in commendation, we shall only now add, that its attractions continue unabated.

We are glad to see that the audiences have been such as abundantly to satisfy the hopes of the proprietors of this theatre. We wish that this encouragement may continue, as we feel assured, that their exertions deserve it.

Oct. 12th.—This evening the theatre was the scene of contention between the management and the audience, owing to the non-appearance of Monsieur CLINE, the French Hercules, who was announced in the bills to display his wonderful powers of balancing. While the band were playing the overture to "*Der Freischütz*" (the afterpiece), the first indications of a storm were perceptible, which, on the rising of the curtain, burst forth with tremendous fury. Mrs. BLANCHARD and Mrs. LOVEDAY were vainly endeavouring to proceed, when one of the managers found himself under the necessity of addressing the audience, assuring them that Mr. CLINE had been engaged by Mr. WILLIAMS only, for his benefit, the preceding evening—that the management had not engaged him, and he hoped, therefore, the entertainments would be suffered to proceed. This apology was worse than useless; the uproar increased tenfold, and the curtain fell amidst loud cheers, and after a pause the same manager again presented himself, and declared that, although by extending their performances the license of their house would be endangered, yet at the close of the first act Mr. CLINE would go through his performances. This announcement was greeted from all parts of the house, and the piece proceeded quietly to the conclusion of the first act, when the same gentleman once more made his appearance, and stated, that he was unable to fulfil his promise, because Mr. CLINE had positively refused to perform.—A person in the pit rose and said, that Mr. CLINE had just left the

pit, and would perform if he was paid. The manager appealed to the house, if they had not always kept their pledge with the public, and hoped that in such a paltry matter they might not be deemed guilty of a falsehood. He now withdrew; but on the recommencement of the storm, it appeared that his appeal had produced its effect, the majority, after a sharp contest, declaring in his favour, and the piece then proceeded.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

During the recess this theatre has undergone considerable alterations and improvements. A dress circle has been formed, and the whole has been entirely re-decorated in rather a novel and tasteful manner; the gilt ornaments to the front of the boxes are laid on a ground composed of rose-colour and white stripes, giving it a pleasing appearance of lightness and elegance. The private boxes are lined with rich crimson flock paper, with silk draperies to correspond. The proscenium gives the appearance of a variegated fan, most richly embossed with burnished gold, and the scenery is equally superb. The orchestra has been enlarged, sufficiently to contain a band of upwards of forty performers, it being the intention of the proprietors to spare no expense in the musical department; the chorusses being on the same scale as those of the Italian Opera: the other parts of the company have been equally attended to, as, in addition to the numerous favourites of last season, many new and approved performers have been added; in fact, nothing which could contribute either to the amusement or comfort of the audience has been neglected.

This theatre commenced its winter campaign on Thursday, Oct. 14th, with a very splendid melo-drama, called "*Valmondi, or the Unhallowed Sepulchre.*"

The story of this piece is still more horrible than that of "*Der Freischütz.*" *Kelmar* (GOMERSAL), a profligate nobleman, is anxious to release himself from a compact which he has entered into with a fiend, *Malec*.

(VILLIERS), by engaging some one to accept of the boon of immortality and boundless wealth, in lieu of himself; for, on no other condition can he rid himself of a charmed existence, which is to him a source of unutterable agony, since, although not subject to mortality, he is condemned to endure all the pangs, both bodily and mental, that the *Demon* chooses to inflict on him. Accident leads him to the cottage of *Valmondi* (POWER), a ruined gamester, and a man now rendered desperate, by seeing his wife expire before his eyes for want. *Kelmar* avails himself of this opportunity, nor is his offer rejected, although it costs *Valmondi* some struggles to accede to the terms. At midnight they both repair to the cemetery of a ruined abbey in the neighbourhood, and there *Kelmar* makes the necessary preparations for the completion of their compact between *Valmondi* and the *Demon*. A scene of dreadful sorcery now commences: shrouded corpses start from the sepulchres, and the tremendous form of *Malec* himself arises. Compared with this grim figure, the *Zamiel* of the *Freischütz*, with his red cloak and hat and feathers, is but a *petit-maitre*, and the deep sepulchral tones of his voice add considerably to the terrific impression. *Valmondi* is horror-struck, and would fain recede, but it is too late, and he is compelled, in spite of himself, to prostrate himself before the *Demon*, while *Kelmar*, thus released from his contract, expires. The victim now determines to silence the reproaches and terrors of his conscience, by revelling in all the gratifications which his wealth affords him; but the persecuting fiend haunts him in the midst of his pleasures and makes him the minister of his behests. This malignant being commands him to seduce *Elvina* (Miss BODEN), and for that purpose bestows on him a charmed rose, which will so overpower her virtue, as to induce her to quit her hitherto beloved *Albert* (PAYNE), and abandon herself to *Valmondi*. The latter, however, resolves to make her his bride, hoping that the *Demon* will not interfere to prevent his design; and a grand nuptial festival takes place, undisturbed by the infernal persecutor, until the priest approaches to give his nuptial benediction, and

then *Malec* himself, and other horrible forms suddenly appear, and the ceremony is suspended. In consequence of this terrific event, *Valmondi* is arrested by the Inquisition, and sentenced to perish at the *Auto da fe*, but he is rescued by the power of the fiend at the very place of execution. He is now urged by that terrible being to crimes of a still blacker hue: he murders *Elvina's* father, and is about to destroy *Elvina* herself, when he is ultimately carried off by *Malec* to his doom, amidst sheets of fire and the discordant yells and shrieks of demons hungry for their prey!

It will be seen that this piece takes its origin from the same source as "*Der Freischütz*;" and from the success which has attended the representation of that opera, we fear that the town will be inundated for some time with German horrors in all shapes. The scenery of the piece is magnificent and costly, and the music is very fine, particularly the invocation. We have no doubt, from the prevalence of the present taste of the town, that this drama will be very attractive, and experience a long run, which it must do to repay the proprietor for the expense he has been at in getting it up; but the performance must be curtailed, and we would suggest that much of the singing might be left out with advantage, particularly the serenade, which was very ridiculous. It was not over till a quarter to twelve, too late by nearly two hours. The company is a very respectable one, but we think that Mr. POWER should infuse a little more energy into his portraiture of the villain *Valmondi*.

The house was crowded in all parts long before the rising of the curtain—which is certainly a very good augury towards a successful season.

COBURG THEATRE.

Oct. 17th.—WAKE NOT THE DEAD! or the Spectre Bride! [1st time.] The story of this piece, agreeably

to the prevailing taste for the terrific, presents a detail of the most repulsive horrors; not, however, unmixed with interest or scenic effect. The author has evidently had in view the popular romance of "*Frankenstein*;" and in furtherance of his aim, has contrived by the agency of materials dissimilar only in respect to sex, and the creative power employed, to exhibit the direful consequences of a successful perversion of the course of nature; imaginative in fact, but not less calculated to shew the wisdom that limits our desires, and the impotency of hope, when irrationally excited. The medium of this moral, and somewhat impressive lesson, is furnished by the fond, but maniacal wish of a doating nobleman, to repossess the person of his wife, already a victim to the King of Terrors. By the aid of *Alasco*, an enchanter, and his mystic spells and diabolical incantations, the unholy work of the reanimation of the dead is effected; but the bias of her disposition is (as may naturally be supposed, from her residence among "graves and worms and epitaphs") altogether changed: she has no longer a wish common to humanity—the sepulchre is her retreat, hemlock her drink, and blood and murder unceasingly her object. A variety of incidents, relieved with some highly humorous scenes, are set in motion, producing eventually, the gratifying climax of the Fiend's destruction. The part of *Brunhilda*, the Spectre Bride, was most ably sustained by Miss WATSON; and her acting in many instances was singularly clever and impressive; particularly in the scenes where she attempts the immolation of her child, and becomes detected by her husband. Mr. COBHAM, as the latter, performed with his accustomed energy and discrimination. His delineation of uncontrollable love, succeeded by expectation and joy, the whole yielding in turn to terror and remorse, was highly complimentary to his histrionic talent: in fact, he is one of the first actors on the minor stage. Mr. BUCKSTONE, as a simple attendant, threw into his acting many effective touches of comicality and humour. The house was numerously attended, and the piece was received with every demonstration of favour.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This elegant little house has commenced its winter season with some very excellent performers and performances, under the direction of Mr. FRAMPTON. A parody on "*Der Freischütz*" of the most witty description, has been produced and attracted crowded houses. "*All at Coventry*," "*Incog*," and other old standard pieces, introducing a few new faces, have been revived. Miss PHILLIS GLOVER, Mr. E. VINING from Brighton, BUCKINGHAM, CAMPBELL, and Mrs. ROWBOTHAM, have successively appeared, and been well received.—Any novelty in the performances which may be put forth shall be noticed in our next.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

This theatre for the last few weeks has been remarkably well attended. We paid it a visit a few nights ago, and found WEBER's "*Der Freischütz*" to be the grand attraction. Mr. AYRES gave a very effective picture of *Ganstrom*, and a Miss ELDRED, as *Catharine*, displayed abilities of no mean order. The *Incantation Scene* was most ably managed, and reflects great credit upon the exertions of Mr. BEVERLEY. On Oct. 4, we witnessed the revival of "*The Forest of Bondy*," which was played with much success. Mr. AYRES rendered *Macaire* as perfect a villain as the author intended to draw; if he were to attend a little more to his bye play, and the business of the scene, he would be a still better actor. Mr. GREENWOOD (who is, we understand, son to Mr. CHAPMAN, of Covent Garden) played *Aubri* very respectably. *Florio*, the dumb boy, was sustained by Miss BIANCA, a young lady, who seems possessed of considerable talent, and well deserved the frequent marks

of approbation which her affecting performance elicited. Mr. H. BEVERLEY was *Blaise*. There is something about Mr. B.'s acting, which never fails of exciting laughter, and though there is a great sameness in most of his characters, yet he generally contrives to render them amusing. Miss ELDRED's *Lucille* was interesting, full of tenderness and expression.

D.

Married, on Tuesday morning, 15th June, 1824, at Taunton St. Mary Magdalen's, by the Rev. H. BOWER, Mr. HORSEMAN to Miss WOODS, both of the Taunton Theatre.

June 24, at St. Pancras Church, W. C. MACREADY, Esq. of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to Miss C. M. ATKINS, late of the Bristol Theatre.

During the period of GARRICK's reign, which we call the Golden Age of the Drama, and for some years afterwards, Hampton and the neighbourhood was the resort, and rural residence of the Poets and Great Actors of the day. POPE and Mrs. CLIVE resided at Twickenham, THOMSON at Richmond, TOM KING, BEARD and GARRICK at Hampton, and Mrs. BADDELY, the frail fair one, whose Memoirs are so interesting, lived and died at Moulsey.

We would recommend to the Committee appointed to erect a monument to the memory of SHAKSPEARE, the purchase of GARRICK's sweetly diversified grounds at Hampton. There flourishes, in delightful luxuriance, the only surviving scion from the stock of the celebrated mulberry tree, planted by GARRICK's own hand; and there lived the great practical illustrator of the mighty bard, who contributed more to the reputation of SHAKSPEARE, by the powerful and impressive personation of his heroes, than all the commentators that succeeded him.



Drawn & Engraved by H MEYER

MR. INCLEDON
AS
HE APPEARED WHEN SINGING THE STORM.

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1824.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE		PAGE
Memoirs of Mr. Incledon	65	Russian Theatricals	85
Histrionic Essays ..	76	Dramatic Miscellanies	87
Measure for Measure	79	The Legend of the Wild Huntsman....	91
On Plays	<i>ib.</i>		
The Dramatic Biographer	80	THEATRICAL INQUISITION.	
Macklin and his Times	83	Drury Lane Theatre	98
		Covent Garden....	105
		Town Talk.....	

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

Mr. INCLEDON.

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WILLIAMS v. ELLISTON.

This was an action for damages, brought by the plaintiff, Mr. WILLIAM HENRY WILLIAMS, a comedian, against the defendant, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON, Esq. the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. E. having suffered judgment to go by default, a Jury was now impannelled merely to assess damages.

The Jury being sworn,

Mr. ADOLPHUS, as Counsel for the defendant, said he was authorised to make a proposition which, he doubted not, would obviate the necessity of going into the case. He was ready now to admit that the plaintiff, Mr. W., had just grounds for complaint; in a moment of ungovernable passion, to which we are all sometimes subject, Mr. E. so far forgot himself as to assault Mr. W. in a gross and violent manner, and for which he (Mr. A.) would undertake to say, that the aggressor felt truly sorry. He trusted that his Learned Friend, Mr. PHILLIPS, who appeared for the plaintiff, would not object to nominal damages, which would of course carry costs. The good feeling that once existed between the parties previous to the unfortunate transaction which produced the present action, had suffered no breach in consequence; Mr. W. had been performing with Mr. E. in London, Leamington, and many other places since that, and there was no doubt that Mr. W.'s services, as a comedian, were held in as high repute by Mr. E. as ever; and that his engagement would not be at all affected by this circumstance.

Mr. PHILLIPS said, that, after the handsome declaration of Mr. E., made through his Learned Friend (Mr. ADOLPHUS), he would undertake on the part of his client, to accept the proposition. Mr. W. had no vindictive feelings to consult, no sordid appetite to gratify; his only wish was to sustain the respectability of the profession, of which he was a highly respectable member. Thus the affair terminated: Many actors, &c. were present.

The Dublin theatrical season commenced on Saturday evening, 23d Oct. with "*The School for Scandal*," in which Mr. ABBOTT, the Lessee of the Theatre, introduced himself very favourably to the attention of the public, in *Charles Surface*.—He was happy in most of the characters, and highly successful with the audience.—*Lady Teazle* found an accomplished representative in Miss JARMAN—*Irish Paper*.



THE DRAMA ;
OR,
Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. II.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

VOL. VII.

MR. INCLEDON.

“ I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ For as he sung,
Our hearts would burn within us,—would inhale
A portion of divinity, that ray,
The purest heaven, which lights the soul
Of patriots and of heroes.”

THOMSON.

THE following memoir is detailed from a statement in Mr. INCLEDON's own hand-writing, drawn up with all the rough energy of a vigorous mind and meriting the most implicit reliance.

Mr. CHARLES INCLEDON was born in the year 1764, at St. Keveron's, a small town in the county of Cornwall, where his father enjoyed a most extensive practice as Surgeon and Apothecary. At the age of five years, such was young INCLEDON's precocity of voice, that he sung the Christmas Anthem in the church of his native place, and continued to evince propensities so strong for the

art of which he subsequently became an unparalleled ornament, that he was recommended, upon the lapse of two years, to the Rev. Mr. SNOW, a chaunter of Exeter cathedral, and under this patronage introduced to Mr. LANGDON, the organist, whose admiration of his vocal powers immediately procured him an appointment among the choristers. Here he remained three years without peculiar distinction, till the late celebrated Mr. JACKSON succeeded to the situation of organist, when the latent blossoms of genius enjoyed by young INCLEDON were fully developed, and he was engaged for the concerts beneath the auspicious influence of his early admirer. Here he delighted the *cognoscenti* of Exeter with "*Go gentle gales;*" "*'Twas when the seas were roaring;*" "*Oh, say thou dear possessor of my breast;*" and other compositions of his great master, for such Mr. JACKSON had then a right to be considered, having tried the best means of subjecting the talents of INCLEDON to all the discipline of which his volatile temper was so susceptible. While at Exeter, he was selected upon a particular occasion for the anthem of "*Let my complaint come before thee, O Lord;*" and while executing the solo of "*Let my soul live,*" Judge NARES, then upon the Western circuit, and brother of Dr. NARES, attached to His Majesty's Chapel-royal, was so deeply affected by the pathos and sensibility of his singing, that he burst into tears, and sending for the boy at the termination of divine service, presented him with five guineas as a testimony of his distinguished approbation.

The public are well acquainted with a material circumstance in the life of Mr. INCLEDON—his connection with the sea; but as the incidents which led to that occurrence are curious, and have never been explained, we shall here disclose them.—He had seated himself one fine summer evening upon a rail in the cathedral churchyard, and was chaunting that beautiful air from "*The Padlock,*" "*Was I a shepherd's maid;*" when a gentleman in regimentals stepped up, and inquired of the crowd his exertions had attracted, if they were acquainted with the little singer; "*It's young INCLEDON of the Cathedral,*" was simultaneously answered by a

hundred voices, and the gentleman appearing to be satisfied with that information departed. INCLEDON was sent for next morning by his musical preceptor, and upon fulfilling the summons found Mr. JACKSON engaged with the individual who had noticed him the evening before, to whom he was now introduced as the Hon. Mr. TREVOR, and informed, that permission had been granted for his going with him to Torbay, on a visit to Commodore WALSINGHAM of the *Thunderer*, on board of which ship he continued in consequence for three days, and delighted the assembled officers by his unexpected melody. The first song Mr. INCLEDON delivered in this vessel was "*Blow high, blow low*," and perhaps that song has never received so high an honour as its introduction, in such hands, to the British Fleet. The warm-hearted seaman was anxious to provide effectually for his juvenile entertainer, and accordingly wrote to the young man's parents requesting their permission for his stay. Maternal solicitude, however, was fortunately averse to this proposal, as Commodore WALSINGHAM and his whole crew foundered soon after in the West Indies, when the *Thunderer* went down in a dreadful hurricane.

"Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her."

The kind reception Mr. I. had experienced in this cursory trip filled him with a fixed inclination for a nautical life, and not being able to efface the impression its charms had created, he determined, about four years afterwards, to execute the plan he had long and secretly cherished of entering the navy as a volunteer; accompanied by a fellow chorister, and carrying a bundle of linen, he set out accordingly early one morning for Plymouth; but a discovery being made of their flight, an agent was dispatched after them on horseback, with strict orders to bring the fugitives back to Exeter, from which they had travelled about thirty miles, when they were overtaken. INCLEDON, as a punishment, was exposed for a week in

the church without his surplice, and compelled to perform his duties in that degrading situation.

Still harbouring a fondness for "Old Ocean;" the late Admiral GRAVES, of Henbury Fort, near Hunnington, in Devonshire, furnished him with a letter to Captain STANTON, of the *Formidable*, with whom he continued two years, and being then disabled by a wound, was left at Plymouth till turned over, upon his recovery, to another vessel commanded by Lord HERVEY, afterwards Earl of Bristol, to whose advice the public are indebted for INCLEDON's subsequent appearance in the theatre. With this nobleman he sailed to St. Lucia, and there attracted protection and friendship throughout the whole fleet at anchor off its shores from a display of his musical abilities. Being stationed on what is technically called the starboard watch of the foretop, he agreed with his shipmates on that station to club a week's grog, and drink "*Sweethearts and Wives*" the very evening that Lord HERVEY entertained the chief officers of the fleet to dinner. It was also settled, that whosoever refused to sing, when required, should undergo a severe punishment, to avoid which INCLEDON complied with the general custom, and though of a song in that situation we may say with SHAKSPEARE "'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough;" yet the force of native melody was irresistible; and the seamen flocked in breathless admiration to the most tender and pathetic stanzas—"call you them stanzas?"—his memory could deliver. Such was the vivid sensation these efforts had created, that a lieutenant hurried to the cabin and acquainted Lord HERVEY with the circumstance. His Lordship proceeded to the quarter-deck, heard INCLEDON in the fine old traditional song "*'Twas Thursday in the Morn,*" and after various questions upon his origin, tuition, &c. directed him to shift his apparel and attend in the cabin, where he sang "*The Fight of the Monmouth and Foudroyant.*" "*Rule Britannia,*" &c. &c. and many of JACKSON's most favourite canzonets. Here he was jocularly appointed singer to the British Fleet, released from the performance of manual duty, and sent for to assist at every entertainment that succeeded. He

rose high in the favour of Admiral PIGOT the commander-in-chief, and from the variety and latitude of his exertions may be safely said to have sung our national melodies even in the cannon's mouth.

At the expiration of the war Mr. I. was discharged at Chatham, and proceeding to London, was recommended to the late Mr. COLMAN for an engagement at the Haymarket theatre by Lord MULGRAVE and others. The patentee heard him and coldly desired him to call again; but not being able to obtain an immediate interview he travelled to Portsmouth, in the expectation of procuring a trial, at least, of his qualifications. This manager, however, was unfortunately a singer himself, and on hearing him, abruptly declared he was utterly insupportable. From hence he reached Southampton, and upon application to Messrs. COLLINS and DAVIS, was engaged at the enormous weekly stipend of ten shillings and sixpence! He made his *debut* as *Alphonso* in the "*Castle of Andalusia*," and was propitiously received.

Upon some trifling dispute he joined a company in Salisbury, and there suffered the heaviest pressure of famine and disease. Mr. INCLEDON has been often heard to describe his miseries at this period with a glowing lip and grateful heart; a "ministering angel" in the form of woman having alleviated their severity, and enabled him, by her charitable impulse, to reach Bath, where the discrimination of Mr. PALMER afforded him a distinguished situation, and he appeared as *Captain Belville*, in "*Rosina*." Provincial salaries are still incompetent and contracted, but greatly superior to what they formerly were. The thirty shillings a week, accorded to Mr. INCLEDON, was doubtless in many eyes an enviable appointment; but when that remuneration, upon his splendid success as *Edwin* in "*Robin Hood*," was increased to a couple of pounds, he was elevated, in his own opinion, to the pinnacle of prosperity.

At Bath he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of RAUZZINI, the late lamented arbiter of its musical amusements, by whom he was instructed in the elegance of his art, and introduced to public consideration. So enthusiastic was RAUZZINI in sentiment and

expression, that, having heard INCLEDON one night in HANDEL'S "*Total Eclipse*," he sprang up from the piano-forte at which he presided, and, pressing INCLEDON by the hand, exclaimed with indescribable fervour to a large company, "This is my scholar!" From Bath he was engaged for the summer months at Vauxhall, where he remained four years, returning, when the gardens were shut, to the concerts and the theatre. In this city he assisted to form the Harmonic Meeting, which still subsists in unbroken importance, and as a proof of the general light in which his endeavours were regarded, the deceased Dr. HARRINGTON, its venerable president, presented him with a silver cup and cover on behalf of the distinguished body he conducted, and prefaced its donation with a handsome speech, in which the merits of Mr. I. were eloquently extolled. He had previously received a similar tribute from the merchants of Manchester, and such tokens of estimation, in this case, are brilliant proofs of private worth and professional value.

Mr. THOMAS HARRIS, the principal proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, being casually at Bath, saw INCLEDON at the theatre, and on the ensuing morning proposed an engagement for three years, at six, seven, and eight pounds a week, which terms were scarcely accepted, when the late Mr. LINLEY, of Drury Lane Theatre, tempted him with an offer of twelve pounds a week for that house, and a retention of five years. He had commissioned a friend to procure INCLEDON'S attendance at his apartments, where he sang a favourite anthem of JACKSON'S; and apologized at its conclusion for any flagrant error. "Why d—n ye, Sir," said LINLEY, "were you not the favoured pupil of my old friend? You sang it plainly, Sir, with expressive feeling, and nothing more is required." This worthy man and admired composer then mentioned the engagement, which INCLEDON rejected with an aching heart, though, to his eternal honour be it known, he had only given a VERBAL CONSENT to the wishes of Mr. HARRIS. He has often lamented his conscientious inability to enjoy the friendly superintendence of Mr. LINLEY, who had a

great musical soul, and must have been of incalculable advantage to his youthful powers. The late Mrs. SHERIDAN, his daughter, was a splendid monument of his professional excellence; and the artless, though finished efforts of Mrs. BLAND, speak with the best energies of truth to the value of his tuition.

At Covent Garden, in October 1790, Mr. I. made his *debut* as *Dermot*, in "*The Poor Soldier*;" and the town rewarded him most liberally for his exertions. At his next appearance, as *Lord Winlove*, in "*Fontainebleau*," an infamous attempt was made by a contemptible party to drive him from the stage, but he found two firm adherents in taste and indignation, and the hirelings of venality were silenced for ever. With this grateful evidence of public favour he acquired many demonstrations of private friendship, and dates the amity of Mr. SHIELD, the composer, from that period, which is endeared to his heart by such a circumstance beyond all the most pleasant recollections can effect, in adducing the fame and emolument with which it was accompanied.

In 1798 he resisted the manager's attempt to incorporate him with a Christmas pantomime; and two years after made one of what has been called "the glorious eight" in exposing his oppressive usage. This circumstance, no doubt, will account for the harsh treatment he has since experienced, particularly when we look to the general discharge, with one exception, of those individuals who preferred this obnoxious remonstrance. For some years past he had been in the habit of delivering his entertainment, called "*The Wandering Melodist*," in various parts of the kingdom; and arriving at Waterford, in Ireland, soon after the horrible assassination of Lord KILWARDEN in 1803, he had taken the theatre at that place for the pursuance of his lyrical plan. He was advised by many well-affected citizens to relinquish his intentions from their known loyalty, but persevered under the special encouragement of some military officers then casually in the town. He sang "*May the King live for ever*," and "*When order in this land commenced*;" the last of which was dedicated to her late majesty Queen CHARLOTTE, and was presented by

INCLEDON himself at Buckingham House. Much uproar resulted from his steady adherence to royalty and defiance of rebellious inclination, and many outrageous attempts were made upon his personal safety. To such a pitch, indeed, was this spirit extended, that a military guard was found necessary for his escort to the inn at which he resided, and he could only avoid further annoyance by quitting the place before day-break.

On his return to England in the same year, he visited Dublin, and was wrecked in crossing the bar. Some of the passengers were lost, and he saved himself by ascending to the round top with his wife lashed to him, from which perilous state, after a duration of several hours, he was extricated by the assistance of some fishermen who saw his distress from the shore.

In 1809, owing to a mistaken impression on the minds of the Covent Garden managers, that he had instigated Mrs. DICKONS to desert the theatre, a charge Mr. I. frequently offered to disprove upon oath, his services were dispensed with, and he quitted London on a provincial tour, till two years had elapsed, when he was re-engaged to Mr. HARRIS, by the mediation of a mutual friend, at seventeen pounds per week and for a term of *five years*. He had also stipulated for re-instatement in all his prescriptive characters, which was unconditionally promised, but so imperfectly performed that Mr. SINCLAIR was complimented with *Carlos*, in "*The Duenna*," on the 20th September, 1811, though Mr. INCLEDON had been *encored* at his last assumption of that part in *every song*. Still, however, he suppressed complaint till the production of a frivolous plagiarist from FLETCHER'S "*Pilgrim*," called the "*Noble Outlaw*;" in which he was selected for a part infinitely beneath his talents and reputation. This affair, "with other graces weighed," led Mr. I. to reiterated anger and complaint, till, at the expiration of the *first three years*, for which his engagement had been concluded, he received an intimation of discharge, by the hands of Mr. BRANDON, and quitted the walls of a theatre in which his great services were at length rewarded by vexation, treachery, and ingratitude. Though certainly able to

enforce employment for two additional years, he indignantly rejected so abject an alternative, and relying upon the energies of unabated power, proudly retired from that imperious structure he had so largely contributed to raise and adorn. With a last look of contempt and defiance, how truly might his heart have apostrophized the then faithless directors of this towering pile, in the undaunted exclamation of *Coriolanus*!

“You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o’ the rotten fens; whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air, I BANISH YOU.”

So fixed and unalterable was Mr. INCLEDON’s determination of never again appearing within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre, that he rejected a very flattering offer from Mr. C. ASHLEY to join the Oratorios as principal tenor; and to those who are acquainted with his excellence in HANDEL’s music, the solicitude of Mr. ASHLEY to obtain its acquisition will be viewed without surprise. After this period Mr. I. performed at many of the minor theatres of London, and filled up the intervals with singing at various concerts and making several provincial tours, from which he derived fame and considerable emolument; and during that period many circumstances occurred, which, to his honour, deserve a record. He never derived a single shilling benefit from the exertion of his talents for any charitable purpose. In Dublin, he rejected twenty guineas upon an occasion of that nature, sang gratuitously, and gave his mite to the general collection. His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when chairman at a dinner of the Eastern Dispensary, proposed his health with loud acclamations, and observed, that he not only met Mr. INCLEDON at every benevolent opportunity contributing his brilliant talents, but subscribing his guinea. Such an eulogium requires no commentary. It was due to the generosity of a valuable heart, and deserved the admiration with which it was cordially and universally recorded.

On Monday, March 24th, 1817, Mr. I. took his leave

of the metropolitan public at the King's Theatre, previous to his departure for America,* with a farewell address; and although it was a current opinion and was publicly reported at that time, that his powers of voice had failed him or were considerably impaired, yet the following documents (which may be considered as valuable) are given as indubitable evidence to the contrary; and whatever might have been asserted by the interested, the capricious, or the ignorant, one line from either of the respectable pens before us, would outweigh the opinions of a million so grossly disqualified to decide.

(Extract.)

Sunday, September 1st, 1816.

* * * * * I never heard such a thing as INCLEDON's singing the "*Lads of the Village*," and "*The Storm*," last night. Nature was in a generous fit when she gave him that divine voice, and as to his feeling, I really think he has more genuine and natural taste than all the singers put together, of the whole country. He is, I believe, determined to visit America, and it is a disgrace to this kingdom to suffer it. I am sorry you did not hear him—'twas an invaluable lesson. * * * *

To Miss MERRY,
Bath, &c.

THOMAS WELSH.

(Copy.)

Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,
Tuesday, March 25th, 1817.

DEAR INCLEDON,

In witnessing the brilliant scene of your *farewell* last night, I shared those feelings of regret with all your warm and admiring friends, that must accompany an adieu to such talents as we cannot hope ever to see replaced: may they be prosperous in other climes! If those to whom they are to be presented cherish them with

* The performances were "*Love in a Village*," "*Three Weeks after Marriage*," and a *Cento of Songs*.

half the regard which has marked their progress *here*, or should they impart but a ray of that enthusiasm which has warmed the bosoms of the British public, your voyage will not be in vain. That it should be requisite is the only unpleasant feeling that can diminish the gratification of beholding so splendid a confirmation of public admiration and esteem. As one who feels the reality of both, permit me, dear Sir, to wish you all you can desire to obtain, with a long continuance of life to enjoy it, and to assure you that to hear of your welfare will always give the highest pleasure to

To C. INCLEDON, Esq.

&c. &c. &c.

Dear INCLEDON,

Your sincere Friend and

Sister in the Drama,

ROSE MOUNTAIN.

(Copy.)

DEAR INCLEDON,

The unavoidable performance of a proffered engagement will oblige me to hurry from the metropolis without taking a formal leave of you, personally, previous to your having embarked for America; but I could not suffer you to set sail, and be under weigh, without this hastily written acknowledgement of the services you have rendered me, by causing the popularity of "*The Streamlet*," "*Thorn*," "*Post Captain*," "*Heaving of the Lead*," "*Twins of Latona*," "*Last Whistle*," "*Tell her I love her*," "*O bring me wine*," "*Battle Song*," "*Old Towler*,"—but I must cease to enumerate, or I shall have no space left on this sheet to insert a few friendly remarks.

It has been asserted, (but I trust erroneously) that you cannot now give perfect intonation to those astonishing sounds which secured you the admiration of numberless auditors. And even were the supposition true, it is only being rid of a defect, for, surely, those passages in *altissimo*, which you formerly introduced in the last mentioned song to express the huntsman's halloo, should

only be attempted by those who are ambitious to emulate the music of the chase. It unfortunately happens that theatrical performers are compelled to sing as frequently with a *voce da testa*, as with a *voce di petto*; but the latter will always most please the discerning few.

I have occasionally, with my loftiest flights of dramatic composition, led you beyond nature, but never from choice: fashion was always the unnatural dictator. That your powers are unimpaired was evident during your impassioned performance of the "*Storm*," at that interesting entertainment given to the illustrious KEMBLE by those, who honoured themselves as much as that great actor, in first appreciating his merit, and afterwards so gloriously proclaiming it.

If Providence should bless me with life and health—nay, even wealth, the latter should not feed indolence; and the happiest of my future productions shall be to you transmitted, that you may exhibit proofs in Columbia of your having, in England, a lasting adherer, who, long before the commencement of the present century, often passed your windows in Charlotte Street while your lisping children familiarly, yet pleasingly articulated, "Here comes our father's friend."

BILLY SHIELD.

P.S. Tell Mrs. INCLEDON that her voyage will be prosperous and her life happy, if the whole of my daily prayer should be granted.

To Mr. INCLEDON,
Somers' Place, &c.

His reception in America, as might be concluded, equalled his highest expectations, and he remained there for a considerable length of time; and on his return again sung at various places of public resort with unabated powers, and continued success. His last appearance on the boards of a regular theatre was made at Southampton, on Friday, 15th of October last. The following account is from the "*Hampshire Telegraph*," of the next morning:—

“ Last night the Southampton Theatre was crowded in consequence of an announcement, that this celebrated singer was to sing four of his most popular songs, and to take leave of the stage for ever, in a short address. It is not generally known, that INCLEDON here made his *debut*, exactly forty years ago. The late Mr. DE VEULLE hearing him sing a song at a public house, was so much struck with his extraordinary powers, that he introduced him to his Theatre.* He immediately received the warmest tribute of admiration, and rapidly rose into fame. Now, after having many years survived those wonderful powers, which once so distinguished him, as to induce his late Majesty to name him “ *The British National Singer*,” he comes, a weather-beaten but still sturdy veteran, to render his last acknowledgments to those, who, in his own expressive words, “ were his passport to fame.” With a feeling that does him credit, he confers on the town the double honour of his last, as it has already enjoyed that of his first appearance in public. The songs he selected on this occasion were—“ *Black-eyed Susan*,” “ *Death of Admiral Benbow*,” “ *Scot wha hae*,” the celebrated duet of “ *All's Well*,” with Mr. BOLTON, and “ *Then farewell my trim built Wherry*.” To criticise the singing of a man upwards of sixty, who has undergone the hardships he has, would be ridiculous : that was not the thing looked for—suffice it to say, his singing even to night shewed what he once could do. There was, however, something very affecting, and perhaps pleasing, in the contrast (in the duet) between his voice quivering, and all in want of breath to fill it, yet still manly and powerful; and Mr. BOLTON's, youthful and full of cadence and execution. It is unnecessary to say, that he was most rapturously applauded, and the duet was encored. After the last song he addressed the audience nearly as follows :—

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with the sincerest

* This account seems to be somewhat at variance with that we have before given ; but we think the “ *Telegraph*” must be in error, the first mentioned account being from the hand of Mr. I. himself.

feelings of gratitude that I am capable of, that I stand before you this evening to return you my most heartfelt thanks for the distinguished patronage you have ever conferred on me. In this town, and on these boards, I first appeared as a singer; and the encouragement I then received from you has proved, I may say, my passport to fame. Ladies and Gentlemen, since that period I have passed through many vicissitudes—I have served his Majesty in many engagements—there is not a ship in the navy, nor are there many towns in the country, that I have not sung in; but still your early liberality has never been effaced from my memory. It is now six years ago since I left the stage, but it has always been my wish to appear once more before you. Ladies and Gentlemen, age, sickness, and infirmities have altered me much from what I once was; but I have always done my best to please my kindest patrons, and I repeat it, Ladies and Gentlemen, while I live I shall never forget the support and encouragement I have received from the inhabitants of Southampton.”

A tremendous burst of applause followed, and the veteran retired from the stage for ever.

The reputation of this admirable songster was chiefly founded on his very fine and affecting execution of the songs of **HANDEL** and other composers of sacred music, during the Oratorios of Lent, and his unrivalled execution of our beautiful nautical ballads. His “*Young William*,” (melodized by himself) his “*Admiral Benbow*,” “*Black-eyed Susan*,” and other songs of that description, will never be forgotten by those who have once heard them. His “*Storm*” was a masterly and astonishing performance; and his style so perfectly expressive of the horrors of a tempest, and the confusion and despair of the sufferers, that, independent of the amazement excited by the vast power and flexibility of voice which he displayed in this difficult undertaking, the effect upon the audience was always as strong as any impression produced by the *finest piece of acting*; and “*Old Tow-ler*” was another of those efforts which have delighted

the public in a degree beyond all precedent and comparison surprising.* Mr. INCLEDON as a vocalist was a man so richly and rarely gifted, that we may expect to see another GARRICK with almost as much probability as another INCLEDON; no theatrical professor has possessed such a compass of voice as himself, since the days of Mr. BEARD; and as an English ballad singer he will be recollected with pleasure, while the memory of the public can retain a vestige of his excelling power.

* A laughable anecdote is related of him, which may be new to some of our readers:—

As his dependance was entirely on his voice, he was very apprehensive of catching cold; which in consequence rendered him the occasional dupe of quackery. During the late Mr. KEMBLE's management at Covent Garden Theatre, the following hoax was played upon him:—one of the wags of the theatre told him, that there was a patent lozenge just invented, and sold only at a jeweller's in Bond Street, which was an infallible cure for hoarseness. In order that he might more readily take the bait, he was also told, that Mr. KEMBLE made frequent use of it. INCLEDON immediately enquired of Mr. K., who very gravely answered, "Oh! yes, CHARLES; the patent lozenge is an admirable thing; but, CHARLES, I derived the greatest benefit from it, when I kept it in my mouth all night." Mr. I. accordingly sent to Bond Street to purchase this valuable lozenge; and the man, who had been previously instructed, gave him an amulet in a pill-box. Mr. I. came to the theatre the next day, with the stone in his mouth, and frequently spitting; he was of course asked if the patent lozenge did him any good. "Yes," replied he, (*spitting*) "I think it does, (*spitting*) I kept it in my mouth all night." (*spitting*.) The wag requested to see it;—on the production of the amulet a general laugh took place. "Why, CHARLES," said KEMBLE, "this is a stone; I meant a patent lozenge, you should have gone to an apothecary's, and not to a jeweller's."—We must add, to the credit of INCLEDON, that he bore the jest with much good humour.

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## HISTRIONIC ESSAYS.

## No. 1.

## THE GERMAN DRAMA.

In diversis argumentis stilum *exercent* (exercuit) pari propemodum successu.—*Desiderius Eras. In prolegom. ad Senecam philosophum.*

Criticism seems to be the epidemic disease of the present day, and there are, perhaps, but few readers, who would not prefer the most indifferent critique to the best original. The passion of vanity is general, and it is always gratifying to the vain and weak to see those, by nature their superiors, levelled by abuse to a standard with themselves. In the indulgence of this favourite passion, critics are seldom scrupulous; they will praise plays which they have never seen, and revile works which they have never read: in whatever language the author may write, or however ignorant they may be of the original, they are still qualified to judge; their wonderful powers of intuition render all knowledge unnecessary; from the dimension and colour of the book, they are enabled to form their judgment, and what they may at first condemn, when clothed in humble duodecimo, they may hereafter approve, when swelled into the magnificence of folio.

This account may appear exaggerated, but it is not the less true; it is precisely in this way, that the German dramatists have been judged, and finally condemned. To seek for vapid translations of the most inferior plays, and to take such evidences as a sufficient cause for abuse, has too long been the common practice to be now denied. To give some colour to this new method of decision, it has been said that the plays in question are the favourites of the German audience, and a translation, however bad, must at least shew the nature of the drama. To the first assertion, it may be replied, that supposing it were true, nothing could be deduced from it; let those

who confide in such an argument, remember that O'KEEFE and CHERRY have had their day—that both were once heard and seen with delight; let them remember too, that even now the trash of HOLCROFT can give pleasure to an English audience. What would they think of German justice, if the critics of Vienna should from thence infer, that the English theatre is contemptible? It would be in vain to plead SHAKSPEARE in expiation; for even SHAKSPEARE might be condemned, if the same style of criticism should be applied to his immortal dramas, which we so kindly turn against the Germans. The truth is, that in every nation, and in every age, the majority of writers must be indifferent, but is it not more just to form our estimate of a nation's merit, rather from its best, than its inferior authors?

In discussing the merits of the German drama, the English critic is generally content to take KOTZEBUE and IFFLAND as the points of his attack; and SCHILLER is but seldom mentioned, or, if spoken of, we hear only of his "*Robbers*," which they have chosen to hunt down as a mere exotic in the drama. In the first place, therefore, I shall speak of SCHILLER, and afterwards of KOTZEBUE and IFFLAND.

Whatever species of drama the reader may prefer, he will hardly be able to deny the superiority of SCHILLER. Should he love the wild and wonderful, where every feeling and every vice are carried beyond the bounds of probability, let him seek for it in SCHILLER—Should he rather choose a strict imitation of the ancient tragedies, of EURIPIDES and ÆSCHYLUS, that also he will find in SCHILLER. Does he prefer that species of dramatic composition, which lies between the two, neither too wild for belief, nor too tame for fancy?—that too he may securely seek for in the plays of SCHILLER. This may sound strangely to an English reader, but the proof is at hand; it is to be sought in the works of this powerful genius, who has only been condemned by those, whose ignorance of his language have compelled them to rely upon translations. The "*Robbers*" may well stand in proof of my first assertion; for my second, I rely on the "*Messenian Bridge*;" for the third, I appeal to his

“ *Fiesco*,” his “ *William Tell*,” and his “ *Don Carlos*” —Of each of these in their turn.

The play of the “ *Robbers*” is peculiar, both in its design and execution, and can hardly be referred to any model, even amongst the wild dramatists of his own nation. The events are as extraordinary as the characters:—A son, deceived by the arts of his brother, and from thence supposing himself deserted by his father, commencing robber in consequence, and afterwards ending his career by the murder of a beloved girl, and sentencing his guilty brother to a death of hunger ; all these are no doubt terrible events, but surely not improbable, nor is there any visible reason for the rancour of critics. To what do they object ? that these actions are out of nature, are too wild for belief ? In this case I must refer them to those ancient models, which are supposed to be as near perfection as is granted to the imbecility of man. *Medea* murders her own children, and destroys, by fire, the new bride of her deceiving husband ; *Clytemnestra* slays *Agamemnon* ; *Orestes* and *Electra*, the brother and sister, unite for the destruction of their mother—*SENECA* deals forth similar atrocities with an unsparing hand ; and, to come down to later times, are not such deeds countenanced by *ALFIERI*, by *CREBILLON*, by *VOLTAIRE* ? To judge of the composition, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with the German language than falls to the lot of most Englishmen.

But the German theatre may be defended, as far as regards *SCHILLER*, without reference to any such authority. It may be defended as answering all the purposes of the drama, inasmuch as it unites instruction with amusement ; even the “ *Robbers*,” in fact, affords a moral lesson, though the outcry against it has been pretty general ; vice is indeed painted in glowing colours in this play, but the punishment, which it carries with it, is portrayed with as firm a hand.

Much has been said respecting the dramatic unities of time, place, and action, and every departure from such rules is considered as an unpardonable defect. It may not, therefore, be amiss to inquire why they are so necessary, and what in reality constitutes a drama.

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“ MEASURE FOR MEASURE.”

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MR. DRAMA,

Ought we to consider *Bernardine*, in “ *Measure for Measure*,” *hanged* or *beheaded*? it does not appear clearly whether the *rope* or *axe* finished him. The *Clown* says, “ Master *Bernardine*! you must rise and be *hanged*.” *Bernardine*. “ What are you?” *Clown*. “ Your friend, the *hangman*.” *Bernardine* then enters; *Abhorson* asks, “ Is the *axe* on the *block*, sirrah?” and advises *Bernardine* to pray; who answers he has been drinking, and is unfit for it. *Clown*. “ O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is *hanged* betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.” A few speeches farther the *Duke* says,

“ Unfit to live, or die; O, gravel heart!—  
After him, fellow; bring him to the *block*.”

Now here we have *two* species of execution named without telling us direct by *which* the criminal is to suffer. Are we to suppose the state went to the expense of raising a *gallows* and a *block*, that a culprit might die by the one which was less *repulsive* to his *feelings*? 'Tis a *dark passage* that would be as well *enlightened*.

I am, yours respectfully,

PETER TOMKINS.

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ON PLAYS.

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The dramatic art, when carried to perfection, may be defined to be, the art of exhibiting human nature in a point of view, either affecting or amusing. If we adopt this definition, it will not appear wonderful that the English should have succeeded best in tragedy, and the French in comedy. The English, fond of deep emo-

tion, and reflecting long upon their own sensations, have portrayed with a truth which seemed scarcely attainable, the character and conduct of individuals whom fortune placed in the highest rank, and exposed to the most stormy trials. But in proportion to their success in this branch of the art, has been their failure in the department of comedy. As they are little accustomed to display their feelings in society, authors have been obliged to supply, by extravagant plots and eccentric characters, the want of accurate portraits, and to borrow from fancy the interest which observation could not afford.

The French, on the other hand, who act as it were from the passion of the moment, who brood over no sorrow, and analyze no passion, gave to the workshop of the tragedian only the undivided mass of our common affections. CORNEILLE spoke only to our pride and courage; RACINE borrowed from Greece his fables and his sentiments; VOLTAIRE, endeavouring to improve upon them, has been more rhetorical than natural. But if genius and eloquence have not been sufficient to furnish France with a perfect example of tragedy, the easy tone of society, the grace and wit of ordinary conversation, and even the egotism of her people, have contributed to form the most perfect comedies the world ever saw.

*From "Essays and Sketches of  
Life and Character."*

## THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

No. VII.

MRS. HORTON.

Mrs. HORTON was one of the most beautiful women that ever trod the stage. She was married, when very young, to a musician, who was insensible to her charms,



and treated her, it has been said, very brutally. The first notice that was taken of her was at Windsor, in the summer of 1713 : where she acted *Marcia*, in "*Cato*," in a company of miserable strolling players, who were drawn there on account of Queen ANNE's making it the place of her residence several months in the year. *Cato* and his senate met with little respect from the audience : and poor *Juba* was so truly an object of ridicule that, when he cried out, in a transport of joy, on hearing *Marcia's* confession of her passion for him, "What do I hear?" my Lord MALPAS, wilfully mistaking the actor, loudly said, from behind the scenes, "*Upon my word, Sir, I do not know : I think you had better be any where else ;*"—and this joke, I believe, put an end to the play. However, Mrs. HORTON was so superior in merit to the rest, and so attractive in her person, that she was soon after very powerfully recommended to the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, who engaged her at a moderate salary. Her chief merit consisted in giving sprightliness to gay coquets, such as *Belinda*, in the "*Old Bachelor*," and *Millament*, in the "*Way of the World*;" in which last character she was said to have excelled Mrs. OLDFIELD. Upon Mrs. YOUNGER's quitting Drury Lane for a more advantageous income at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, she was called upon by WILKS, to act the part of *Phillis* in the "*Conscious Lovers*." YOUNGER had given the public so much entertainment in that part, that Mrs. HORTON met with very uncandid treatment from the audience ; who so far forgot what was due to merit and the most handsome woman on the stage, that they endeavoured to discourage her by frequent hissing. She bore this treatment with patience for some time. At last, she advanced to the front of the stage, and boldly addressed the pit : "Gentlemen, what do you mean ? what displeases you ? my acting or my person ?" This show of spirit recovered the spectators into good humour, and they cried out, as with one voice, "No, no, Mrs. HORTON ; we are not displeased : go on, go on." As she advanced in life, though she still retained great beauty of features, she grew corpulent ; and, by striving to preserve the appearance of a fine shape, she

laced herself so tightly that the upper part of her figure bore no proportion to the rest of her body. For many years she was a favourite actress in tragedy and comedy, and commanded a large income—but the natural and easy dialogue of PRITCHARD so captivated the public, that poor HORTON was soon deprived of that influence which she had possessed, and was stripped of her characters one by one. At last she became so low in credit with the public, that RICH, out of compassion, offered to employ her at the reduced salary of £4 per week. This she refused, in a fit of ill-timed resentment, and could never persuade him to make a second offer. Mr. GARRICK and Mr. LACY, by giving her a part of a benefit annually, made some addition to a small annuity she enjoyed. Her beauty was so remarkable in the early part of her life, that few young men could see without having a tenderness for her, which she never discouraged : for, indeed, she was so true a coquet, that a compliment to her charms, from the meanest person in the theatre, was acceptable, and always returned with a smile or tap with her fan. On the verge of three score she dressed like a girl of twenty, and kept simpering and ogling to the last ; and if features, preserved even at that old age, could justify her weakness, she certainly was pardonable : for, of all the women I ever saw, she had the greatest pretence to vanity. A nobleman, some few years before her death, offered her a very large settlement to live with him, which she generously rejected. Her sole passion was to be admired. She died about the year 1756.

THOMAS A. CROSS.

*Hull, Oct. 1824.*



## MACKLIN AND HIS TIMES.

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MR. DRAMA,

*The following account of theatrical men and manners, as they existed about a century ago, may not be unentertaining to many of your readers. The account is chiefly taken from the observations of that old veteran MACKLIN, who spoke from personal knowledge and experience. I have extracted it from a daily paper, to which it was sent by a WANDERER, and as it is worthy of being recorded in the pages of your excellent DRAMA, by inserting it you will oblige*

Yours, &amp;c.

WANDERER, JUN.

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At this period (from 1730 to 1735) Covent Garden and its neighbourhood was the scene of much dissipation. It was surrounded by taverns and night-houses, which were much frequented by the theatrical wits of the day. At most of the taverns there was an ordinary, varying in price, from 6d. to 1s. per head.—Those at the latter price consisted of two courses, and were frequented by much good company. For noblemen and gentlemen of rank there were private rooms, where much drinking was occasionally indulged in. The butchers of Clare Market, then a very numerous body, were staunch friends to the players, and the appearance of these formidable critics in the house, never failed to make a serious impression on the rest of the audience. MACKLIN belonged to a society called, “The Walking Club,” which used to hold a weekly dinner at St. Albans. It consisted chiefly of the members of both theatres, and one of their rules was, that they should never ride, but walk the twenty miles to dinner, and the twenty miles back again afterwards. Their meetings commenced in Passion Week, and generally continued

to the end of the season. At this time the City and west end of the town kept at equal distances. No merchant scarcely lived out of the former. His residence was generally attached to his counting-house, and his credit, in a great measure, depended upon that circumstance. MACKLIN used to say, in the latter part of his life, that he recollected the first emigration of the citizens. It occurred about fifty years before the commencement of the present century, and at first did not extend to a greater distance than Hatton Garden; and even this innovation was confined to men who had secured large fortunes, and whose credit was established beyond the possibility of a doubt. The lawyers lived principally in the Inns of Court, or about Westminster Hall; and the players all in the neighbourhood of the two theatres: QUIN, BOOTH, and WILKES, lived almost constantly in Bow Street; COLLEY CIBBER in Charles Street; Mrs. PRITCHARD, and BILLY HAVARD in Henrietta Street; GARRICK, a great part of his life, in Southampton Street; and the inferior players lodged in Little Russell Street, Vinegar Yard, and the little courts and streets about the Garden. So that all could be mustered to rehearsal by beat of drum, as might be said, and the expense of coach-hire be saved; but now, said the veteran, we are strangely altered, we are all looking forward to squares and great streets, high ground, and genteel neighbourhoods, no matter how far distant from the theatre, which should always be the great scene of business. The audience then had also their different situations; a vulgar person was scarcely ever seen in the pit, and very few females frequented that part of the house. It was filled by young merchants of rising eminence; barristers and students of the Inns of Court, who were generally well read in plays, and whose judgment was worth attending to. There were very few disturbances in the house; the gravity and good sense of the pit not only kept the audience in order, but the players also. Look at the Prologues since those days, and in times long before them; they all deprecate the judgment of the pit, where the critics lay in knots, and whose favour was constantly courted. None but people

of independent fortune, and avowed rank, ever presumed to go into the boxes; all the lower part of the house was sacred to virtue and decorum; no man sat covered in a box, nor stood up during the performance. The *women of the town*, who frequented the theatre, were then few in number, except in the galleries; and those few occupied two or three upper boxes on each side of the house. Their station was assigned to them, and the men who chose to go and *badinage* with them, did it at the peril of their character. No boots admitted in the days of Mr. MACKLIN? No box lobby loungers? No, Sir, exclaimed the veteran, neither boots, spurs, nor *horses*. We were too attentive to the cunning of the scene to be interrupted, and no intrusion of this kind would be tolerated. But to do those days common justice, the evil did not exist. Rakes and puppies found another stage, on which to exhibit their vices and follies, than a public theatre.

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## RUSSIAN THEATRICALS.

MR. DRAMA,

*The following extract of a Letter, dated from St. Petersburg, May 3rd, gives a faint idea how one of the best plays of our immortal Bard has been mutilated (both in its translation and adoption), in one of the principal cities of the Russian Empire. If the same be worthy of a place in your Magazine, an insertion will oblige*

Yours, &c.


Hull, Oct. 1824.

THOMAS A CROSS.

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“As I have now enumerated the principal amusements of the City, with the exception of the theatrical ones, I shall proceed to relate to you what a high pitch of refinement the Russians have arrived at in that respect, by

describing to you the performances at the theatre on Monday evening last, which commenced with SHAKS-PEARE's tragedy of "*Othello*." *Othello* appeared in a military cocked hat, Russian boots, and something over his shoulders more resembling a Roman Toga than any other theatrical apparel which I can liken to it. The senators all wore bare helmets and sandals. This, as you may imagine, had a most ridiculous effect. *Cassio* appears to be drinking with a mixed company in a tavern, when *Iago* enters and sings a song, the subject of which is, that Englishmen can never fight till they have eaten roast beef and drank sufficient to make them insensible of what they are doing. *Iago* and *Cassio* then danced a mock-minuet, when *Cassio* sang a song, and the other characters joined in chorus. In the fight which took place between *Cassio* and *Roderigo*, the seat of the latter was pierced first by *Cassio* and then by *Iago*. *Roderigo*, after about half a dozen somersets (in the style of GRIMALDI) tumbled down at the back of the stage. A wheelbarrow was then brought on the stage guarded by a file of soldiers, into which they placed both *Cassio* and *Roderigo*, and wheeled off. *Othello* smothered *Desdemona* with a pillow at least six feet in length. *Emilina* then came running in, pursued by her husband with a naked sword in his hand, who aiming at his wife struck *Othello*, and both immediately fell to fighting, when *Iago* was mortally wounded, and drove off in the same barrow which conveyed away *Cassio* and *Roderigo*. *Othello* then rushed to the back of the stage, and after imprinting a few kisses on the cheek of his murdered wife, fell on his sword and then died. The house was very full, it being the first night of its being performed in St. Petersburg. The house is smaller than the Haymarket, and lighted with oil, which causes a most disagreeable smell. I think from this description which I have here furnished you with, you will perceive what conceptions the Russians have of one of the most deservedly admired tragedies of the first tragic genius of the world."



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 DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

MR. DRAMA,

*If the following, selected from a Theatrical Work, suit the DRAMA, you are at liberty to insert the same.*

*I am, &c.*

Hull, Oct. 1824.

THOMAS A. CROSS.

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1.

*Falstaff.* Throw the quean into the kennel.

Henry IV.

*Quean* is a word seldom used now. It means, in general acceptation, a woman lewd in her person, and vociferous in her discourse. Originally, says VERSTEGAN, it signified a barren old cow.

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2.

*Hostess.* Thou art a man-queller.

Henry IV.

The word *queller* was formerly written *cweller*, and signified a troubler or tormentor. Anciently, says VERSTEGAN, it sometimes meant a hangman.

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3.

*Falstaff.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian!

I'll tickle your catastrophe!

Henry IV.

This is certainly addressed to the *Hostess*. Scullion is plain enough. Rampallian, Mr. STEEVENS says, is an old rampant prostitute; and we may add, perhaps, a dealer in such goods. Fustilarian is a bitter sarcasm, signifying, from the word *fusty*, that she was stale and musty. The lady, in GAY's comedy of the "*Distressed Wife*," calls her own and her husband's relations *old fusties*. As to *I'll tickle your catastrophe*, if we con-

sider the speaker, and to whom it was spoken, the meaning may be easily guessed.

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4.

*Falstaff.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap.

Henry IV.

Mr. POPE has explained a *sneap* to be a rebuke. But Mr. STEEVENS, not content with this, has (besides referring us to "RAY's *Proverbs*") produced no less than three authorities to prove the same thing; for what is to *check* but to rebuke? *Sneap* has, by losing a letter, been changed into *snap*.

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5.

*Pistol.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.

Henry IV.

*Neif* is the Scotch word, at this day, for fist.

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6.

*Falstaff.* A tame cheater, he.

Henry IV.

By a very good note of Mr. STEEVENS on this passage, in which he quotes *Mihil Mumchance*, the gamesters were called *cheaters* and the dice *cheters*. I suppose cheters were false dice, which in more modern times are called *the doctors*.

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7.

*Norfolk.* ——— All was royal  
To the disposing of it.

Henry VIII.

By the word *royal*, in SHAKESPEARE, we are to understand something surprisingly excellent: as in *Macbeth*, Act II.



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Our fears, in *Banquo*,  
Stick deep, and in his *royalty* of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared.

In *Wolsey's* speech to *Sir William Kingston*, just before he expired, it is to be observed, that the word *royal* stands for confirmed obstinacy of temper. "He was a prince," said the dying Cardinal, "of a most *royal* carriage, and hath a princely heart; and, rather than he will mise for any part of his will, he will endanger half his kingdom."

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## 8.

*Old Lady.* How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty-pence—no.

Henry VIII.

The fee of an attorney for advice, as well as term fee, was then, as now, 3s. 4d.

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9.—*The Green-room Scuffle.*

In the year 1746, the play of "*Henry Fourth, 1st Part*" was acted at the theatre in Drury Lane. BARRY was the *Hotspur*. A very beautiful and accomplished actress condescended, in order to give strength to the play, to act the trifling character of *Lady Percy*: BERRY was the *Falstaff*. The house was far from crowded: for the public could no more bear to see another *Falstaff*, while QUIN was on the stage, than they would now flock to see a *Shylock*, as long as MACKLIN continued to have strength fit to represent "the *Jew* which SHAKESPEARE drew."

A very celebrated comic actress triumphed in the barrenness of the pit and boxes: she threw out some expressions against the consequence of *Lady Percy*. This produced a very cool, but cutting answer from the other; who reminded the former of her playing, very lately, to a much thinner audience, one of her favourite parts. And now, the ladies not being able to restrain themselves, within the bounds of cool conversation, a

most terrible fray ensued. I do not believe that they went so far as pulling off caps, but their altercation would not have disgraced the females of Billingsgate. While the two actresses were thus entertaining each other in one part of the green room, the admirer of *Lady Percy*, an old gentleman who afterwards bequeathed her a considerable fortune, and the brother of the comic lady, were more seriously employed. The cicisbeo struck the other with his cane: thus provoked, he very calmly laid hold of the old man's jaw. "Let go my jaw, you villain!" and "Throw down your cane, Sir!" were repeatedly echoed by the combatants. BERRY, who was afraid lest the audience should hear full as much of the quarrel as of the play, rushed into the green-room, and put an end to the battle. The print-sellers laid hold of this dispute, and published a print called "*The Green-room Scuffle.*"

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#### 10.—*Cat Music.*

When FOOTE first opened the theatre in the Hay-market, amongst other projects, he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of cat music. For this purpose, he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicing the mewling of cats. This person was called CAT-HARRIS. He not attending the rehearsal of this odd concert, FOOTE desired SHUTER would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. SHUTER was directed to some court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived. But, not knowing the house, SHUTER began a *cat solo*. Upon this, the other looked out of the window, and answered him with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along," says SHUTER, "I want no better information that you are the man:—Mr. FOOTE stays for us:—we cannot begin the *Cat Opera* without you!"

## DRAMATIC LEGENDS.

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No. II.

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### THE WILD HUNTSMAN!

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

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*The following Ballad relates to a singular superstition, very popular in Germany and generally credited. The opera of Der Freischütz is partly founded upon it, and which it will serve to illustrate. The meaning of the Skeleton Chase in the air during the Incantation scene being thus explained.*

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"*Wildgrave*," means Warden of the Chase, Grand Veneur, formerly one of the great officers of the Emperor's Court, from the German words *Das*, wild game, animals, feræ naturæ; and *Graff*, Earl; Comes, Warden: thus *Margrave*, means Warden of the Marches; *Landgrave*, Governor of an Inland Country; *Rheingrave*, Commander of the Rhone, &c. &c.

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"Halloo! on horse, on foot, away!"

Thrill sounds the haughty WILDGRAE's horn,  
High rears his steed, brooks no delay,

And pawing snuffs the gales of morn:  
They're off—the hounds loud opening cluster round,  
With voices, whips, and horns, the echoing hills resound.

Gilt by the Sunday's morning ray,

His castles stately tow'rs appeared;  
The chimes and bell announce the day

Of prayer and rest—and distant heard  
Are sounds of holy song, and pious lays  
Of grateful mortals to their Maker's praise.

Straight thro' the church-yard's sacred shade,  
 The impetuous Earl, ne'er heeding wrong,  
 Dashing o'er graves but newly made,  
 With whoop and halloo mars their song.  
 When sudden! on his left a blood-red knight.  
 Another, clad in silver, took his right!

Say who these knights? what doth them bring?

The deep design the muse may guess;  
 Blooming the one and mild as spring,  
 His looks internal peace confess:  
 The other dark, and of deportment proud,  
 Whose eyes flash'd lightning as from thunder-cloud.

"Welcome! well met!—No other place,  
 Not heaven itself affords such joys:"  
 (The WILDGRAVE cried) "The noble chase  
 Surpasses all—Hark! forward, boys!  
 Away!" Rising, he swung his cap around,  
 With voice and hand, then cheered each favourite hound.

"Ill suits thy horn with holy lay,"  
 The fair knight spake with manner mild,  
 "Return:—no good you'll reap this day  
 Your angel warns." With looks most wild,  
 The other sternly cried, "Hunt on my lord—  
 Act like a prince—heed not that driveller's word."

"Well said my neighbour on the left,  
 Thou art a hero to my mind;  
 Let those of gen'rous soul bereft,  
 With canting monks remain behind:"  
 "Yes, pious Sir, although it should not please,  
 Happen what may, this day I'll hunt at ease."

Field in and out, hill up and down,  
 Still rushing forward, on they fly  
 O'er verdant lawns, o'er moors so brown;  
 The rival knights still follow nigh.  
 See! from yon brake a milk-white stag they rouse,  
 Mark well his size—observe his branching brows.

And louder still the Earl's horn blew,  
And speedier still both horse and hound,  
With wild uproar pursuing flew,  
Some headlong fell, dashed to the ground.  
"Go hurl to hell! why should it me annoy?  
Enow remain, my pleasure I'll enjoy."

Now prostrate in the ripening corn  
The panting stag his form conceals;  
But vain his wiles, his hopes forlorn,  
His steamy scent his haunt reveals:  
The farmer kneels;—"Have mercy, prince, you'll sure  
Not harm the dear-bought earnings of the poor!"

The gentle knight now forward bears,  
And offers counsel mild and good;  
But the red knight derides his fears,  
And fires him on to deeds of blood:  
With scorn the generous dictates he declines,  
And in the bad knight's toils himself entwines.

"Begone," (he roared) "thou cursed clown"—  
At him his panting steed he rears;  
"I swear my hounds shall hunt thee down,  
If still thy clamours dim my ears,  
My words to prove—Ho! comrades dash along,  
Sound well your whips, and let him feel the thong."

He said,—'twas done,—with desperate bound,  
O'er fence he flies, and close behind,  
With action eager, horse and hound  
Streaming pursue, like wintry wind.  
The *suite* and pack dispersing quickly spread  
Wide waste. Alas! the farmer's hopes are fled.

Now by the approaching din alarm'd,  
O'er rocks and walls, o'er hill and dale,  
Arous'd, close run, but yet unharm'd,  
The stag attains a flowery dale,  
And mingling with the peaceful herds, he tries  
To shun the pack and lose its murderous cries.

The staunch hounds rush thro' stream and flood.

Away they sweep thro' wood and brake,  
True to the scent and breathing blood;

Nor e'er the streaming track forsake.  
Suppliant the trembling hind the Earl addressed,  
And urged with lowly suit his just request.

" Mercy ! dread lord ! some pity shew !

Reflect that in this pasture feed,  
The orphan's stock, the widow's cow ;

Await,—the deer I'll drive with speed ;  
Spare to the poor their all, their only trust,  
In pity stay—be merciful and just.

Again the good knight forward bears,

And offers counsel mild and good ;  
Still the left man derides his fears,

And fires the Earl to deeds of blood :  
With scorn the generous dictates he declines,  
And in the bad knight's toils himself entwines.

" Villain to dare my sport delay !

Halloo ! brave dogs ! have at them ho !"  
And every hound in furious way

Assailed the flock and laid it low.

" Vengeance and blood !" the mangled herdsman cries,

" *Vengeance and blood.* " re-echoes to the skies !

Defiled with gore, all wet with foam,

The hart scarce clears the field of blood  
With nerves unstrung, weak, faint, and blown,

He sinking reached the distant wood :  
Into the inmost shade he breaks,  
And in a hermit's cell a refuge takes.

" Give o'er !" the holy hermit prayed,

" Nor God's asylum dare profane ;  
To Heaven his creatures cry for aid,

And think not Earl they cry in vain ;  
Once more be warned by me, avert thy fate,  
Perdition waits—Repent ere yet too late."

Once more the good knight forward bears,  
 And offers counsel mild and good ;  
 But the left knight derides his fears,  
 And leads him on to deeds of blood :  
 With scorn the pious dictates he declines,  
 And in the *Demon's* toils himself entwines.

"Perdition here—perdition there !  
 Avaunt !" he cried with threatening tone,  
 "And if my game in Heaven were,  
 Thou doating fool ! I'd hunt it down.  
 Not thou, not GOD, nor aught shall me annoy—  
 Spite of ye all my pleasure I'll enjoy :

"Forward ! halloo ! lead on my friends !"  
 He swings his whip, his horn he sounds ;  
 When lo ! the hermit's cell descends,  
 Behind him sink both men and hounds.  
 In lieu of all the clamour of the chase,  
 A dreadful silence, still as death, took place.

Appalled the WILDGRAVE looks around ;  
 His whip he swings,—it makes no noise ;  
 He tries his horn,—it yields no sound ;  
 He calls,—but cannot hear his voice ;  
 His steed he strikes,—and spurs in vain he strove :  
 Fixed to the earth, it could no longer move.

Gloomy and dark the air appeared,  
 And darker yet, till like the grave ;  
 While dismal yells from far are heard,  
 Like distant sea and dashing wave :  
 O'er head a blaze of light burst thro' the gloom,  
 A voice, like thunder, thus proclaim'd his doom :

"Thou tyrant fell ! of hellish mind,  
 Who thus the ALMIGHTY pow'r defies,  
 Foe to the brute and humankind,  
 Their wrongs and blood in judgment rise,  
 And dreadful summon thee to nature's lord,  
 Where high the AVENGER holds his flaming sword.

"Fly! monster, fly!—and *from this day*  
*Be chas'd by Hell, till time be o'er,*  
That thy example may dismay  
Princes and kings for evermore;  
Who in their cruel sports for nothing care,  
And neither creature nor creator spare."

Aghast the WILDGRAVE shudd'ring stood,  
Scarce beats his heart, scarce heaves his breast,  
And icy horrors freeze his blood—  
Blue vapours all the grove invest;  
Before him roar bleak blasts of thund'ring wind,  
Whilst sulphureous storms of hail invade him from behind.

Around him sparks and flashes glow,  
With red, and green, and bluish flame;  
Against him fiery billows flow;  
Within which demons darkling gleam:  
Lo: from the gulf a thousand hell-hounds rise,  
With howl and yell, urged on by dismal cries.

By fear impelled he breaks away,  
And through the world loud screaming flies;  
The howling fiends pursue their prey,  
And in dire discord blend their cries.  
By day they chase the WILDGRAVE under ground,  
At night in air is heard the horrid sound!

And oft at midnight's solemn hour,  
When thunders roll, and lightning's glare,  
And sulph'rous hailstorms arrowy show'r;  
Whirlwind and storm uprend the air;  
When sheeted ghosts from out the grave  
Arise, and shrieking, dance around;  
The phantom race, on fiery wave,  
Rush thro' the skies with yelling sound.

With "Hallo! forward! hark! away!  
We onward ride till judgment day!  
We onward ride upon the blast,  
Scourged on by hell till time be past!"



Such the **WILD HUNTSMAN**'s hellish chase,  
 That lasts till judgment's awful day;  
 Which oft on high through airy space,  
 Affrights the traveller on his way. (1)

(1) A writer in the "*New Monthly Magazine*" has also made use of the above superstition in the following ballad.

### THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

Thy rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,  
 If thou didst not hear the blast  
 Of the savage horn, from the mountain tower,\*  
 When the Wild Night Huntsman past:  
 And the roar of the stormy chase went by,  
 Through the dark unquiet sky!

The deer sprang up from their mossy beds,  
 When they caught the piercing sounds,  
 And the oak-boughs crash'd to their antlered heads,  
 As they flew from the viewless hounds;  
 And the falcon soar'd from her craggy height,  
 Away through the rushing night!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,  
 At the banquet's festive board,  
 And a sudden pause came o'er the swell  
 Of the harp's triumphal chord:  
 And the *minnesingers*† joyous lay.  
 In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chaunted rite was stayed,  
 And the hermit dropp'd his beads,  
 And the forest rang through its deepest shade,  
 With the neigh of the phantom steeds;  
 And the church-bells pealed to the rocking blast,  
 As the Wild Night-Huntsman past!

\* The ruined castle of Rodenstein whence the *Wild Huntsman* is supposed to issue with his phantom train, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts.

† *Minnesingers*,—love-singers; wandering minstrels of Germany.

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 THEATRICAL INQUISITION.
 

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"Now to the *Drama* turn—oh! motley sight!  
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!"

BYRON.

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 DRURY LANE THEATRE.
 

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*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*


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Oct. 27. No performance, in consequence of the extensive preparations for the equestrian melo-drame.

28.—Simpson and Co.—Divertissement—**ENCHANTED HORSE, or the Sultan of Kurdistan** [1st. time].

In casting our mental eye backward and retracing some of the leading theatrical events, we cannot repel the expression of our astonishment that such things are, and that they should not only be publicly permitted to be, but absolutely encouraged! There is assuredly something wrong in the popular taste of this country, and something very different from the principle of thinking which our fathers manifested in regard to the administration of dramatic fame, or the toleration of dramatic spectacles. Now, is it not a satire upon the intellect of

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The storm has swept with the chase away,

There is stillness in the sky;

But the mother looks on her son to-day

With a troubled heart and eye,

And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care

Midst the gleam of her golden hair!

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves, ere long,

Must hear a voice of war,

And a clash of spears our hills among,

And a trumpet from afar;

And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,

For the Wild Night-Huntsman hath gone by!\*

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\* It is a popular belief in the Odenwald that the passing of the *Wild Huntsman* announces the approach of war.

this country to have it thus supposed, that our national genius is so reduced that we can bring forward nothing that is new, as a drama; but must resort to the contemptible expedient of translating the miserable trash of the French minor boards, or of hashing and re-hashing the old materials of a child's penny book, or some ancient and worn-out tale of the nursery, or the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in order to furnish matter for our metropolitan theatres? And if that position is not true, and the necessity for such expedients does not exist, is it not like throwing a damp fog over the regions of genius to bring forward these patched and worn-out jerkins, when the managers could procure a new coat of superfine materials, provided they would call on men of high ability, and make their *reward* commensurate with the exercise of their *talent*. What would the shades of our mighty dramatic geniuses say, if they could peep from the sepulchre and behold an enlightened people so basely inoculated with false taste, as to give its countenance and current warrant to the furtherance of such trash, such baby shows as that of "*The Enchanted Horse*?" It most lamentably proves that we are intellectually sinking into a state of second childishness! for the stages of both theatres have, even at this early period of their season, been placed under the dominion of *pantomime*, *noise*, *nonsense*, and *show*; and thus, (as Dr. HAWKESWORTH once complained in the 26th No. of the "*Adventurer*,") "all the gambols of folly have been played in a place that was intended for the asylum of beauty and wit, and for the school, not only of wisdom, but of virtue!"

As this was the first novelty of the season, and as it had been deemed necessary to close the theatre on the preceding night, in order that an evening rehearsal might render the management of the "scenery and machinery" more simple, the public anticipation was at its height. Rumour had attributed the production to the pen of Mr. CROLY, but we are inclined to disbelieve the report, as the thing would not in the least add to the nominal fame he has acquired by his production of last season. The most likely report was the one which gave he authorship to Mr. W. BARRYMORE, although that

gentleman appears to us to bring forth far better things for Astley's and the Surrey. It would be useless to give a *detail* of the plot—the *outline* is this:—

*Almazan*, Prince of Persia, (Mr. PENLEY), is betrothed to the *Princess of Cachemire* (Mrs. W. WEST). While the Persian Court is rejoicing in anticipation of the royal nuptials, the Enchanter *Almalic* (Mr. WALLACK), who, by-the-bye is, as it afterwards appears, also the Sultan of Curdistan, enters with a wonderful horse—a horse whose element is alike the air, the ocean, and the earth. He demands, in exchange for the animal, the affianced bride of the *Prince*, at which the lover is very naturally enraged, and in his anger mounts the horse of the enchanter, which bears him instantly through the clouds. The enchanter then informs the agonized father, that his son will never return, as he is ignorant of the art by which the horse is governed. The Prince, however, discovers the secret by chance, and returning, brings with him his bride. The enchanter contrives to steal both her and his horse, and conveys her to his Palace of Curdistan. The plot is terminated by the attempt of the Prince to regain the lady, and he succeeds through the agency of *Babouc*, the slave of the enchanter, assisted by the ghost of a murdered brother of the aforesaid Sultan.

After a perusal of this, our readers will not expect us to waste criticism on such an abortive attempt. We need, therefore, only add, that the piece has been altogether “made up” by the scene-painters and dress-makers of the theatre, who certainly appear to have done their utmost; and no endeavour was wanting on the part of Mr. WALLACK to exhibit the handy-work of Mr. BANKS and the Misses SMITH, in the many processions that had no other object. We are glad, however, to observe, that the audience appeared to have a due sense of the insult offered to them, and most justly condemned it; although not in such decisive terms as we could have desired. Any production of more than common merit, must have succeeded with the advantage of such splendid scenery and decorations, and the popular assistance of the tramplings of Monsieur DUCROW's far-famed stud. But the decree went forth and the gross compound of

dullness and stupidity was justly consigned to the oblivion it merited, although the quackery of Mr. ELLISTON caused it to live a few nights longer. The loss which the manager must have experienced, will, for the future, be a useful lesson to him.

29.—Wonder—Ibid.

30.—Dramatist.—Ibid.

Nov. 1.—Pizarro.—Ibid.

2.—*Love in a Village*.—Ibid.

We had three first appearances this evening in the opera: Mr. and Mrs. BEDFORD as *Hawthorn* and *Rosetta*, and Mr. TERRY as *Justice Woodcock*. Of the lady it is but becoming we should speak first; and we do not speak invidiously when we say, that she returned to us with the favourable recommendation that "auld acquaintance" almost invariably carries with it. It is now some few years since this lady appeared at Covent Garden, under the maiden appellation of Miss GREEN. The reception then was such as entitled her to return, and to return with the satisfactory pride of having previously made a successful impression. During the interval of her absence she has been engaged at the Dublin theatre, occasionally sustaining the principal parts in the operatic department in the drama. Mrs. B., though not tall, is not ungraceful in her person; her features, without being regular, are pleasing and intelligent, and as a singer she possesses a voice of extensive volume. There is a wiriness in her higher notes, however, which brings them sometimes gratingly on the ear, and which in some degree detracts from her scientific and tasteful execution of a few delightful airs in "*Love in a Village*," and which, with this slight qualification, she sings delightfully. She introduced MOORE's exquisite melody, "*The Harp that once through Tara's Hall*," with a soft and touching tenderness worthy the inspirations of his felicitous Muse. Her deportment is extremely ladylike, but we could wish to see a little more animation infused, both into her acting and singing. Mr. BEDFORD, who played *Hawthorn*, is a performer of a very personable appearance. He is quite familiar with the business of the stage, and indeed makes

his "exits and his entrances" with the ease and assurance of an experienced and established favourite. His voice, though of bounded volume, is pleasing and correct; in its lower tones it is fine and full, and reposes with peculiarly impressive effect on a low murmuring bass. In the introduced festive song, "*Who deeply drinks of Wine*," which was encored, he displayed a lightsomeness of taste and humour, which is admirably suited to that social and popular style of singing to which the song belongs. As an actor, his merits are not very superior to our leading singers. The reception of him and Mrs. B. was most favourable, and they are unquestionably adjuncts to the establishment, of no ordinary or mean pretensions. *Justice Woodcock*, by Mr. TERRY, was very unlike what *Justice Woodcock* should be. There is a tedious heaviness in this gentleman's humour; his comedy is literally cast in lead; it wants sprightliness and natural vivacity, and in it, as in his tragedy,

"The line too labours, and the thoughts move slow." In characters such as *Mr. Simpson*, and rough seamen, which require a quaintness of humour and peculiarity of style, he is a very valuable and effective performer. *Young Meadows*, by Mr. HORN, was a very respectable performance. His voice is limited in extent, but he sings in an admirable *sostenuto* style, and if not always powerful he is seldom otherwise than pleasing. Mr. KNIGHT's *Hodge* was a masterpiece of rustic drollery. His performance of rural characters does not partake of the "sublime of low tragedy," like that of EMERY and RAYNER, but it is quite as original, and quite as natural in its way. Mr. G. SMITH, who played the carter, was not without a considerable share of merit. He deserves to represent more important characters than those which we generally see allotted to him.

3.—Wonder—Ibid.

4.—Love in a Village—Ibid.

5.—Wild Oats—Ibid.

6.—*Maid of the Mill*—Ibid.

After an interval of ten years this opera, which is of no very extraordinary pretensions, was this evening

revived; of this fact we were informed by the play-bills, but instead of being a recommendation it appears to us rather a censure of the piece. A really good play will never remain so long dormant on the shelves of the manager; and it is only those of very equivocal merit which are thus presented at distant intervals, accompanied with the suspicious praises of a theatrical advertisement. The opera, such as it is, was tolerably cast: Mrs. BEDFORD was the *Patty*, and her performance was marked with a pleasing and appropriate simplicity of manner and movement exactly suited to the character, and her singing was tasteful, agreeable, and touching. Mrs. WAYLETT became *Fanny* very well. She was pretty, arch, vivacious, and loving, and what more could be asked for in a young rustic? Mr. BEDFORD's *Giles* we think created some disappointment; he must really exhibit a little study and labour. (Mrs. B., by the bye, was exceedingly imperfect in her part.) He was much too careless and *nonchalant* in his manner. Mr. HORN, as *Lord Aimworth*, sang with a great deal of science, sweetness, and pathos. He introduced several new songs, one of which, "*The Ray that beams for ever*," his own composition, was beautifully given. The opera was pretty well received.

8.—Pizarro—CINDERELLA (a ballet)—Ibid.

9.—Wonder—Ibid—Ibid.

10.—DER FREISCHUTZ [1st. time]—Simpson and Co.

If our readers are as weary of German horrors as ourselves, they will not expect us to waste much room in noticing this new version of "a legend from the Hartz." The whole plot of this opera is so well known to the town, that a reiteration of it would, we are certain, be as tedious as a "thrice-told tale." There has been no great variation in the arrangement of it. It has, however, been somewhat improved, and as far as the music is concerned the characters are much better allotted than at the sister theatre; the whole of the *corps d'Opera* being put in requisition. The music at the trial scene, which is the most exquisite in the whole piece, was given with admirable effect. At Covent Garden it is nearly all omitted.

Mr. BEDFORD, who performed the part of *Bernhard* (Kuno), exhibited much skill as a bass singer. Mr. T. COOKE was the lover (*Adolphe*), and next to BRAHAM we think he is best fitted for it, as far as singing goes; we cannot say much in commendation of his acting. HORN played *Caspar*, but there is not enough of the devil in him to do justice to the part; we wish he would shew a little more life, and not act as if he considered that a knowledge of music was sufficient to compensate for the absence of every other qualification. The heroine of the piece (*Linda*), was Miss GRADDON; and she gave her songs most delightfully. Her voice is very sweet, and we never heard any thing more deliciously melodious than her song of, "*Oh, gentle were my slumbers.*" She has, too, the happy art of making her softest whispers completely audible through the whole of the house; but we must give her a word of advice, in a department not connected with minstrelsy—we mean her gait and action—both of which are, we had almost said, ungraceful. These are points which, by a little attention, she may speedily remedy, and then she may vie with any of her sister syrens without fear. Miss POVEY played *Rose*, and sang, as she always does, with sweetness, and acted with playfulness and animation. *Zamiel* found a better representative than ever, in the person of Mr. SMITH of the Surrey Theatre, whose sepulchral tones gave the greatest effect possible to the "*foul fiend.*" The *Incantation* was excellently managed, and not a jot of the terrific grandeur of the scene was kept from the spectator. The whole of the scenery, by STANFIELD, was of the most beautiful description. The piece was given out for repetition with extraordinary approbation, and if the taste for the horrible continues will have an extended run.

11.—Ibid—Cinderella—Citizen.

12.—Ibid—Ibid—Monsieur Tonson.

13.—Ibid—Ibid—Highland Reel.

15.—Macbeth—Falls of Clyde.

16.—Der Freischütz—Cinderella—Liar.

17.—Ibid—Ibid—Miller's Maid.

18.—Winter's Tale—Ibid—Rendezvous.



- 19.—Der Freischütz—Ibid—Children in the Wood.
- 20.—Ibid—Miller's Maid.
- 22.—Macbeth—Falls of Clyde.
- 23.—Der Freischütz—Miller's Maid.
- 24.—Ibid—FAMILY FETE (a Ballet) —Liar.
- 25.—As you like it—Ibid—Children in the Wood.

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### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

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#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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- Oct. 27.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.
- 28.—Ibid—Clari.
- 29.—Ibid—Too late for Dinner.
- 30.—Ibid—Tale of Mystery.
- Nov. 1.—Macbeth—Miller and his Men.
- 2.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.
- 3.—Venice Preserved—Barber of Seville.

This tragedy was produced for the purpose of introducing on the London boards a lady of the name of SLOMAN, who has been a favourite, for some time past, with the play-going people of Norwich. Since the first performance of this play, the character of *Belvidera* has found but few efficient representatives; and it is only since the appearance of Miss O'NEILL, that it has again found those who are adventurous enough to attempt it. Since that lady's retirement from the stage, several fair candidates for histrionic fame have chosen it for their *débüt*, and have, generally speaking, only partially succeeded. To say that the effort of this evening deserves a higher praise, would be to speak against our judgment. There were, however, some particular traits of the character very well conceived, though generally the performance wanted finish. The tears and noise naturally attaching to the character are abundant enough, without any excessive use of either by its representative on the stage. Mrs. SLOMAN possesses an interesting figure rather above the middle size, and her eyes are intelligent, her bust well formed, and her voice in

some of its tones forcibly reminded us of Miss O'NEILL. As the character of *Belvidera* is one in which only one individual has succeeded for near half a century; and as we can scarcely judge of the extent of her powers from a first performance, we shall reserve a further expression of our opinion until her next appearance. It were something like impertinent in us, to offer a syllable on YOUNG'S *Pierre*, or CHARLES KEMBLE'S *Jaffier*; characters which they have made their own. The expectation is every where completely realized; and altogether the performances are so justly conceived, and so powerfully delineated, that perhaps there are no two such portraitures to be witnessed at present on the boards. Where all is so eminently finished, selection becomes a matter of difficulty; and that selection is the less necessary here, as all the admirers of the drama have had them for years treasured up in the tablet of their memory. The whole performance was highly applauded, and upon the announcement of the repetition for Saturday, the acclamations of the audience were very loud and general. The house was full at half price.

4.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

5.—Ibid—Cozening—Cent. per Cent.

6.—Venice Preserved—Escapes.

8.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

9.—A WOMAN NEVER VEXT; or the Widow of Cornhill [1st time]—Escapes.

This is an old comedy with alterations and additions by Mr. PLANCHE. Of WILLIAM ROWLEY, the original author, little is known, except that he lived and wrote in the reign of James the First, and was the associate of the principal dramatists of the day, many of whom he materially assisted in their labours. MASSINGER, FLETCHER, and MIDDLETON were among the number of his friends, and to one of his dramas even the name of the immortal SHAKSPEARE is affixed, as affording him some assistance.(1) Nevertheless, ROWLEY is ranked by the editors of the *Biograph. Dram.* in the third class of dramatic writers; and we have the authority of Mr.

(1) "*The Witch of Edmonton*," a tragi-comedy, 4to 1658.

GIFFORD for asserting that it is impossible to place him higher.

ROWLEY, it appears, was a comedian, and a member of the Prince of Wales's company of players; and Mr. OLDYS, in his MS. notes on LANGBAINE, asserts, on the authority of the office books of Lord HARRINGTON, Treasurer of the Chambers in those years, that "One WILLIAM ROWLEY was head of the Prince's company of comedians from the year 1613 to 1616." This, there can be little doubt, was our author, and this is all that is with certainty known of him.<sup>(1)</sup> The newspapers, in noticing the revival of this play, have stated, "that he was a wit and a *bon-vivant*, whose society was courted by the literary men of the time;" which very probably was the case, but we believe the assertion rests on mere conjecture. Of the present play, LANGBAINE observes, that "the passage of the widow's finding her wedding ring, which she had dropped in crossing the Thames, in the belly of a fish which her maid bought accidentally in the market, is founded, either upon the story of POLYCRATES of Samos, or may be read at large in HERODOTUS, lib. 3, *sive Thalia*; or upon the like story, related of one ANDERSON of Newcastle, by Doctor FULLER, in his "*Worthies of England*;" or from the preface to a work, called "*Vox Piscis, or the Book Fish*, containing three treatises, which were found in the belly of a cod-fish in Cambridge market, on Midsummer eve last, A. D. 1626," and published in London, A. D. 1627. It is not, however, noticed either by LANGBAINE, or the editors of the *Biograph. Dram.* that the plot is in part historical. This nevertheless is the case; and various scattered notices occur in STOW and STRYPE, of STEPHEN FOSTER, his wife, and Alderman BRUIN, three of the principal persons in the drama. FOSTER was acting Sheriff of London in 1444-5.

The play, as altered, having been lately published in DOLBY's edition, at the low price of six-pence, with prefatory remarks, by the adapter, and a descriptive

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(1) WOOD styles him, "the ornament, for wit and ingenuity, of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, at which University he was educated.

account of the civic procession in the fifteenth century, releases us from the necessity of entering into a detail of the plot, as it is doubtless already in the hands of most of our readers.—The following observations of Mr. **PLANCHE** himself will show in what manner he has altered the old play, so as to render it fit for the modern stage:—

“ In making such alterations as were necessary, many liberties have been taken with the original text, which was remarkably ragged; and several glaring anachronisms have therefore been corrected, the play being partly historical. The passage of the widow’s finding the wedding ring I have expunged *in toto*.

“ Those who are familiar with the old comedy, will discover many new passages interwoven with the original text, for the demerits of which I, of course, am answerable. The fragment of the *Lord Mayor’s Show* has been substituted for the royal visit to **BROWN’S** *Domus Dei*, at the suggestion of the management, and it is trusted that the critics will make some distinction between the fanciful extravagances of modern spectacles and the fanciful delineation of ancient habits and customs.” (1)

Mr. **YOUNG** sustained the part of the merchant *Foster*, and we have never witnessed him more completely successful in riveting the attention and bearing away the hearts of his auditors. In one scene particularly, where in the gaol he is encountered by his wealthy brother, the effect of his acting was thrilling beyond conception, and called forth the most enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the house. Mr. **KEMBLE**, as *Stephen Foster*, was equally excellent. In the earlier scenes of the play, he had to sustain the character of a careless and dissipated rake; and he is never more at ease than when he has to do so, especially if wit and humour be added to make up the part. Throughout the piece he was most successful, and well deserved the warm

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(1) The whole of Mr. **PLANCHE**’s description of this procession, which is highly interesting from the knowledge it displays of ancient civic customs, will be given in our next.

applause which greeted him. Miss CHESTER represented the widow of Cornhill, *Agnes Welsted*, "the woman who is never vexed." Her acting was admirable, and the placidity and archness of the character was well kept up, but we did not think her sufficiently articulate; at all events we were frequently at a loss to understand her. Miss LACY acted the shrewish wife of the merchant *Foster*, and has certainly established her fame by the manner in which she did so; she received loud and frequent expressions of satisfaction from the audience. Mr. COOPER, as the son of *Foster*, was excellent; in several scenes he was more so than we have ever seen him before, and this is saying much for him, since the part he had to sustain was by no means an easy one. In short, the characters were, without a single exception, well supported, and we do not go too far in saying, that for years there has not been a performance more eminently or more deservedly successful. We must not, however, omit to notice Mr. BLANCHARD, who played the *Clown* (a part originally sustained by the author of the drama) with that humour for which he is so distinguished; nor Messrs. KEELEY and BARTLEY, who were excellent. The scenery was very beautiful, and the costume such as to do credit to the taste and judgment of those by whom it was managed. A splendid pageant was introduced towards the close of the performance, describing the Lord Mayor's show as it passed through Cheapside in the year 1444. In conclusion we congratulate the Manager on his fortunate "hit." Mr. KEMBLE announced the Comedy for repetition, amid the loud and continued plaudits of an excessively crowded audience.

10.—*Ibid*—Barber of Seville.

11.—*Stranger*—Charles II.

Mrs. SLOMAN sustained the romantic and arduous character of *Mrs. Haller*, and we are happy in being able to speak much more favourably of this performance than we were of her former one. There is little in the two first acts of "*The Stranger*," but with the third the interest rises and progresses with surprising intensity. There is much, however, of alloy to weaken this, for which the author alone is accountable. *Mrs. Haller's*

interview with the *Baron* in the second act was well conceived and well played ; but a great deal of the dialogue is unnecessary, is a clog and drawback to the general effect, and is only made use of as a vehicle to convey opinions upon the use and abuse of time, which are neither very philosophical nor very new. They are, however, of the regular German school ; and as we have adopted the whole production, it would be unfair to quarrel with a part. *Mrs. Haller's* account of herself—the manner in which she uttered “ I am married”—and the feeling with which she heard her “ perfection”—spoken of—and immediately upon that, the stifled repetition of “ my perfection”—were as true to nature as anything we have ever seen exhibited on the stage. The mention, too, of “ *William*” was very effective, and she really seemed as if her easy gaiety had been in truth “ put off” at the reflection of the dishonour she had cast upon her husband, and that dishonour increased by leaving her *William* and her *Amelia* without a mother. The convulsive shriek with which she closes the fourth act, upon the sight of her injured husband, was the natural burst of a heart, full of the highest attributes of feeling and devotion, not unmingled with self-reproach at the unexpected sight of *Walbourn* in the appearance of the *Stranger*. The whole of the fifth act was admirably enacted : the meeting of a husband and wife, loving and beloved, yet placed in a situation which, while arousing every sympathy, yet repels the warm flow of its “ genial current ;” there is a something either on or off the stage in such a condition, that without overacting it, it must become of the highest interest. In this trying scene, *Mrs. SLOMAN* acquitted herself well. The subdued tone of her reflections upon the jewel case, upon the proffered support of her injured husband ; in fact, take it as a whole, we say that if it be not without a parallel, it cannot easily be matched. *YOUNG's Stranger* is a finished delineation of the man, driven to exile and a hate of mankind by the treachery of friends and the seduction of a wife, whom he loved beyond his life. The other characters were well played ; and, during the latter part of the play, the applause was vehement, and was fully deserved.

The house was exceedingly thin, which can only be accounted for, by the wetness of the evening.

12.—A Woman never Vexed—Escapes,

13.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

15.—A Woman never Vexed—Harlequin and Poor Robin.

16.—Ibid—Children in the Wood.

17.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

18.—A Woman never Vexed—Barber of Seville.

19.—Ibid—Irish Tutor—Escapes.

20.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

22.—*Isabella*—Miller and his Men.

Mrs. SLOMAN sustained the part of *Isabella*. To playgoers who delight in the reminiscences of other days, the performance of *Isabella* must afford many charms, inasmuch as they must associate with it the first appearance of Mrs. SIDDONS on the London stage. Mrs. SIDDONS was then in the prime of youth and bloom of beauty, and withal neglected: but yet, some years after, when she re-appeared, and brought with her a greater maturity of judgment, she became almost an object of idolatry. These associations, however, bring with them corresponding disadvantages to Mrs. SLOMAN, or any other candidate in the first walk of tragedy. To succeed in the representation of *Isabella*, the heart must be deeply imbued with gratitude, which is not allowed to speak with its amiable "still small voice," but must be depicted in woes of the bitterest description. Since the departure of Mrs. SIDDONS and Miss O'NEILL from the stage, the audiences, have been prevented from beholding these fictitious sorrows; whereas, during their reign, the town was enchanted with their "well-painted passion," and they fully established in the dramatic world the long-lost prerogative of sighs and tears. The other characters which surround *Isabella* are mere auxiliaries to give her effect. The eye and the ear are fixed upon her as the sole object of afflicting attention. The individual insignificance of even *Biron*, and *Villeroy*, and *Carlos*, does not still prevent them, when combined, from producing an interesting tragedy; and, taking the whole of its performance last evening into one estimate, we must pronounce it to be singularly effective. The grief of *Isabella*

calls forth our best sympathies ; but the sacrifices she makes to gratitude are still more touching and irresistible. The triumph of *SOUTHERN*, in this play, is when he almost wrings the hearts of the truly sensitive, by exhibiting the poor widow so overcome with kindness, as to render herself additionally wretched rather than be ungrateful. " This generosity will ruin me "—" I am contented to be miserable, but not this way : " these are expressions conveying more of pathos to persons who feel acutely the weight of obligations, than any which *Isabella* pronounces. The comic scenes are not to be commended ; but then, more of *Isabella* would produce satiety, and this no skillful dramatist would risk. Having indulged in these few general remarks, we may say that Mrs. *SLOMAN*'s performance was fully equal to her former exertions, and throughout, evinced a just conception of her author, and never once lost sight of her situation. She played and looked like a love-worn widow, struggling between her love for that man who tempted her from a life of devotion, and her gratitude to *Villeroy*, who relieved her from the pressing necessities of ravenous creditors. The meeting with *Biron*'s father was well given. The burst of maternal feeling in the same scene, when *Baldwin* threatens to take her child,—her appeal to the heart,—the melting tenderness of her voice,—were most natural. Her meeting of *Villeroy* in the second act, and her reluctant promise to give him her heart if even it should return from the grave of her departed husband, drew down some, and deserved much more, applause. Her contempt of the threats of her creditors was amongst her best efforts, and her enunciation of these lines breathed the loftiest dignity :

" ————— let the torrents roar :

It can but overwhelm me in its fall ;

And life and death are now alike to me."

*KEMBLE* could do little with *Biron*, and *COOPER* made all he could of *Villeroy*. If applause formed any criterion of merit, the opinion of the public on that score, was most unequivocally demonstrated.

23.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.

[netism.

24.—A Woman never Vext—Escapes—Animal Mag.

25.—Der Freischütz—Clari.







Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MR. YATES,  
*AS CORNET MOUNT CARMINE,*  
IN PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

# THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

## POCKET MAGAZINE, FOR DECEMBER, 1824.

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“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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|                                           | PAGE. |                                 | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------|-------|---------------------------------|------|
| Memoirs of Mr. Yates                      | 116   | Dramatic Excerpta..             | 144  |
| On Ancient Myste-<br>ries .....           | 119   | Ferdinand Mendez<br>Pinto ..... | 148  |
| Theatrical Reminis-<br>cences :—Mr. Quick | 126   | THEATRICAL INQUISITION.         |      |
| The Dramatic Sketch-<br>er .....          | 129   | Drury Lane Theatre              | 149  |
| Theatrical Portraits:<br>—Mr. Liston..... | 137   | Covent Garden....               | 155  |
| Twelfth Night Cha-<br>racters .....       | 138   | Haymarket .....                 | 160  |
| ’Twould Puzzle a<br>Conjuror .....        | 143   | MINOR DRAMA,                    |      |
|                                           |       | Olympic .....                   | 165  |
|                                           |       | Town Talk.....                  |      |

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
Mr. YATES.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

*French Dramatic Review of 1823.* Two hundred and nine new pieces compose this budget ; and be it observed that the *Panorama Dramatique*, which used to furnish its fair share, suddenly closed in the month of July. It is true that a great number of these productions are already laid on the shelf. Of 360 living dramatic authors (including the contingent of the departments) whom France has had the happiness to possess, the works of 161 were represented at Paris in 1823; only 151 enjoyed that benefit in the preceding year, and 129 in 1821. It appears, therefore, that in time there will be enough of them for the whole world.

Of the 209 novelties 36 were performed by the *indéfatigables* of the Gymnase ; the Vandeville had 33 ; the Varietes stopped at 24. Thou sleepest, Brunet!

The mania for *arrangemens* has diminished this year. In 1822, among the pieces called novelties, about forty *arrangés* might be reckoned. The imagination of our authors has been much less idle in 1823.

Seven tragedies and sixteen comedies, of which only three were in five acts, have appeared in our two Théâtres-Français. To make amends we have seen 163 vaudevilles hatched in these 365 days, that is, almost half a one every evening ; leaving altogether out of the question the Spectacle of M. Comte, M. Seveste's theatres, &c.

The most brilliant success, in the high class, has been that of l'Ecole des Vieillards, Pierre de Portugal, la Neige, les Deux Cousines, and the ballet of Cendrillon ; at the secondary theatres, Julien, l'Interieur d'un Bureau, l'Heritiere, les Cuisinieres, les Grisettè, Polichinelle Vampire, la Fausse Clé, and l'Auberge des Adrets.

The most striking failures have been those of l'Homme aux Scruples, l'Intrigue au Chateau, la Fille du Commissaire, M. Raymond, le Major, la Folle des Alpes, and Adélie.

M. Scribe's fertility has increased this year. In 1822, 16 of his pieces were performed, and 17 in 1821. This year he has produced 18 works, one in four acts ; and only one (le Bourgeois de la rue Saint Denis) has failed: M: Carmouche, to whom belongs the *accessit*, is not much behind hand. He has produced no less than 17 vaudevilles in the course of the year: By M: Armand-Dartois there have been only 13: by M: Francis, 10 ; by Messrs: Frederic de Courcy and Brazier, nine each ; Messrs: Desangiers, Mélesville, Henri Dupin, and Théaulon, have reached only to their eighth: We do not reckon the Prussian operas of the last



**THE DRAMA ;**  
OR,  
**Theatrical Pocket Magazine.**

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DECEMBER, 1824.

VOL. VII.

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MR. YATES.

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" In scenes where humour, mirth, and repartee,  
Resplendent shine, gay, witty, frank, and free ;  
Boldly upholding gay *Thalia's* cause,  
*Yates* forward stands to gain the loud applause ;  
To claim the vict'ry, and to wear the crown  
Won, fairly won, by merit all his own.  
But when, deserting his appropriate stand,  
A renegade he joins the tragic band —  
How dark a cloud is o'er his talents thrown,  
The spark of merit quenched, and genius gone."

" THE THESPIANS," A POEM.

---

FREDERICK YATES was born in London in the year 1793. His father was formerly a tobacconist of some eminence in Aldersgate Street, and our hero is the youngest of several sons. He received the rudiments of learning at a private academy in the metropolis, under  
No. 50.

the care of a gentleman who confined his attention to a small number of pupils ; but, some reverses in the circumstances of his father, occasioned his removal from the academy, and his being placed at a less expensive establishment, viz. the Charter House. Here his studies were terminated ; and, some time afterwards, he obtained a situation in the Commisariat, and was present with the army in Flanders during the memorable campaign of 1815. On the return of peace, a reduction of course took place in the department of the service to which he was attached ; and from this period, we believe, he began to direct his thoughts towards the stage as a profession ; though we are utterly uninformed of his proceedings till he made his first formal attempt as an actor at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 16th of January, 1818, in *Iago*, to the *Othello* of COOPER. He was described in the bills as “ a Young Gentleman, his first appearance on any stage,” but the concluding part of this announcement we look upon as somewhat apocryphal. On the 19th January he played *Laertes*, to COOPER’s *Hamlet* ; and on the 27th *Jaffier*, to that gentleman’s *Pierre* ; being then no longer styled “ a young gentleman,” but Mr. YATES. At this period MATTHEWS entered into an engagement to perform a few nights at Newcastle ; and on the 2nd of February he appeared in *Multiple* and *Buskin*, YATES playing *Velinspeck* and *Apollo Belvi*. On the 9th (the benefit night of Mrs. RENAUD) he played *Sheepface* to MATTHEWS’ *Scout*, *Fustian* to his *Daggerwood*, and joined him in imitations of various London performers : MATTHEWS taking one portion of the dialogue, and YATES the other. In this manner they gave KEMBLE and YOUNG, as *Brutus* and *Cassius* ; KEAN and EMERY, as *Hamlet* and *Grave-digger* ; COOKE and BETTY, as *Glenalvon* and *Norval*, &c. This was his last appearance at Newcastle, which town he quitted for Edinburgh, where he made his *debüt* on the 16th February, as *Helgert*, in a tragedy called “ *The Appeal*.” The play was, however, but coolly received. He next played *Shylock*, and “ gained golden opinions from all sorts of

people ;" though this probably was more owing to adventitious circumstances, than to the merits of his acting.(1)

On November 7th, 1818, YATES made a trial of his powers upon the London boards as *Iago*. He was favourably received ; but we need scarcely assure those who have witnessed his subsequent efforts in the metropolis, that his performance of the character was below mediocrity ; nevertheless, the newspapers, with their customary disregard of honesty, spoke of it as an admirable piece of acting. The bills of the following morning announced, that he was compelled to return to Edinburgh to terminate his engagement there ; but would shortly " have the honour of again appearing before the liberal tribunal of a London audience." He resumed his performances at Edinburgh on the 4th December, 1818, as *Richard III.* ; and having played there for the period stipulated, again appeared in London in May, 1819, as *Gloster*, in "*Jane Shore*." His next character was that of *Berthold*, in MATURIN's brilliant poem of "*Fredolfo* ;" but finding that his tragic exertions were not likely to render him a favourite with the audience, he shortly after brought into play his powers of mimicry, which gained for him that applause which had not been conceded to him as a performer of the legitimate drama ; and we must confess, that we think but little of his serious attempts. His *Gloster*, in "*Jane Shore*," was but an inefficient assumption of that character, and evidently after the manner of KEAN. The style of this eminent tragedian was still more closely copied

(1) The following extract from a letter dated Edinburgh, April, 1818, may serve to throw some light upon the subject :

" YATES is a surprising favourite here. His letters of introduction to the first families in *Auld Reikie* have greatly aided him in his professional career. From good authority I hear that his appearance at Newcastle was not his first on any stage. He was with MATTHEWS during the latter's continental excursion ; and it was through his means that he gained so many introductory letters to the gentry of this place."

in his performance of *Berthold*, nor can his *Iago* be ranked as an original or vigorous conception of the character. His *Shylock* is but respectable, and, compared with the vigorous portraiture of KEAN, is but a faintly-shadowed outline. That he will never rise to any eminence in the tragic business of the stage we think is undeniable: he appears to excel in dry humour and sarcasm, and will therefore, we think, do well to avoid the impassioned and pathetic.

That Mr. YATES has unquestionably very great talents for the occupation he has chosen, cannot be denied; and here we must observe, that those talents will be found most effective in comedy. And this idea we ground upon an attentive consideration of his various performances, but particularly upon that of *Casca*, in "*Julius Cæsar*." In it he displayed the strongest turn for dry humour and ludicrous sarcasm, and gave an importance to the part far beyond any thing it ever attained to in the hands of others we have seen attempt it. To argue his excellence in comedy from his acting in tragedy, after what we have already observed, may seem to be somewhat of an incongruity; but the character of *Casca* has nothing tragic about it, and the ideas his performance of it awakened in our minds, have been strongly strengthened by subsequent observation.

Of his ability as a mimic (for "like a French falconer he flies at all he meets") it is scarcely worth while to speak, as he seems to have seen the error of trifling with his powers, and frittering away his time in giving ephemeral popularity to trumpery interludes, in which the most able acting can procure for a performer no solid or lasting fame. A man by so doing may become passable in every thing—great in nothing. We are glad to find that he now appears steadily and vigorously to apply his attention to one great object (and for which his powers are more peculiarly fitted), thereby laying the foundation of a permanent and honourable renown. Mr. YATES we believe to be a man of acute sense, and we need not, therefore, point out to him, that ought the loudest applause has attended his mimical



efforts in "Cozening," &c. no lasting reputation can be grounded upon such an unstable foundation. People have been nauseated with these imitative displays, and since they have been presented at every theatre they have become intolerably tiresome. "We hate e'en MATTHEWS thus at second hand." Mimicry has had its day, and we sincerely hope we shall never be crammed so incessantly again, with "soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again," and we believe that in this prayer we shall be generally supported by the play-going class of the community.

Mr. YATES has been lately married to that delightful actress, Miss BRUNTON, to whom, we are informed, some four or five years ago he made "an unsuccessful tender of his affections." But what cannot love and unceasing assiduity accomplish?



## ON ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

MR. DRAMA,

*I have made the following extracts from ROSCOE'S Translation of SISMONDI'S "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe," respecting the Origin of the Mysteries, or the Romantic Drama, which first arose in France, and served as a model for the dramatic representations both of France and England, in the hope that they will prove as interesting to the readers of your magazine as to—Yours,*

W. P.

The French justly claim the merit of being the first discoverers of a form of composition, which has given such a lively character to the works of the imagination. They define poetry and the fine arts, by calling them *imitative arts*, whilst other nations consider them as the effusion of the sentiments of the heart. The object of

the French authors, in their tales, their romances, and their fablieaux, is to present a faithful picture of the characters of others, and not to develop their own. They were the first, at a period when the ancient drama was entirely forgotten, to represent, in a dramatic form, the great events which accompanied the establishment of the Christian religion; the mysteries the belief of which was inculcated, as a part of that system, or the incidents of domestic life, to excite the spectators to laughter, after the more serious representations. The same talent which enabled them to versify a long history in the heroic style, or to relate a humorous anecdote with the spirit of a jester, prompted them to adopt, in their dramas, similar subjects and a similar kind of versification. They left to those who had to recite these dialogues, the care of delivering them with an air of truth, and of accompanying them with the deception of scenic decoration.

The first who awakened the attention of the people to compositions, in which many characters were introduced, were the pilgrims who returned from the Holy Land. They thus displayed to the eyes of their countrymen all which they had themselves beheld, and with which every one was desirous of being acquainted. It is believed, that it was in the twelfth, or at all events, in the thirteenth century, that these dramatic representations were first exhibited in the open streets. It was not, however, until the conclusion of the fourteenth century, that a company of pilgrims, who, by the representation of a brilliant spectacle, had assisted at the solemnization of the nuptials between CHARLES VI. and ISABELLA of Bavaria, formed an establishment at Paris, and undertook to amuse the public by regular dramatic entertainments. They were denominated "The Fraternity of the Passion;" from the Passion of our Saviour being one of their most celebrated representations.

This mystery, the most ancient dramatic work of modern Europe, comprehends the whole history of our Lord from his baptism to his death. The piece was too long to be represented without interruption. It was, therefore, continued from day to day; and the whole

mystery was divided into a certain number of *journées*, each of which included the labours or the representation of one day. This name of *journée*, which was abandoned in France, when the mysteries became obsolete, has retained its place in the Spanish language, although its origin is forgotten. Eighty-seven characters, successively appear in the mystery of the Passion, amongst whom we find the three persons of the Trinity, six angels or archangels, the twelve Apostles, six devils, *Herod* and his whole court, and a host of personages, the invention of the poet's brain. Extravagant machinery seems to have been employed, to give to the representation all the pomp which we find in the operas of the present day. Many of the scenes appear to have been recited to music, and we likewise meet with choruses. The intermingled verses indicate a very perfect acquaintance with the harmony of the language. Some of the characters are well drawn, and the scenes occasionally display a considerable degree of grandeur, energy, and tragic power. Although the language sometimes becomes very prosaic and heavy, and some most absurd scenes are introduced, yet we cannot fail to recognize the very high talents which must have been employed in the conception of this terrible drama, which not only surpassed its models, but, by placing before the eyes of a Christian assembly all those incidents for which they felt the highest veneration, must have affected them much more powerfully than even the finest tragedies can do at the present day.

A few lines and quotations cannot give a clear idea of a work which, when printed in double columns, fills a large folio volume, and exceeds, in length, the united labours of our tragic authors. Still, as it is our object to enable the reader to judge for himself, and as we shall have occasion to present him with extracts from compositions no less barbarous in the earlier stage of the Spanish drama, and which are merely imitations of the French Mystery, it will be well to introduce, at least, some verses from this astonishing production, and to give an idea of the various styles, both tragic and comic, of the author. The clearness of the language, which

is much more intelligible than that of the lyrical poets of the same period, immediately strikes us. Those poets attributed, not only more simplicity, but also more pomp to the antique phraseology. But this stately style of expression was excluded from poetry which was intended to become popular. The grandeur of the ideas and of the language of "The Mystery of the Passion," might be thought, in some instances, to belong to a more cultivated age. Thus, in the council of the Jews, in which many of the Pharisees deliver their opinions at considerable length, *Mordecai* expresses himself in the following terms:

When the MESSIAH shall command,  
We trust that, with a mighty hand,  
In tranquil union, he shall rule the land;  
His head shall with a diadem be crowned,  
Glory and wealth shall in his house abound;  
In justice shall he sway it, and in peace;  
And should the strong oppress or rob the poor,  
Or tyrant turn the vassal from his door,  
When CHRIST returns, these evils all shall cease.

*Saint John* enters into a long discourse, and we can only account for the patience with which our forefathers listened to these tedious harangues, by supposing that their fatigue was considered by them to be an acceptable offering to the Deity; and that they were persuaded, that every thing which did not move them to laughter or tears, was put down to the account of their edification. The following scene in dialogue, in which *Saint John* undergoes an interrogation, displays considerable ability:

*Abyas.* Though fallen be man's sinful line,  
Holy Prophet! it is writ,  
CHRIST shall come to ransom it,  
And by doctrine, and by sign,  
Bring them to his grace divine.  
Wherefore, seeing now the force  
Of thy high deeds, thy grave discourse,  
And virtues shewn of great esteem,  
That thou art he, we surely deem.

*Saint John.* I am not MESSIAH!—No!  
At the feet of CHRIST I bow.

*Elyachim.* Why, then, wildly wanderest thou  
Naked, in this wilderness?

Say! what faith dost thou profess?  
And to whom thy service paid?

*Baunduyas.* Thou assemblest, it is said,  
In these lonely woods, a crowd  
To hear thy voice proclaiming loud,  
Like that of our most holy men.  
Art thou a king in Israel, then?  
Know'st thou the laws and prophecies?  
What art thou? say!

*Nathan.* Thou dost advise  
MESSIAH is come down below.  
Hast seen him? say, how dost thou know?  
Or art thou he?

*Saint John.* I answer, No!

*Nachor.* Who art thou? Art ELIAS, then?  
Perhaps, ELIAS.

*Saint John.*

No!—

*Baunduyas.*

Again!

Who art thou? what thy name? express!  
For never surely shall we guess.  
Thou art the Prophet!

*Saint John.*

I am not.

*Elyachim.* Who and what art thou? Tell us what!  
That true answer we may bear  
To our lords, who sent us here  
To learn thy name and mission.

*Saint John.*

*Ego*

*Vox clamantis in deserto.*

A voice, a solitary cry  
In the desert paths am I!  
Smooth the paths, and make them meet,  
For the great Redeemer's feet;  
Him, who brought by our misdoing,  
Comes for this foul world's renewing.

The result of this scene is the conversion of the persons to whom *Saint John* addresses himself. They

eagerly demand to be baptised, and the ceremony is followed by the baptism of JESUS himself. But the versification is not so remarkable as the stage directions, which transport us to the very period of these gothic representations.

*Here JESUS enters the waters of Jordan, all naked, and Saint John takes some of the water in his hand and throws it on the head of JESUS.*

*Saint John.* Sir, you now baptized are,  
As it suits my simple skill,  
Not the lofty rank you fill;  
Unmeet for such great service I;  
Yet my God, so debonair,  
All that's wanting will supply.

*Here JESUS comes out of the river Jordan, and throws himself on his knees, all naked, before Paradise. Then GOD the Father speaks, and the HOLY GHOST descends, in the form of a white dove, upon the head of JESUS, and then returns into Paradise:—and note that the words of GOD the Father be very audibly pronounced, and well sounded, in three voices; that is to say, a treble, a counter-treble, and a counter-bass, all in tune; and in this way must the following lines be repeated:*

*Hic est filius meus dilectus,  
In quo mihi bene complacui.  
C'estui-ci est mon fils amé JESUS,  
Que bien me plaist, ma plaisance est en lui.*

As this mystery was not only the model of subsequent tragedies, but of comedies likewise, we must extract a few verses from the dialogues of the devils, who fill all the comic parts of the drama. The eagerness of these personages to maltreat one another, or, as the original expresses it, *à se torchonner* (to give one another a wipe), always produced much laughter in the assembly.

*Berith.* Who is he I cannot tell—  
That JESUS; but I know full well

That in all the worlds that be,  
There is not such a one as he.  
Who it is that gave him birth  
I know not, nor from whence on earth  
He came, or what great devil taught him,  
But in no evil have I caught him;  
Nor know I any vice he hath.

*Satan.* HARO! but you make me wrath;  
When such dismal news I hear.

*Berith.* Wherefore so?

*Satan.* Because I fear  
He will make my kingdom less.  
Leave him in the wilderness,  
And let us return to hell  
To LUCIFER our tale to tell,  
And to ask his sound advice.

*Berith.* The imps are ready in a trice;  
Better escort cannot be.

*Lucifer.* It is SATAN that I see,  
And BERITH coming in a passion.

*Astaroth.* Master, let me lay the lash on:  
Here's the thing to do the deed.

*Lucifer.* Please to moderate your speed,  
To lash behind and lash before ye,  
Ere you hear them tell their story,  
Whether shame they bring, or glory.

As soon as the devils have given an account to their sovereign, of their observations and their vain efforts to tempt JESUS, ASTAROTH throws himself upon them with his imps, and lashes them back to earth from the infernal regions.

The example which was set by the author of the "*Mystery of the Passion*," was soon followed by a crowd of imitators, whose names for the most part have been lost. "*The Mystery of the Conception*," and "*The Nativity of our Lord*," and of "*The Resurrection*," are amongst the most ancient of these. The legends of the Saints were, in their turn, dramatized and prepared for the theatre; and, in short, the whole of the Old Testament was brought upon the stage. In the same

mystery, the characters were often introduced at various stages of life, as infants, youths, and old men, represented by different actors; and in the margin of some of the mysteries we find, *here enter the second, or the third, Israel or Jacob*. When the mystery was founded on historical facts not generally known, the poets exercised their own invention more freely, and did not hesitate to mingle comic scenes in very serious places. Thus, when they exhibited the saints triumphing over temptation, and their contempt for the allurements of the flesh, they often introduced language and scenes quite at variance with the serious nature of these sacred dramas.

(*To be Continued*)



## THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

### MR. QUICK.

There is now living at Islington, in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, the last remaining member of the glorious school of GARRICK, that inimitable comedian Mr. QUICK. Though past eighty, he has all the life, and much of the activity, of youth; his countenance retains that rich expression of comic humour, and his figure, that erect turkey-cock air, which rendered him irresistible in *Isaac Mendoza*, *Tony Lumpkin*, and *Little Quin*, and shook the sides of our grandfathers forty years ago. He is a most cheerful, intelligent, and facetious companion, the faithful chronicler of the old and better times of the drama, before tragedy had degenerated into bombast and pantomime, and comedy into mere face-making and buffoonery. His stories are of the first order, and so is his manner of telling them, and I had rather listen to his droll anecdotes of GARRICK, FOOTE, WESTON, NED SHUTER, and others of his contemporaries, than to the concentrated *wit and humour*, of twenty of our modern faces.—So great a favourite was he of King GEORGE III., that his Majesty used to



call him "*his Actor*," as CHARLES II. did the celebrated ANTONY LEIGH, of merry memory,—and upon all occasions, when the late King visited Covent Garden Theatre, my little friend's queer voice, and *vis comica*, were indispensably necessary for the relaxation of the royal muscles. For many years did QUICK and EDWIN keep up the ball of comicality on the boards of Covent Garden; they were the never-failing resources of the admirable O'KEEFE—*Darby* and *Quin*—*Pedrillo* and *Spado*, and so on, to the end of the chapter. I have heard QUICK speak in raptures of his contemporary EDWIN—whose powers of drollery even SHUTER never surpassed—as a burletta singer he was never equalled, and probably never will be. MUNDEN, who succeeded him, declared to me, that he was the finest actor, in certain characters, that he ever beheld.—“His *Lingo* and *Darby*,” said the veteran, “were most capital—but his *Tipple*, in the ‘*Flitch of Bacon*,’ was damn'd fine! it was so clean, that you couldn't put down a pin!” The successor of EDWIN has himself retired, and who shall succeed him!—QUICK was the original *Tony Lumpkin*, and had very nearly been the original *Old Dornton*, in the “*Road to Ruin*”—MUNDEN being cast for *Silky*; exchange of characters, however, took place, after a few rehearsals—fortunately for the fame of both: and the comedy was played (the great LEWIS being *Goldfinch*!) in a manner it can never be played again. I consider the celebrated DOGGET to have been just such a comic-looking personage as Mr. QUICK—take the following description of him, from a rare tract by ANTHONY (vulgo TONY) ASTON—his contemporary:—“Mr. DOGGET was a little, lively, sprat man, his behaviour modest, cheerful, and complaisant; he sung in company very agreeably, and in public very comically. He was the most faithful, pleasant actor that ever was, for he never deceived his audience; because, while they gazed at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly into involuntary acclamations and laughter.” Mr. QUICK is a great *walker*, to which wholesome exercise, and certain potations of punch (of which I speak anon), he attributes his long and uninterrupted

state of health—indeed, to adopt an old pun, my little friend was never in the habit of lying *long* in bed, and I am really ashamed, on opening my window on a summer's morning, to see this theatrical evergreen, who is nearly fifty years my senior, parading the opposite terrace for the twenty-fifth time, to give him an appetite for breakfast! In the village of Islington, there are two houses of convivial resort, (one of which Mr. QUICK has christened the *upper*, and the other, the *lower* house, from their locality) of which he is a *speaker*, with this difference, that the solemn gentleman with the long wig at St. Stephen's, is *audanter*, and the comic gentleman with the brown wig, at the King's Head, is *loquiter*; here he enjoys his moderate libations, and enlivens the festive circle with harmless merriment and social glee. His glass, seldom or never more than twice replenished, he covers with a piece of white paper, to prevent the intrusion of smoke, and before the clock strikes ten, he invariably departs. Forty years ago, it was prophesied by the doctors, that if he drank *punch* it would be the death of him; he disregarded the prophecy, and is still hale and hearty. About fifteen years since, I saw him play his famous character of *Isaac Mendoza* at the Lyceum Theatre, which he performed for six nights. I have never seen an *Isaac Mendoza* since, and never expect to see one again. Poor little SIMMONS in *Beau Mordecai*, and *Mr. Moses*, reminded me most of his manner.—The two latter characters have never found an adequate representative since the death of that excellent actor, who had all the tact and quiet humour of the Old School. Mr. QUICK is a regular attendant at his parish church; and it was an affecting sight to see him walk reverently to his pew, upon a late melancholy occasion, (the funeral of our lamented Rector, Doctor STRACHAN, the friend and executor of JOHNSON,) with his eyes suffused in tears! for QUICK, who in more instances than one, reminds me of my Uncle Toby, is apt to be visited with these softer feelings of our nature, which modern philosophers and philanthropists affect to despise. Long may he continue to enliven the friends who admire his talents, and esteem his worth! Long

may he enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*," the reward of his brilliant professional career! The school of GARRICK will expire with him—and having lost PARSONS, MOODY, KING, and SMITH, we may add, in the language of one, who wrote "*for all time*" "*the greatest is behind.*"

DANGLF, JUN.

## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. XV.

### THE GRECIAN HEROES, IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPSILANTI, *commander of the Greeks.*—ODYSSEUS, *another Grecian leader.*—AMURATH, *commander of the Turks.*—OSMAN.—ISMENA, *wife of IPSILANTI.*—IRENE, *wife of AMURATH.*

(Scene lies in Thessaly.)

### ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Tent of AMURATH.*

*Enter AMURATH (in great agitation).*

Gracious ALLA! why dost thou thus afflict thy faithful people? day follows day, only to add fresh triumphs to the rebellious Greeks, and increase our despair. Our superior numbers serve only to render the enemies' victories more conspicuous and our shame more galling. Holy Prophet! shall thy throne totter under the efforts of a band of slaves? Christian dogs! who dare revile thy sacred name. Is the crescent about to fall before the cross, and be eclipsed for ever? Oh! that I could collect on one vast plain each miscreant Greek, and from the

Olympian heights hurl the thunder of omnipotence, and extinguish the cursed race for ever!

*Enter IRENE.*

*Irene.* What is't that thus disturbs my gracious lord?

*Amu.* And canst thou ask that question? Go ask the slave, who terminates a life of guilt upon the rack, why trembles every limb, why groan follows groan, and shriek succeed to shriek? Can I be aught but moved, when I behold the fairest portion of our glorious empire torn from our rightful grasp, to be possessed by Christian dogs?

*Irene.* ALLA forbid that that should ever happen. If I mistake not, as from an eminence I viewed the country round, I did perceive a messenger hastening hither with furious speed. I cannot think but he brings joyous tidings—(*a shout*) and hark, that shout proves I am not mistaken.

*Enter OSMAN, who kneels and presents a packet to AMURATH.*

*Osman.* Happy news, my lord, from SELIM.

*Amu.* (*Opens the packet.*) “Surprised the Grecian camp—five thousand slaughtered—ODYSSEUS fled with only a few followers.”—Prophet, I thank thee. (*to OSMAN*) Has ODYSSEUS escaped then—whither has he fled?

*Osman.* 'Tis said to join IPSILANTI.

*Amu.* IPSILANTI! while he remains our victories will avail us nought. 'Tis he whose energies alone support the Grecian cause; could he but be removed—(*to OSMAN*) Retire. (*OSMAN bows and exit.*)

*Irene.* You feel not these good tidings, my lord!

*Amu.* Some more decisive blow must yet be struck. The Sultan is dissatisfied with my conduct, and accuses me of supineness and delay. I have enemies too at court, who fail not to increase his discontent, and hint that I am treacherous. Could IPSILANTI but be seized or killed before the Greeks recover from the alarm which their late defeat will doubtlessly excite, the cause of Greece is lost for ever.

*Irene.* Killed, my lord, what mean you?

**Amu.** I would have the Christian slave suddenly removed: his death alone can raise our failing cause.

**Irene.** What! my lord! would'st thou basely employ the assassin's steel against the noble IPSILANTI, who lately sent unransomed to your camp his female prisoners.

**Amu.** Ha! dost thou praise the rebel to my face?—art thou too leagued against thy country's safety?

**Irene.** I'm fearful for my country's honour (*with dignity*). My lord! my lord! be sure our cause will never prosper if such base means should be employed: let SELIM join his troops with yours—then take the field. Our late success may be the herald of greater conquests.

**Amu.** I dare not hazard another battle while IPSILANTI commands; there's something so terrific in his glance that, where'er he comes, our troops instinctive fly.—In the last battle that we fought, with a chosen few, the sturdy rebel withstood a host; thrice we attacked his little band, and thrice we were repelled—at length, waving in the air his croissard banner, the Christian slave rushed upon us with his shouting band, and bore down all before him. In vain did I attempt to rally our panic-struck soldiers; they fled like timid sheep before the wolf.—IPSILANTI or I must fall; the Sultan's favour can be propitiated only by IPSILANTI'S death (*draws*). Gracious Prophet, assist my purpose (*attempting to rush off*).

**Irene.** Stay, stay, my lord! whither would your maddening rage lead you? are you going to rush into the very jaws of death?

**Amu.** I had forgot myself—I must assume some disguise.

**Irene.** If IPSILANTI must perish—must die thus basely, you must not give the blow; your absence from the camp would soon be discovered, and who can tell what danger might ensue.

**Amu.** Who can I trust?

**Irene.** (*After some hesitation*) I—I will undertake the dreadful task.

**Amu.** You!

**Irene.** Yes, I, my lord! since your death and my

country's fate depend on the alternative. Should I be discovered ere I strike the blow, my sex will protect me from their vengeance, and I may yet live for AMURATH (*tenderly*).

*Amu.* Noblest of thy sex, thou wilt render the greatest monarch upon earth thy eternal debtor.—Come, let us haste and concert our plan. (*Irene hesitates.*) Ha! does thy resolution fail? my doom then is fixed—recalled by the Sultan's mandate, you may glut your eyes by viewing my headless corpse—you will then enjoy your purity of conscience, and rejoice at the effects of your noble conduct, your—

*Irene.* No more. I will do all that you can require—let us lose not a moment (*Exeunt*).

#### SCENE—*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter IPSILANTI.*

*Ip.* Unhappy Greece! how long wilt thou be a prey to intestine warfare?—how long will thy fair fields be drenched with the blood of thy countrymen? O! when will peace and her smiling train expel war and desolation from this once happy and favoured land? What, shall a country, which a few ages back could boast of a glorious constellation of heroes and philosophers—shall the birth-place of PLATO and SOCRATES, of THEMISTOCLES and LEONIDAS, submit to the tyrannic sway of barbarous Moslems, the enemies of our faith and the despisers of learning—shall the descendants of those heroic men who at Marathon, Platea, and Salamis, o'erthrew the mighty hordes of Asia, and forced them with their tyrant to a shameful flight—shall the descendants of these men bow their servile necks to a degrading yoke, and own the feeble race of MAHOMET for their masters? Too long have they tamely submitted—too long have they groaned in slavery. The flame of liberty is at length kindled, and Heaven grant it may burn so fiercely as to blast, and destroy the oppressors of this land—(*a shout*) what means that shout?

(Enter ODYSSEUS, in a hurried manner, pallid and wounded.)

*Ip.* (Runs to meet him with outstretched arms.) ODYSSEUS! my noble friend! ha! you are wounded, and cannot return my welcome. By what new triumph have you increased your already matchless fame? how many of our poor countrymen have you released from torture and confinement? Forgive me, noble ODYSSEUS, if my solicitude for our country's welfare makes me forgetful of thy pain. Your journey has caused your wounds to bleed afresh; retire with me, and ISMENA shall attend you.

*Od.* (With anguish.) My wounds do indeed bleed afresh, and every word you utter pierces my very soul—I—I have gained no victory.

*Ip.* Ah! what dost thou say?

*Od.* (Striking his breast, and averting his head.) I have been defeated.

*Ip.* Defeated—ODYSSEUS defeated! I understand you; you have retreated before superior force without hazarding a battle; well, well, 'twas prudent—we will unite our valorous bands, and then—

*Od.* You mistake, you mistake me; our camp was—was surprised.

*Ip.* Surprised!

*Od.* Yes, yes, was surprised—my troops were cut to pieces, and I and a few more alone escaped: now you know all.

*Ip.* (Surveys ODYSSEUS for some minutes, then raising his eyes to heaven.) Poor, unhappy countrymen! thy precious lives all sacrificed to one man's carelessness and negligence. Oh, Greece! Greece! how canst thou conquer if thou art false to thyself.

*Od.* Who dares say I am false to Greece?

*Ip.* IPSILANTI! The man who, in this time of trouble and of danger, for a moment neglects his charge, and suffers himself to be surprised—that man deserves not to be trusted.

*Od.* IPSILANTI, you wrong me; I have not deserved this of you.

*Ip.* In our present state one false step, one slight inadvertence, may prove our everlasting ruin. Thousands of Greeks, whom fear as yet prevents from rising, wait only till we strike some grand decisive blow to own themselves the sons of liberty. Think'st thou their leader's failure will inspire their timid hearts with resistless valour? will the cries of betrayed countrymen, think you, increase their confidence in their leader's energy and courage?

*Od.* Cease, cease your cruel taunts, lest I forget the respect I owe you as my general. Are then my former years of services to be blotted out by one single imprudent act? are all the battles I have gained to be counted nothing? why will you force me to become a boaster? Betrayed I Greece when with five hundred horse I intercepted as many thousand troops hast'ning to Larissa's aid, betrayed I Greece when in Salonica's Gulf five Moslem ships struck to my single flag? Ill will it fare with the cause of Greece if thus her champions are rewarded for daily toil and danger.

*Ip.* ODYSSEUS, retire—this is no time for the empty war of words; endeavour by your future actions—

*Od.* My future actions! while Heaven grants me breath I ne'er will draw my sword while you command. Greece has invested thee with sovereign power to conduct the war, but when were you constituted judge? If I have done aught that calls for public censure; if I have been a traitor to my country; by my country's laws will I be tried. Heavens! do we fight for liberty? do we strive to throw off the cruel yoke of tyranny? How know we but when we are freed from our present chains others as galling and as heavy may be forged; who knows but IPSILANTI may prove a second MAHMUD.

*(IPSILANTI appears agitated and motions ODYSSEUS to retire.)*

*Od.* Bring out thy heaviest chains and lead me to Athens, there will I be judged. A traitor to Greece! who sent unransomed captives to our faithless tyrants? 'twas kind, 'twas very kind, to send proud AMURATH his



wives, who might console him for his losses—the gold thus lost to Greece you doubtlessly will presently refund from your own private purse.

*Ip.* Rash youth, forbear—leave me: must I repeat my orders (*pushes him*).

*Od.* Insolent tyrant (*draws*).

*ISMENA rushes in.*

*Is.* What means this noise, ODYSSEUS! wouldst thou attempt thy general's life? (*Od. sheaths his sword.*) Restrain your angry passions both, I beseech you. Is this a time to indulge in hostile feeling 'mongst yourselves while the common enemy requires your undivided care? How will the foe rejoice to hear, that two of our bravest champions have rent the bonds of social amity! IPSILANTI! your breast did never long retain a hostile feeling.

*Ip.* Forgive me, ODYSSEUS! zeal for my country's welfare has hurried me too far.

*Od.* (*Seizing his hand.*) 'Tis I must ask forgiveness, noble IPSILANTI. But for this seasonable interference I know not what my intemperate warmth might have led me to commit. I have been wrong, very wrong, but my future actions shall convince you, that nothing on earth can tempt me to be faithless to Greece or IPSILANTI.

*Ip.* No more my friend. The camp of AMURATH, the Turkish leader, lies but a few miles hence, and soon may we expect to be attacked; let us dispose our little force to the best advantage, and we will shew our haughty tyrants, that the mighty ardour which formerly inspired the heroic Spartan band, now animates the sons of modern Greece. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE.—*The outside of IPSILANTI's Tent.*

*Enter IRENE disguised as a Monk.*

*Irene.* (*Looks around.*) Am I really at the Grecian camp. Nature seems wrapped in a death-like stillness. The sun sinks rapidly behind the western hills, as if ashamed to shine upon the base deed I am about to do. Gracious Prophet! may the cause I am about to serve extenuate the guilt of the means employed—Ah! who comes here? a woman. (*Retires to the back.*)

*Enter ISMENA.*

*Is.* While IPSILANTI, wearied with the cares and labours of the day, seeks in repose a short respite from anxiety I'll taste the freshness of the evening's breeze. The sun has sunk, and the moon's mild radiance illuminates a scene where peace seems to have fixed her eternal reign. Ah! how unlike the cruel tyranny which now desolates this land, and renders it the seat of war and violence. Ere you bright orb shines on this scene again, how many will, bereft of life, lie bleeding on these fields. How many widows will mourn their sad bereavement. O, IPSILANTI! Heaven grant thee victory and life. Hark! did I not hear his voice? (*Re-enters the tent. IRENE comes forward.*)

*Irene.* Holy Prophet! what am I about to do! I knew not IPSILANTI had a wife. Can I cause that misery to her which I myself dread so fearfully? oh, never!—hence, detested weapon (*throws down a poignard*)—let me fly this fearful place. Ah! some one else approaches! O! would I ne'er had come.

(*Enter from opposite side ODYSSEUS, sword drawn.*)

*Od.* Who goes there. The word.

*Irene.* LE—LEONIDAS.

*Od.* Pass on, holy friar,—comest thou from the general's tent?

*Irene.* I do—good night.

(*Exit hastily.*)

*Od.* Farewell, since you are in such haste (*strikes his foot against the poignard*). Ah! what have we here, a dagger? what can this mean? The friar's hasty retreat and hurried manner looked suspicious: here's treachery at work. Either the monk has been suborned to do some bloody deed, or a disguised emissary from the Turks. Heaven send all may be well within; (*listens at the door of the tent*) all is safe. I will pursue the cowardly villain, and dearly shall he pay for this intrusion.

(*Exit hastily.*)

END OF ACT I.

## THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

## MR. LISTON.

"You can play no part but *Pyramus*: for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*."  
SHAKSPEARE.

The play is ended, and the audience now,  
With one accord, relax the sombre brow;  
Sorrow no longer "drowns the stage with tears,"  
But laughter marks where *Lubin Log* appears:  
That wealthy cit, contemptible and mean,  
LISTON can make the favourite of the scene;  
The tranquil gravity that spreads a shade  
Upon a face which MOMUS' self hath made,  
Forms such a contrast to his fat, round cheeks,  
That all are laughing e'en before he speaks:  
A grave demeanour robes his smiling looks,  
As "dying speeches," cover merry books;  
Union of all that's comic and sedate,  
A judge's wig upon a monkey's pate.  
Excellent actor! Surely he who can  
View *thee* unmov'd, is more or less than man:  
Thou hast chalked out a path, which thou alone  
Canst truly fill! 'Tis thine; 'tis all thine own!  
None dare approach that path, for none combine  
Such brilliant genius, with a face like thine.  
It is a treat, all comic treats above,  
To see thee come cross-garter'd to thy love;\*  
And hear thee lisp, with fond affected air,  
Thy sighs of rapture to thy "ladye-faire."  
As *Slender* too, that gallant, gay deceiver,  
As tim'rous *Acres*, or the simple *Weaver*,†

\* As *Malvolio*.      † "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Thou hast no rival. When they're play'd by thee,  
 LISTON's forgot, the men themselves we see.  
 As *Sampson*, long may'st thou our fancies tickle,  
 As gay *Apollo*, and old *Baillie Nicol*;  
 As *Mr. Mug*, as *Tag*, with scarce a rag on,  
*Pompey*,\* *Bombastes*, *Grizzle*, and *Moll Flagon*.  
 And when old age shall drop the curtain down,  
 That hides their fav'rite from th' applauding town;  
 When all thy days of youth, and whim, are o'er,  
 And we must view thy merry face no more;  
 When thou hast lost thy present pow'r to please,  
 May'st thou recline in affluence and ease;  
 And, after all thy wand'rings, calmly rest,  
 With public favour, and with friendship, blest.

H. S. V. D.

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TWELFTH NIGHT
 THEATRICAL CHARACTERS,
 FOR ACTORS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

—

BY SAM SAM'S SON.

—

"*Jul.* In thy opinion which is worthiest?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
 According to my shallow simple skill."

Two Gent. Verò. i. 2

—

MISS STEPHENS.

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?"

Comus.

"There is a melody in every tone
 Would charm the tow'ring eagle in her flight,
 And tame a hungry lion."

Mountaineers, iii. 2

* "*Measure for Measure.*"

MR. WALLACK.

"He doth nothing but frown; he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth."

Merch. of Ven. i. 2

MR. FARLEY.

"O gentle son!!

Upon the *heat* and *flame* of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience."

Hamlet, iii. 4

"Here's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags!—Here's a *large mouth*, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains—rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!"

King John, ii. 2

MR. GRIMALDI.

"You know what fooling is—true fooling;
The circumstances that belong unto it.
For every idle knave that *shows his teeth*,
Wants and would live,—can *juggle, tumble, fiddle*,
Make a *dog face*—or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash."

Mad Lover, i. I

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And, like a haggard, check at ev'ry feather
That comes before his eye."

Twelfth Night, iii. 1

MR. BARNARD.

"Thou art not worth my anger: thou'rt a boy:
A lump of thy father's likeness, made of nothing

But antic clothes and cringes!—Look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes
And rotten smoke!"

Elder Brother, iii. 3

"Sure this fellow has been a rare hare finder,
See how his *eyes are set*."

Mad Lover, i.

MR. KEAN.

"What a noise his very name carries!
'Tis gun enough to fight a nation."

Loyal Subject, i. 3

MR. JONES.

"A light, airy, fantastic, sketch of genteel manners
as they are, with a little endeavour at what they ought
to be.

"Rather entertaining than instructive, not without art,
but sparing in the use of it."

The Heiress, ii. 1

"This fellow was born with a whirligig to his heels."

Country Lasses, ii. 2

MRS. YATES. (MISS BRUNTON.)

"Such charms would fix
Inconstancy itself; her winning virtues,
Even if her beauties fail'd, would soon subdue
The rebel heart, and you would learn to love her."

Earl of Warwick, ii, 2

MRS. WEST.

"The wings on which her soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards:
Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness:
But purer spirits, purg'd and refined, shake off
That clog of human frailty."

Elder Brother, i. 2.

MRS. GORDON, late Miss MATHEWS.

“ Her eye surpasses that refulgent star,
Which first adorns the evening.”

Medea, i. 1

MISS FOOTE.

“ Oh! admirable face!
I am struck dumb with wonder :
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here.”

Spanish Curate, iv. 2

“ She is indeed a gem,
Fit to adorn the brightest crown: to see
Is to admire her—trust me, England’s self,
The seat of beauty and the throne of love,
Boasts not a fairer.”

Earl of Warwick, ii. 2

MRS. MARDYN.

“ Can such beauty be
Safe in its own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze.
Fairest and whitest—*may I crave to know*
The reason of your retirement ?”

Faithful Shepherdess, i. 1

MRS. H. JOHNSTON.

“ Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wand’ring seaman thro’ the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep.
Head of an aged mountain :—and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full freighted bags of our fair flocks :
Your hair more beauteous than those changing locks
Of young Apollo.”

Faithful Shepherdess, i. 1

MRS. DAVENPORT.

“ Be witty when you can ; sarcastic you must be, in
spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You

are honest:—you are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.”

Road to Ruin, i. 3

MR. YOUNG.

“ His face is noble.
How pale he looks ! Yet how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams around ! How manly his face shews !
He is made most handsomely.”

Spanish Curate, ii. 4

MISS CAREW.

“ Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.”

All's Well that Ends Well, iv. 2

MADAME VESTRIS.

“ Ten thousand, thousand Cupids play in every ringlet
of her hair ; millions of little loves wanton in her eyes ;
myriads of graces sip nectar from her lips ; infinite,
nameless, bewitching beauties revel in every feature of
her transporting face. 'Tis extreme pleasure to see her,
'tis rapture to hear : when she smiles I am in ecstasy.”

Country Lasses, i. 2

MR. LISTON, as *Dominie Sampson*.

“ How now ! what *solemn* piece of *formality*, what
man of wires is this—that moves towards us?—*he stirs
by clock-work*, like St. Dunstan's giants :—he prepares
to open his mouth as if he could not speak without an
order of court.”

Country Lasses, iv. 2

MRS. HARLOWE.

"What an easy robe is scorn to wear!
'Tis but to wrinkle up the level brow,
To arch the pliant eyelash, and freeze up
The passionless and placid orb within."

Fazio, ii, 2

MISS MACAULAY.

"Woman, thou dost outstep all modesty:
But for strong circumstance, that leagues with thee,
We should condemn thee for a wild mad woman,
Raving her wayward and unsettled fancies."

Fazio, lii, 2

MR. NOBLE.

"I am a fellow of the strangest mind i' the world. I
delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether,—
my very walk should be a *jig*."

Twelfth Night, i, 4

MR. TERRY.

"Canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror."

Richard the Third, iii, 5

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" 'TWOULD PUZZLE A CONJUROR."

MR. DRAMA,

The farce of "*'Twould puzzle a Conjuror*," which was lately performed at the Haymarket Theatre, is no other than the same "*Czar Peter, or the Burgomaster of Saardam*," which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, about four or five years since, where it lingered through half a dozen nights. I have a perfect

recollection of the piece from the circumstance of the first scene (the Dock-yard, with ships in the distance) being so beautifully painted; it was, I think, without exception, the finest scene of the kind I ever saw. Mr. ABBOTT performed the *Czar*, LISTON the *Burgomaster*, Miss FOOTE, *Bertha*, and FAWCETT, the *Deserter*.

It has evidently been revived to give LISTON an opportunity of shewing off his comical face for the benefit of the "Treasury," and not for the gratification of the public, as the piece itself is devoid of all the interest necessary to make it attractive.

It is also evident the manager knew that he was foisting a rejected bantling on the town, by the far-fetched title which it bears on its revival; the new title being derived from the solitary circumstance of the *Burgomaster's* exclamation, when he could not distinguish the *Czar* from the *Deserter*.—However, the bait took, the public paid to see it, money tumbled into the Treasury, and the "bubble" ended.

By the above I merely wish to shew the quackery of our theatrical managers, and I therefore trust you will allow a niche in your pages for these remarks.

Walworth,  
6th Nov. 1824.

I am, &c.  
W.S.P.

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## DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

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### No. IX.

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1.—PENKETHMAN, of facetious memory, opened a new theatre at Richmond, June 6, 1719, and spoke a humorous prologue on the occasion, alluding to the place having been formerly a hovel for asses! This theatre was probably the same that stood on the declivity of the hill, and was opened in the year 1756, by THEOPHILUS CIBBER, who, to avoid the penalties of the Act of Parliament

against unlicensed comedians, advertised it as a Cephalic Snuff Warehouse! The *General Advertiser*, July 8, 1756, thus announces it :—"CIBBER and Co. Snuff Merchants, sell at their Warehouse at Richmond Hill, most excellent cephalic snuff, which, taken in moderate quantities, (in an evening particularly,) will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off ill humours, dispel the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding. Mr. CIBBER has also opened at the aforesaid warehouse (late called the Theatre) on the Hill, an histrionic academy, for the instruction of young persons of genius in the Art of Acting; and proposes, for the better improvement of such pupils, and frequently with his assistance, to give public rehearsals, without hire, gain, or reward.

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2.—In the reigns of ELIZABETH and JAMES, plays were repeatedly performed before them at the Court, on Sunday evenings.

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3.—The part of *Old Dornton*, in the comedy of "*The Road to Ruin*," was originally written by HOLCROFT for QUICK, at that time in the zenith of his popularity; and, during the early rehearsals of the play, QUICK studied and performed the character. The part of *Silky* was written for MUNDEN, whose popularity was then rapidly increasing. In the progress of the rehearsal, QUICK became dissatisfied with his character, and positively refused to act in the play, unless MUNDEN, who had most assiduously studied *Silky*, gave that character up to QUICK, and consented to play *Old Dornton* himself: after much entreaty, MUNDEN consented to the exchange. The original *Silky* was DICK WILSON, GEORGE HOLMAN played *Harry Dornton*, and LEWIS was the original *Goldfinch*.

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4.—In the early part of GARRICK's career at Drury Lane Theatre, a tragedy was produced, in which the

Roscus sustained the character of a king. Though there was nothing remarkably brilliant in the play, it met with no opposition till the fifth act, when GARRICK, as the dying monarch, divided his empire between his two sons, in the following line :

“Jointly ’twixt you my crown I do bequeath.”

When a quaint man, getting up in the pit, rejoined,

“Then gods ! they’ve just got half a crown apiece.”

This threw the whole house into such a comic convulsion, that not another word of the tragedy was uttered on the stage.

#### 5.—*Green Room Marriages.*

In 1792, the Earl of DERBY married the beautiful Miss FARREN ; and, as his lordship was acknowledged to be a great connoisseur in domestic pleasures, his conduct had a potent influence upon the gay fluttering butterflies of the period. Shortly afterwards, Lord THURLOW eloped with Miss BOLTON ; but, as the Musés had previously eloped with him, the world did not marvel greatly at the circumstance. When the Marquis of C——, however, made a matrimonial prize of Miss B——, the example spread like wild-fire, more especially as neither of these noblemen seemed ill contented with their bargains, nor were briefs sent to Counsel learned in the law. Immediately the accomplished Earl of CARDIGAN ran off to Ireland with a “*Letitia Hardy* ;” and was soon after followed by Mr. BECHER, who, in the charming Miss O’NEILL, possessed as many heroines as there are days in the year. Next Mr. HUGHES BALL deprived the Opera House of one of its nimblest figurantes ; and, to crown the joke, Lord WILLIAM LENNOX was challenged into an alliance with Miss PATON. How Mr. HAYNE is to be treated (with respect to his affair with Miss FOOTE,) is left with Chief Justice ABBOTT and Colonel BERKELEY. All these apparently ill-assorted marriages are clearly attributable to the cameleon characters of the females, and to the

epicurian feelings of the males. An actress unites in her single person a perfect seraglio of beauty. In whatever mood you may chance to be, she is always at hand to gratify it.

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6.—Mr. SHERIDAN died July 7th, 1816, aged 55 years; but the man who engraved the plate for his coffin, knowing that 50 was 50, concluded that 505 would express 55, which was really engraved.

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7.—The following is a copy of the bill which announced GARRICK's first appearance in London :

“ Goodman's Fields, Oct. 19th, 1741.

“ At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day, will be performed a concert of vocal and instrumental music, divided into two parts; tickets at 3, 2, and 1 shilling. Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the theatre.—N. B. Between the two parts of the concert will be presented an historical play, called “ *The Life and Death of King Richard III.* ;” containing the distresses of *King Henry IV.*; the artful acquisition of the crown by *King Richard*; the murder of young *King Edward V.* and his brother in the Tower; the landing of the *Earl of Richmond*, and the death of *King Richard* in the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster; with other true historical passages. The part of *King Richard* by a Gentleman\* (who never appeared on any stage†); *King Henry*,

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\* Mr. GARRICK.

† It would appear, the Managers of the Goodman's Fields Theatre announced GARRICK's appearance at their house as his first on any stage, when he had left the Ipswich company but a few days previous to his coming to London. The practice it seems had been handed down from the managers of old to the present race, as in the case of Miss BEAUMONT at Covent

Mr. GIFFARD ; *Richmond*, Mr. MARSHALL ; *Prince Edward*, Miss HIPPLESLEY ; *Duke of York*, Miss NAYLOR, &c. &c. With an entertainment of dancing, &c. To which will be added, a ballad opera, in one act, called "*The Virgin Unmasked*" Both of which will be performed by persons, *gratis*,\* for diversion. The concert to begin at six o'clock exactly."

Walworth,  
9th Dec. 1824.

W. S. P.

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## FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO.

MR. DRAMA,

In a preceding number an inquiry was made after "FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO." He was a Portuguese, and travelled into Asia, upon which place he wrote a book. DIBDIN says, "yet time has caused the truth to be filtered through the supposed falsehood of his text; and, bating some exceptions, (rather in the shape of exaggeration than studied fiction) PINTO may be acknowledged among the most valuable as well as early of the explorers of the Southern Coasts of Asia. The *précis* of his exploits, by Mr. MURRAY, is really a piece of witchery to peruse.

"The earliest edition of the "*Peregrinação*" of MENDEZ PINTO, in the original Portuguese language, is that of Madrid, 1614, folio: and if a very fine copy

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Garden Theatre, who was stated to make her first appearance on any stage in the character of *Red Riding Hood*; when it was well known she had been performing at most of the London Minor Theatres.

\* The company in Goodman's Fields, presented *plays* to their audience *gratis*, charging them only for the concerts, so as to evade being sent to prison as rogues and vagabonds for acting without a licence.

of the Valencia reprint in 1645, folio, produced the sum of £3 13s. at the sale of the STANLEY library, we may suppose the parent text to be worth £5 5s." By this the reader will perceive PINTO with all his lies is worth some money.

*Yours, &c.*

Nov. 19, 1824.

PETER TOMKINS.

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## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

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### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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Nov. 26.—Der Freischütz—Family Fete—Peeping Tom.

27.—*As you like it*—Revolt of the Greeks.

*As you like it* was performed this evening for the first time these many years at this theatre. On this occasion Mr. WALLACK sustained the part of *Orlando*, but we cannot say with much success, indeed he was any thing but SHAKSPEARE's *Orlando*: it was a tame, lifeless performance. Mr. W. is a very respectable actor, but if he do not use every exertion he must never expect to be eminent in his profession. Mr. MACREADY's *Jaques* is well known: it is a surprising performance, considering the character as being out of his peculiar line. The delivery of the "seven ages" was listened to with breathless silence—a silence enough to appal any less accomplished performer—and was received at the close with loud and long continued applause: it was certainly the best hit of the evening. Most actors have spoiled this beautiful speech by overacting it; every one whom we have been accustomed to see in the part, JOHN KEMBLE excepted, have done so: Mr. MACREADY, by playing under, made it much more impressive.

Mr. M. looked the gloomy misanthrophe excellently well, and gave the other few speeches with his usual good taste and judgment. It was altogether as fine a delineation of the character as we have witnessed. TERRY made the little part of *Adam* deeply interesting. HARLEY in *Touchstone*, and Mr. KNIGHT in *William* were amusing. Of Mrs. YATES' *Rosalind* we have to speak in the most favourable terms. A little more energy might be thrown into the early scenes, but when she has assumed the attire of a man and wishes *Orlando* to woo her as his *Rosalind*, and the fainting fit when she hears of his accident were admirably acted: we never on any former occasion remember seeing her to more advantage. Miss POVEY sang a pretty song, composed by HORN, very prettily, and Mrs. ORGER played *Audry* to the life. The rest of the characters were respectably filled. There has been some additional music introduced, but we think not very happily. The hunting glees were, however, very fine; the first,

“What shall he have that kill'd the deer,”

was loudly encored. Most of the other songs, including a duet, either should be omitted or entrusted to abler hands than those of the BEDFORDS.

We are at all times sorry to make any remarks hurtful to the feelings of a performer, but when that performer brings himself under the censure of the critic, we should consider it a dereliction of our duty to pass over his faults in silence: on the present occasion we are more than usually unwilling to mention what has long since appeared to us a fault, because it belongs to an actor who has in his younger days pleased us in no small degree, but now that he is growing old we think it would be but charity to his own feelings and likewise to those of the audience, were he to retire from the stage. We would much rather a performer were the first to discover his own falling off. Mr. POPE, to whom we allude, was at one time a favourite,—it is scarcely necessary to say what he now is, any more than to observe, that in most parts of the comedy, where he was concerned, he was either inaudible or unintelligible.



29.—Der Freischütz—**HAFED THE GHEBER** [1st time.]

The subject of this afterpiece is taken from MOORE's exquisite poem of the "*Fire Worshippers*;" but the dramatist has materially changed the plot of the poet's tale, and has preserved but little of its original beauty and interest; while, for the powerful language of the bard, he has substituted a dialogue of his own, tame and insignificant. Invention, whether in tragedy or in melo-drame is the noblest and should be the chief effort of an author who writes for the stage; but when he adopts the story of another, it will be at least expected that he give it a new or more interesting feature. This has not been done by the author of the drama under notice: and those who have perused the beautiful and pathetic tale of the poet cannot but regret that it should be so completely "shorn of its beams." The following is nearly the plot of the piece:—

*Hafed the Gheber*, (WALLACK) loves the daughter of his determined foe, *Al Hassan*, the Arabian Prince (ARCHER). *Hinda*, (Mrs. WEST), is taken by one of the officers of *Hafed*, and is sent back, unharmed, to the father. The persecuted followers of the *Gheber* are betrayed in their hiding-place by the traitor *Feramorz* (TERRY), whom the dramatist makes the preserver of *Hinda*, and the rival of *Hafed*. The *Gheber* then, under the name and disguise of the Prince of Circassia, gains admission into the palace of *Al Hassan*, where he is discovered and imprisoned. He subsequently makes his escape, joins his followers and prepares to give battle to his foes. In the conflict that follows the traitor is slain; but as the curtain fell (accidentally) before the termination of the piece, we were unable to ascertain the fate of the other persons of the drama. We presume, however, from appearances, that the dramatist is a greater lover of poetic justice than the poet, and that the conclusion is greatly to the comfort of all parties.

30.—As you like it—Ibid

Dec. 1.—*Siege of Belgrade*—Ibid

It gives us much satisfaction to record the very successful *débüt* of Mr. SAPIO, at Drury-lane, this evening. The musical talents of this gentleman have been for

some time past held in very high estimation ; his fame preceded him to the profession he has joined, and it devolved upon him less to acquire a new reputation than to sustain his previous one' Hitherto his exertions have been principally confined to musical meetings, oratorios, and concerts. The applauses that crowned his efforts on these occasions induced his friends and admirers to form very high hopes of similar success in the operatic department of the drama. As far as this evening's performance might be taken as a criterion whereby to judge, these favourable anticipations have been justified. The character which Mr. S. selected for his first appearance was the very trying one of the *Seraskier*. The celebrity of Mr. BRAHAM in this his favourite part, rendered it a very venturesome one for a new aspirant to undertake on such an occasion. It abounds in music of an animated and glowing spirit, which imposes great difficulty of execution on its representative. Mr. S. possesses a very prepossessing appearance. His figure is well-formed, and his general deportment manly and engaging. There is a gentleman-like propriety in what he says and does upon the stage, which bespeaks the cultivation of good society ; and this, Mr. S. may be assured is not the least valuable of the many qualifications he has brought to his profession. His voice is powerful to a very high degree, yielding indeed in power only to that of BRAHAM : it is of exquisite sweetness, and the modulation of its tones denote that it has been sedulously cultivated. The falsetto of his voice is also sweet and powerful ; but he seldom indulges in it, and the compass of his natural tones renders him independent of it. But the point which pleases us most in Mr. S. is the chasteness of his style—his unwillingness to sacrifice musical propriety to meretricious ornament and ostentatious display. Mr. S. was encored in almost all the songs of the *Seraskier*. That in which he pleased us most was his duet with Miss STEPHENS, "*When thy bosom heaves a sigh.*" There could not be a more beautiful blending of middle and fluttering notes—of sweet, powerful, and pathetic sounds, "*rising like a steam of rich perfumes upon the air ;*"

the tints of the rainbow do not harmonize more delightfully than their voices united in producing an effect which we can only describe as the very perfection of the art. "*Confusion thus defeated*," displayed, in a very high degree, his musical science, which must manifestly have been the result of long preparation and laborious acquirement. We could wish that he had infused somewhat more of sprightliness into the delightful serenading song, "*Lilla come down to me*." As an actor, his pretensions are not inconsiderable; his speaking voice is clear and audible, and his delivery correct and impressive: there is, however, too much exuberance at present in his action, and it is not always easy and flowing: an acquaintance with the business of the stage will soon correct this. Altogether, we do not remember to have witnessed for a long time so deservedly successful a *débüt*.

Miss STEPHENS made her first appearance for the season this evening. She was welcomed by the cordial greetings of a very numerous audience. We really have exhausted every epithet of eulogy in attempting to speak of her as she deserves. Had we them all now at the tip of our pen we would re-write them all, for we never heard her sing with more delightful and fascinating effect, and there was a fresh buoyancy, archness, and vivacity in her acting, "that was not there before." HARLEY was most agreeably comical; and, together with what the author says, and what he says for him, he made the part a most amusing one.

2.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

3.—Siege of Belgrade—Ibid.

4.—As you like it—Ibid.

6.—King John—Ibid.

7.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

8.—Siege of Belgrade—Ibid.

9.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

10.—School for Scandal—MY UNCLE GABRIEL [1st time].

Mr. DOWNE, from York, made his first appearance on the London stage, in the part of *Sir Peter Teazle*. Of this actors merits or defects we do not at the present

moment wish to speak; and shall merely observe, that if the impression he made this night be not removed the next time he appears, he can never hope to sustain a respectable station on the London boards. Towards the close of the performance the expressions of disapprobation became so loud and frequent that Mr. DOWNE felt himself obliged to address a few words to the audience. He apologised for any errors he might have made in the reading of the play; stated that he was suffering under the effects of a severe cold, and was therefore unable to put forth all his talent. He entreated his auditors therefore to suspend their judgment until another opportunity was offered him of appearing before them. Under these circumstances we defer our observations. The comedy was followed by a new operatic farce. It possesses much humour and spirit, and will certainly be the favourite of a season, notwithstanding that, like most of its brethren, it possesses nothing that is original, and little that is meritorious. The plot contains the story of two lovers and an old guardian, who declares that his ward shall not marry any person whose fortune is not equal to her's, unless he obtain the said guardian's written consent. The lover, *Lieut. Sutton*, (Mr. HORN) therefore, is in despair, until encouraged by his friend *Jack Ready* (Mr. HARLEY), who contrives to introduce himself to the guardian under three different disguises, and to persuade him that *Sutton* has an East Indian uncle with immense wealth, who is just arrived in England, for the purpose of preventing the marriage of his nephew. The guardian is thus induced to sign the agreement for the marriage of his ward, *Eliza* (Miss POVEY), with the Lieutenant. The hoax is then discovered, and the guardian, making a merit of necessity, is satisfied with the result. The characters were all well sustained, and the piece was given out for repetition without a dissenting voice.

11.—Cabinet—Ibid.

13.—King John—Family Fete—Ibid.

14.—Der Freischütz—My Uncle Gabriel.

15.—Cabinet—Ibid.

16.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

17.—Winter's Tale—Ibid.

- 18.—Cabinet—My Uncle Gabriel.  
 20.—Macbeth—Family Fete—Miller's Maid.  
 21.—Der Freischütz—My Uncle Gabriel.  
 22.—Guy Mannering—Ibid.  
 23.—Der Frieschütz—Ibid.  
 24. }  
 25. } No Performance.

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COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

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Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

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Nov. 26.—A Woman never Vext—Frozen Lake.

27.—Ibid—Ibid.

29.—Isabella—Ibid.

30.—A Woman never Vext—Ibid.

Dec. 1.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

2.—A Woman never Vext—Ibid.

3.—*RAVENNA*, or *Italian Love* [1st time]—Ibid.

A new tragedy from the pen of Mr. CLARKE, a gentleman educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and well known for his literary attainments, was this evening performed. It may be justly called a free translation from one of the German plays of SCHILLER, which had been previously translated by Mr. MONK LEWIS, and published under the title of "*Cabal and Love, or the Minister*." "*Ravenna*" in plot, and even in almost every minute incident, is a *fac simile* of the original; in dialogue and sentiment it is often different, but that difference only constitutes a family likeness,

Qualem decet esse sorores.

One character, the *Nurse*, is the only one added to the German *dramatis Personæ*, but as she only appeared in the first scene, little need be said, and, as it was performed by Mrs. DAVENPORT, that little must be favourable. Although the moral is vicious and the catastrophe unnatural, the play arrived to a favourable termination.

for the language and the ideas are in many passages extremely fine, and in general poetical; these advantages, added to the excellent performance of the two principal characters by YOUNG and Miss F. H. KELLY, conducted the drama to a favourable conclusion. An old courtier, an artful sycophant, a dandy Count, a distressed gentleman, a royal concubine, a half-cracked lover, and a virtuous girl distractedly in love, have been the common stock of dramatists from the days of THESPIs, and form the *materiel* of "*Ravenna*." From a combination of such hacknied ingredients we can scarcely hope for novelty of character or incident.

The plot turns on the loves and misfortunes of two of the most luckless of lovers. *Giana*, the heroine, (Miss F. H. KELLY) is the beautiful, the beloved, and dutiful daughter of *Sorana* (BARTLEY)—Although her father is driven by adversity into poverty, she, as is usual in romantic tragedies, is honoured by the addresses of a wealthy and titled lover, in the person of *Count Cesario* (YOUNG), the son of the Prime Minister to the Duke of Milan.—According to custom, the rich old father opposes the romantic inclination of his son towards *Giana*, and preferring for him the thorny path of ambition to the flowery parterre of mutual love, he occasions the misfortunes, and finally the death, of the unhappy pair. In order to prevent his son's marriage with *Giana*, and to further his own selfish views of family aggrandisement, the Minister affiances his son to the kept-mistress of his Prince, the Princess *Camilla* (Miss LACY), who gladly consents to the union. The news of this intended marriage is conveyed through the whole court circle by *Count Gaudentia* (YATES), the dandified exquisite of the play. The marriage, however, is prevented by the son's utter aversion to the Prince's mistress, and by his previous engagement with *Giana*. This unexpected occurrence deranges the minister's plans, and sets him upon new projects. In this dilemma, his faithful minion and satellite, *Bartuccio* (COOPER), happily thinks of an expedient, as old as his profession and as black as his heart, and having obtained the minister's willing assent, he forthwith puts it into execution; not without an eye

however, to his own personal advantages, as he nourishes in secret a hope of ultimately becoming *Giana's* husband. He works upon *Cesario's* jealousy by the following abominable stratagem. He procures the arrest of *Giana's* father, and throws him into prison; and, in an interview with the daughter, he tells her, that nothing can obtain his release but her consent to write a letter according to his dictation. After a painful struggle between her duty to her parents and her affections for her lover, she consents; and the fatal letter is concluded. It is addressed to *Count Gaudentia*, that worthy having been previously enlisted in the scheme; in this letter she appoints an interview with him for the next day, and declares that all her affection for *Cesario* was feigned, and that he alone possessed her affection. This letter is purposely dropped by the *Count* in the way of *Cesario*, whose jealousy is, of course, worked up to a fit of insanity. He seeks an explanation from *Giana*, but as she was previously bound by *Bartuccio*, in a solemn oath, not to reveal the secret of the letter, which was the price of her parent's liberty, no entreaties can tear from her bosom the fatal secret, or obtain a satisfactory explanation. At last, torn with jealousy and believing that his mistress is inconstant, he resolves on the fatal act, for which he had previously prepared himself. Under the pretence that a glass of water would cool his agitated spirits, he requests it to be brought to him, and *Giana*, with anxious solicitude, procures it. On her return he entreats *Sorana* to go to his father on a message, and while *Giana* is gone to light her father from the house, he mixes poison in the glass of water. On her return he drinks, and also causes her to drink of the fatal beverage, without telling her of its baneful effect. As soon as he informs *Giana* that she has swallowed poison, and is on the point of death, she determines to break the mysterious silence to which her oath had bound her. She then reveals to him the nature of her oath, and the circumstances that attended the fatal letter, which was written at the instigation of his father, and to save her own. By this time the poison is performing its mortal duty on

the stronger frame of *Cesario*, and after he has slain the villain *Bartuccio*, who seems to arrive expressly for the purpose ; the Minister and *Sorana* enter to hear the last words, and to see the mournful catastrophe of their unfortunate children.

Thus we see, in the characters of *Ravenna* and *Sorana*, though vice and virtue are alike miserable in the death of their children, they are not equally sustained with consolation. The vicious *Ravenna*, guilty of all the meanness of " low ambition," who had murdered his predecessor and caused the death of his own son, is left in full possession of all his riches and power, and is deprived only of that son whom he little valued : while the virtuous *Sorana* is left in his poverty to bemoan the loss of what was dearer to him than life.

The characters were in general ably performed, and this must have been the universal opinion of a very numerous audience, for not a symptom of disapprobation was manifested throughout the whole performance. A prologue was very well delivered by Mr. COOPER, and favourably received. The epilogue, which possessed a considerable fund of amusement, was recited by Mr. YATES, amidst much applause ; and the passage that reflected on the want of unanimity among the theatrical critics, created excessive mirth, and perhaps very deservedly. YOUNG acted *Cesario* with much ability, but we do not think the character particularly suited to his genius ; we think it more appropriate to C. KEMBLE. YOUNG, however, exerted himself much, and with considerable effect. COOPER, BARTLEY, and YATES, sustained their parts with their usual talent, and made as much of their characters as they were susceptible of. Miss F. H. KELLY, in the character of *Giana*, particularly distinguished herself for a chasteness, purity, and elegance of action and expression, peculiarly her own. Her performance was very remarkably free from the slightest tincture of Macreadyism, with which she has been maliciously maligned. It is a subject of much regret among the impartial admirers of the legitimate drama that this young lady should not be allowed to

perform oftener, and in the highest walk of tragedy for which she is eminently qualified; why is she to be a theatrical flower

“ ————that’s born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air?”

Miss LACEY performed with considerable credit to herself; but unless she can correct the peculiar noise which she makes in drawing her breath, which it is much easier to hear than describe, and unless she becomes more solicitous to acquire the approbation of the pit than of the galleries, she can never hope to rise any higher in her profession. At the final dropping of the curtain some partial disapprobation was manifested, but the applause was greatly predominant. The piece has, however, had but a short existence; for having been afterwards performed to empty benches, the manager has laid it aside altogether.

4.—Ibid—Ibid.

6.—Ibid—Forest of Bondy.

7.—Woman never Vext—Frozen Lake.

8.—Venice Preserved—Blind Boy.

9.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

10.—As you like it—Tale of Mystery.

11.—Woman never Vext—Frozen Lake.

13.—King John—Forty Thieves.

14.—Woman never Vext—Barber of Seville.

15.—Cabinet—Duel.

Mr. SINCLAIR appeared in the Opera for the first time this season. He seems to have paid a great deal of attention to the acting part of this character, and is consequently considerably improved in it since we saw him last. He was also in very good voice, giving his songs with much effect. He introduced “*Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,*” from the Irish Melodies, which he sang particularly well, but we wish he would not substitute words of his own for the exquisite language of the poet, which he did in this melody in two or three instances. He was loudly applauded on his entrance, and he appears to be an established favourite. Miss PATON was exceedingly lively and happy

as *Floretta*. Her execution of the celebrated *Polacca* was exquisite, and called down an unanimous *encore*.

DURUSET assumed the character of *Whimsiculo*, of which our old favourite, FAWCETT, was the original, and which he has always, till last night, continued to appropriate at Covent-garden. If he has entirely relinquished it, we are glad he has found so good a substitute in DURUSET, as he infused into the character all the mirth, vivacity, and impudence of which it is capable. RAYNER was very good in *Peter*; it is a part in which there is very little to do, but his merit consisted in doing that little well. On the whole, the opera went off very well; but notwithstanding that it is one of the best-cast pieces performed at Covent Garden, still we do not think that the Managers will find it advisable to repeat it, as, judging from the appearance of the house, it will not add much to their treasury. In fact, the opera has nothing of an interesting character about it, and the sooner it is laid aside the better. We regretted this evening to see so much good acting bestowed on so insignificant a piece.

16.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

17.—As you like it—Animal Magnetism.

18.—A Woman never Vext.

20.—Fair Penitent—Miller and his Men.

21.—A Woman never Vext—Barber of Seville.

22.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

23.—Native Land—Charles Second.

24. } No Performance.

25. }

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Oct. 23.—Hamlet—Mayor of Garratt—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

Mr. HAMBLIN, who performed a few years ago in London with considerable *eclat*, made his appearance as *Hamlet*. The distinguished approbation with which he had acquitted himself on his former performance of the

part at Drury Lane determined him no longer to continue in the back-ground; at the same time the front station being wholly pre-occupied by the celebrated Mr. KEAN, he was necessarily shut out from the meditated walks of his ambition, and he therefore resolved no longer "to serve in heaven," but rather to retire to the minor theatrical dominions, in which he might reign, if not without jealousy, at least without any very successful rivalship. We now find him on a sudden heading the Haymarket troops at the close of their summer campaign, and reaping whatever laurels can be gathered before their return to winter quarters. The incessant and stunning plaudits with which he was received, served to shew that he has already paved his way to popularity. His performance justified these plaudits, and Mr. HAMB-LIN may well receive them as an earnest of his future fame; we say of his *future* fame, because we trust that he has too much good sense to receive them as a proof that the garland is already before him, and that he has nothing farther to do than to bind it round his brow. Our space will not permit us to enter at great length into a critical examination of his performance:

In the earlier scenes, the want of flexibility, which is the great defect of his voice, took from the dialogue much of its interest and much of its effect. His lungs are strong, but his *middle-tones* are not clear; he pitches them too low at first, and without taking the scope of modulation which his having so done would command, he continues on the same grave note to the end. He must forswear this habit. During the two first scenes he is much too boisterous, and fails, consequently, in displaying that refinement of mind which enters into the character of *Hamlet* as portrayed by the immortal poet. He is meant to be represented as swayed by the warmth of his temperament, but rarely carried away by it, and never without a deep sting of self-reproach. His better feelings are always uppermost when not subdued by those of revenge towards the *King of Denmark*, whom he suspects of having intercepted his birth-right by the treacherous murder of his father. An incessant vehemence of action and utterance is not consistent with his

character. So far, therefore, as this displays itself to excess, the character of *Hamlet* is misconceived. A man of strong and ardent mind, rocked in the cradle of affluence, and who has never been accustomed to subject his passions to the control of his reason, and in whom the good and bad of his disposition unfold themselves according as events occur to call either into action, such a man will at times differ as much from himself as he will from any other individual. SHAKSPEARE, who knew human nature thoroughly, has exemplified this in the character of *Hamlet*. Several passages which were intended as sentimental musings, Mr. HAMBLIN gives vehemently, and with his blood at the boiling point. *Hamlet's* indignation, though strongly roused at intervals, is quickly subdued in the struggle with his moral feelings. Mr. H. gives his vehemence no time to cool. His soliloquy at the conclusion of the second act is faulty in this respect; it approaches too near to ranting, which is never natural, and always displeases. There is too much of this in his scene with *Ophelia* in the third act; it is that painful conflict with his feelings which the *Hamlet* of SHAKSPEARE exhibits under all his counterfeited madness, but the ravings of a man bursting with passion, and half-stifled with rage,—the *Hamlet* not of the poet but of the stage. The scene in the *Queen's* closet is admirable throughout. In this scene Mr. HAMBLIN need fear no competitor. In the height of his indignant interview with the *Queen* he never once forgets that she is his mother. When he makes a pass through the arras, and is asked by the *Queen*

“What hast thou done?”

His answer

“Nay, I know not—
Is it the King?”

deservedly drew down a thunder of applause. The bitter scornfulness with which he contrasts the two pictures of his uncle, (her present husband,) and his father, the first partner of her bed, and the anguish of heart which he excites in the *Queen*, and with which he is himself overcome, evinced powers of acting sufficient to

rank him with the very first class of his profession. The whole scene was true to nature, the workings of his mind were not once overstrained; it was a representation that in many parts of it could not be surpassed. The house which was crowded testified their admiration by bursts of applause that were continued long after the fall of the curtain.

25.—Hypocrite—Hide and Seek—Simpson and Co.

26.—Hamlet—Ibid—Devil to Pay.

27.—Rob Roy—Prize.

28.—Hypocrite—Hide and Seek—Turn Out.

29.—Sweethearts and Wives—Turn Out—Peter Fin.

30.—School for Scandal—'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror—Prize.

Nov. 1.—Hypocrite—Marriage of Figaro.

2.—*Rivals*—*Beggar's Opera*.

The novelties in the comedy this evening were Mr. and Mrs. HAMBLIN's *Faulkland* and *Julia*. They both acquitted themselves well, although, if we were disposed to cavil, we should say that *Faulkland* was almost too sententious for the jealous and fault-seeking lover. Mrs. WINDSOR's *Malaprop* was very fair, and she delivered her cacography with becoming point. We ought not to forget Mr. VINING; we consider his *Captain Absolute* as inferior only to CHARLES KEMBLE's; he was most happy in his feigned submission to *Sir Anthony*, when the choice of a wife was on the tapis. In the "*Beggar's Opera*" we were introduced to Mr. MELROSE, as *Captain Macheath*; and we must say, that we have no desire to see him repeat the character; he looks it very well, but he wants both spirit and vivacity to give it effect. A young lady from Bath, Miss GEORGE, appeared as *Polly*, and gave the exquisite airs allotted to her in very good style. Her voice is peculiarly sweet, and her execution of "*Cease your funning*" was admirable. Her acting is capable of much improvement, as also her enunciation in dialogue, as she speaks much too rapidly. DOWTON was *Lockit*, and WILLIAMS *Peachum*; the quarrel scene was very well done, and it has derived considerable interest from its recent elucidation. Mrs. C. JONES is one of the best

scolds we ever saw; we may say that she is inimitable. The house was tolerably well filled. We were surprised that it was not crowded, considering the treat that was offered.

3.—Turn Out—Sweethearts and Wives—Beggar's Opera.

4.—Hypocrite—Marriage of Figaro.

5.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Family Jars—No Song no Supper.

6.—Town and Country—Sweethearts and Wives.

8.—Hypocrite—Marriage of Figaro.

9.—She Stoops to Conquer—'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror—Mayor of Garrat.

10.—Beggar's Opera—Rivals—Simpson and Co.

11.—Hypocrite—Sylvester Daggerwood—Agreeable Surprise.

12.—Ibid—Marriage of Figaro.

13.—Teazing made Easy—Love in a Village—Fortune's Frolic.

15.—Rosina—Every one has his Fault—Turn Out.

The theatre closed this evening after a season unusually protracted into the winter months. The following address was delivered by Mr. TERRY:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour of appearing before you, to announce that the performances of this evening terminate the present season of the Haymarket Theatre; and to convey to you, from the Proprietors, their grateful acknowledgments of the approbation and indulgence with which you have received, and the extraordinary share of patronage with which you have rewarded, their unceasing efforts to contribute to your amusement.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been noticed that several of your established favourites were presented to you at not quite so early a period of the present season as you had been led to expect. The Proprietors beg to declare, that the delay was caused by the sudden overthrow of an arrangement with the Winter Theatres (upon the faith of which the Proprietors of this Theatre had entered into many weighty engagements) at a time when it was impossible for them to supply the temporary

deficiencies thus occasioned: and to prove that it was owing to no want of industry on their parts—to no considerations of expense, they most respectfully beg leave to plead their continued efforts, in the enlistment of new forces, to maintain, to the last, the strength of their Company.

“It is the intention of the Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, to recommence the performances at this Theatre as soon as it may please his Majesty’s Lord Chamberlain to grant them his licence. Their stage being of somewhat small dimensions, and their theatre totally unprovided with stables, they cannot venture to promise you either a procession, a troop of horse, or a herd of elephants; and hitherto they have been unsuccessful in their efforts to discover a cabinet of monkeys, or a set of dancing dogs, altogether deserving the honour of appearing before an enlightened British audience. Yet while they express their fears that they must, therefore, continue to restrict themselves to the representation of the legitimate drama merely, they are not without a hope that their strenuous endeavours to provide for your amusement, by the production of fair dramatic novelty, and the engagement of the best *biped* performers,—mere men and women—they can procure, will ensure them the honourable reward of your patronage and support through a protracted season.

“For myself and the rest of the performers, I return you our grateful thanks, for your kind indulgence towards us.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, for the present season, we all of us, most respectfully, take our leave.”

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

That pleasing burletta, “*Rochester*,” has been revived with much success.—Vining plays the hero, and, although it is not so perfect a piece of acting as that of the original representative, (ELLISTON) yet his personation was marked with considerable ability, and many of the most difficult points were given in a masterly manner.

NORMAN'S *Charles* was very tame, we could not for a moment conceive him the "merry monarch." The *Duke of Buckingham* was sustained by HASTINGS, very respectably. E. VINING, from Brighton, made his first appearance, as *Dunstable*, and sung in a pleasing manner: his acting is not much above mediocrity. Of Mr. BUCKINGHAM'S *Muddle*, we have to speak in terms of the highest praise—it was a rich piece of comic acting, and we congratulate him upon the approbation which he met with. LAWRENCE imparted considerable humour to the miser, *Starvemouse*. Miss P. GLOVER was the *Countess of Lovelagh*, and throughout the whole of this difficult character, played with uncommon spirit and effect. Miss STUART is a clever actress; she played *Bell*, the barmaid, excellently. Mrs. ROWBOTHAM, a very pretty woman, possesses most engaging as well as most useful talent; her acting is lady-like and unaffected, and she sings with considerable melody and sweetness.

Nov. 8th. "*Perouse*."—The scenery of this piece is beautiful, and does great credit to the artists employed. *Kanko* was powerfully performed by VINING.—In "*The Midnight Hour*" Mr. BUCKINGHAM, as *Nicholas*, occasioned incessant laughter. Miss MANSELL, late of the Surrey, was an interesting *Julia*, and Miss STUART played *Hora*, very cleverly.

Nov. 15th. We witnessed the representation of Sir R. HOWARD'S farce of "*The Committee*," which may be considered an injudicious revival on account of the excellence with which it was played under the management of Mr. POWER. The principal motive, however, for its performance, was to introduce Mr. BRYANT in the character of *Teague*, and it is but justice to that gentleman to state that he sustained it with very humorous effect; his songs in particular were much and deservedly applauded. LAWRENCE rendered *Obadiah* extremely diverting. BUCKINGHAM was an excellent *Abel Day*; he portrayed all the peculiarities of the character in a skilful style—his love scene was irresistible, and his song of "*The Blue-tailed Fly*," was unanimously encored. Miss MANSELL and Miss STUART, as *Arabella* and *Ruth*, acted with spirit. The rest of the characters were very poorly done.





Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MISS FOOTE,
AS MARIA,
IN THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1825.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE.		PAGE
Memoirs of Miss Foote	169	dress to the Directors of the Patent Theatres.....	201
Measure for Measure.....	199	Cox v. Kean	203
Anecdotes of Ancient Actors..	<i>ib.</i>		
Lines to Miss Foote	195		
Dramatic Excerpta..	196		
A Play-goer’s Ad-			

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.	
Drury Lane Theatre	214
Covent Garden....	219
Town Talk.....	

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF
MISS FOOTE.

London:

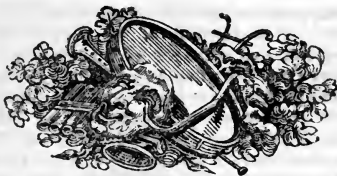
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COBOURG THEATRE.

The long promised production, entitled "*The Reign of Terror ; or, The Horrors of the French Revolution,*" was, Dec. 27, the holiday treat at the Cobourg Theatre. Long before the commencement of the piece, the house was thronged to excess, and it was scarcely possible to gain admittance either to the boxes, pit, or gallery ; but the visitors were as noisy as they were numerous, and scarcely a sentence was heard from the beginning to the end of the performance. The most remarkable scenes were, the exterior and interior of the Bastille, the Barrier-gate, and the Guillotine. The most original objects were, the gory head of a Royalist, some twenty dozen caps of liberty, a considerable quantity of crackers, and an antiquated hackney-coach, drawn by "two real horses." The most prominent characters, of course, were Louis of France, Robespierre, Marat, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Jacobines, Sans Culottes, Brissotinists, Girondists, and the rabble of the National Guard. If the piece contained a plot, which we believe it does not, we were totally unable to understand it, chiefly because the battles in the pit and gallery were quite as numerous as those upon the stage, and the noise from all parts of the house perfectly sufficient to split the ears of the critic. We saw enough to inform our readers, that the piece describes the escape, the seizure, and the execution of *Louis XVI.*, and *Louis* the King is personated by Lewis the actor ; that Mr. HENLEY enacts his chief counsellor, *Malsherbes* ; and particularly that *Maximilian Robespierre* is represented by Mr. H. KEMBLE, who, after much noise and butchery, is shot by the populace, when as a comment on the title of the production,—"*anecdotic melo-drama,*"—he puts his hand to his jaw, and surrenders, to share the fate of his innumerable victims. Several characters, that are neither historic nor anecdotic are introduced into the piece. Mr. DAVIDGE is very merry as an English cobbler ; and Mr. LE CLERCQ as a French barber. Mr. BENGOUGH performs the part of an old royalist soldier ; and Mr. COBHAM is his son. Mr. ROWBOTHAM is an aristocrat, entitled the "*Marquis de Grandecœur* ; and Miss Watson, his daughter *Emmeline*."



THE DRAMA ;
OR,
Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

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VOL. VII.

MISS FOOTE.

What is so fair, so exquisitely good!
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poet's fancy, when they love!

FAIR PENITENT, III. 1.

Were her eyes in heaven,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

ROMEO & JULIET, II. 2.

THIS young lady, (whom circumstances, unfortunately too notorious, have rendered an object of considerable public interest and sympathy,) was born in June, 1798, at Plymouth. Her father, it has been stated, is a descendant of the great SAMUEL FOOTE, the dramatist and performer, and for several years held a commission

in the army, and is still an officer on the half-pay establishment: at the period of Miss FOOTE's birth he was proprietor and manager of the Plymouth Theatre. Her mother's maiden name was HART, the daughter of Mr. CHARLES HART, of London. Mrs. FOOTE's marriage excited the disapprobation of her friends, and the infant MARIA was ushered into the world without a friend on the maternal and but few on the paternal side, who took any interest in her welfare. The quickness of her apprehension during her younger years was, however, witnessed with pleasure by all who knew her, and her education was not neglected: she was in fact when a child the theme of universal admiration, and it was, possibly, from a feeling of parental vanity, in itself excusable, that her father suffered his child to appear somewhat too early before the public gaze, in a school not the most renowned for the morality of its pupils. In July, 1810, she was induced to make her first attempt on the boards, at Plymouth, as *Juliet*, then only twelve years of age, and notwithstanding the timidity natural to an age so tender, she surmounted the difficulties of the undertaking in a way that left no doubt of her becoming a cherished favorite of the muse. Being warmly applauded by the audience, her father was encouraged to adopt such measures as were necessary towards her improvement and success in the line of life which had been marked out for her. In the ensuing year, during a very inclement winter, when some amateurs of the drama resolved to act a series of plays for a charitable purpose, she and her mother consented to perform gratuitously, and the receipts amounting to some hundreds of pounds were distributed among the poor. In assisting the gentlemen on this occasion herself and mother performed several laborious characters, with uncommon approbation. In 1811 she sustained a regular line at her father's theatre, and her *Susan Ashfield*, *Zorayda*, and *Emily Worthington* have been spoken of as masterpieces of the histrionic art. In the course of that year the Corporation of Plymouth set up and patronized a rival theatre, and Mr. FOOTE abandoned a concern where he could anticipate nothing

but ruin, and shortly afterwards set up an hotel at Exeter, where misfortune followed him, and he failed. Mrs. and Miss FOOTE at the closing of the theatre took leave of their friends on their consequent separation from a place where they had never ceased to gain "golden opinions from all sorts of people," in an address that went powerfully home to the hearts and feelings of the audience. Her rising fame having reached the metropolis, she determined to try her talents before "those whose praise is fame," and accordingly, in May, 1814, she made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, and personated *Amanthis*, in "*The Child of Nature*," with such grace and effect that the manager complimented her with an immediate engagement. Young, beautiful, intelligent, refined, yet unsophisticated, she was almost the creature she represented, and failure was impossible. A liberal salary was assigned her, and though the characters which were given her were not of the first rate importance, the managers always considered the announcement of her name as certain of obtaining for them a crowded house. We are, indeed, by no means positive whether the prosperity of that theatre has not been, in a great measure, owing to the taste which its managers have displayed in regard to female beauty. Their stage has always been well-stocked with pretty, smart, *stylish*, girls; who, though not worthy of ranking amongst the first order of actresses, form nevertheless very attractive objects to the young men of the town who constitute so large a portion of an audience, and who by their good or ill report amongst their sisters and cousins essentially aid or injure the interests of a theatre. Miss FOOTE became at this period one of the main props of the system which the Covent Garden managers have always pursued with success. That she has no pretensions to a rank higher than that of second-rate actress must, perhaps, be allowed; but no one will deny that she was at that period the prettiest girl on the stage: she always dressed *tastily* and fashionably; looked delightfully; and was an universal favorite among the lobby-loungers and amateurs of beauty: since she has become a mother, of

course these attractions have a little faded. After her first appearance she supported with much talent an extensive range of characters, chiefly in the genteel and sentimental line, among which the two original parts of *Lucille*, in the "*Forest of Bondy*," and *Ulrica*, in the farce of the "*King and the Duke*," stand pre-eminently conspicuous. She likewise gained great applause for her able personation of *Miranda*, in "*The Tempest*." Her first effort in tragedy on the metropolitan boards was on occasion of her own benefit, on Tuesday, June 6th, 1824, when she enacted the part of *Statira*, in "*Alexander the Great*," Mr. BETTY (a near relative) playing *Alexander*. She appeared the same evening, for the first time, as the representative of *Aladdin*, in "*The Wonderful Lamp*." In both these characters she gave incontestible proof of her talent, and indeed the popularity of the latter piece was entirely owing to her excellent acting.

We have now the most unpleasant part of our task to perform. A task which we always endeavour by every means in our power to avoid, we mean that of invading the private secrets of public performers; it has, however, been forced upon us—and sincerely as we may regret the circumstances, or unwilling we may be to enter upon them, we must not forget our duty to our readers by disappointing them of the expected detail, or neglecting to make our work a perfect record of the dramatic events of the day.

In the summer of 1815, Miss FOOTE was engaged as a star to perform at Cheltenham, and here she met and attracted the attention of the celebrated amateur performer, FITZHARDING BERKELEY, better known by the name of Colonel BERKELEY. He offered his services to perform at her benefit, and as his previous ridiculous exhibitions like those of the well-known ROMEO COATES attracted crowded audiences, Miss F., on consideration, accepted his offer. The house was full to the ceiling, and Miss F. of course felt truly grateful for the aid thus lent her. After thus ingratiating himself he seized the favorable opportunity to plead the passion with which she had inspired him, and she in return bestowed her

affectionous upon him. We shall not enter very minutely into the transactions of this period, as our readers will find them fully detailed in the condensed report of the trial which follows hereafter: we shall merely observe that MARIA, seduced by his hollow professions of attachment, unfortunately fell into the snare spread for her, and became, after receiving his solemn assurances of making her his wife, the victim of an heartless, unprincipled seducer. For some months BERKELEY was unremitting in his attentions, but pleaded unavoidable circumstances in order to delay his marriage.* He persuaded the unsuspecting girl that an union at that critical juncture would injure the suit which he had in the judicial courts to recover the forfeited earldom of BERKELEY, but he solemnly avowed his intention of fulfilling his contract the moment he could do so without injury to his cause. In consequence the connexion continued for some years, during which time Miss FOOTE became the mother of two fine children, while her hopes were buoyed up by deceitful representations and promises which were never intended to be fulfilled. During this period Miss F. had continually honorable offers made to her from various suitors, all of which she was compelled to decline, till at length becoming weary of the delusion practised upon her she listened to the addresses of JOSEPH HAYNE, Esq. of Burderop Park, Wiltshire, having previously broken off all communica-

* These circumstances are thus stated:—

The mother of the Colonel, (one MARY COLE daughter of a butcher at Gloucester) unfortunately produced her husband (Earl BERKELEY) more “*heirs at love*” than “*at law*,” not having been united to that nobleman till 1796 though the Colonel was born in 1786. The Earl, indeed, affirmed that a private marriage took place in 1715, but *the House of Lords disallowed the proofs*; in consequence of which one of the Colonel’s younger brothers became entitled to the dignity of the earldom; he, however, with great magnanimity, refused to accept it, and the Colonel has long been petitioning the crown to grant him the title that at present lies dormant.

tion with her seducer. The former, although he became acquainted with all the facts of that unfortunate connexion, offered her his hand and fortune; which, as may naturally be concluded, she instantly accepted. For unknown reasons he broke his engagement, and afterwards applied to her for pardon, which was granted; yet after this he made and broke fresh promises, and ultimately declined and broke off the match for ever. On the occasion of his former reconciliation he uttered a sentence that deserves to be recorded as a memento of the weakness and folly of the man who could dare to break through so solemn an asseveration:—" *May God,*" said he, "*strike me dead if ever I consent to separate myself from you!*" For his breach of promise Miss FOOTE brought an action for damages, and recovered £3,000. This case came before a jury on Tuesday the 21st Dec. last; and as the facts developed during the trial are of a curious description, the following summary will not, we trust, be deemed needless in this place.

The Attorney-General, in stating the plaintiff's case, observed, that the defendant is a young gentleman about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, possessed of a large independent fortune, a man of the town, a man of fashion and gaiety. He was living in a house in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, and possessed a country seat in the neighbourhood of Marlborough. The plaintiff, Miss FOOTE, was well known to be a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and possessed the utmost fascination of manners. She was the daughter of a gentleman who had been an officer in his Majesty's army, and she was an actress of the highest talent; she did not come there, nor was it his intention, on her part, to excite the compassion of the Court and Jury in her favour—she came there merely for justice against Mr. HAYNE for an injury done to her feelings of the deepest kind. He was sure that the Gentlemen of the Jury would see that this was a case calling for large amount of damages. It must evidently be no small part or aggravation of the plaintiff's sufferings to be obliged, as she now felt herself, to expose and to state every circumstance of her private life before that Court and the world. She, how-

ever, expressed no desire to conceal the errors into which she had unhappily fallen; and when the Jury considered the situation of peril and temptation in which she had been placed, he was quite sure they would not think those errors altogether unpardonable. The father of Miss FOOTE, in order to bring up his family in respectability, had taken the Plymouth theatre, at which the present plaintiff first made her appearance before the public as an actress. From thence she went to Covent Garden Theatre, where she made her first appearance in "*The Child of Nature*." The year following, when she was but seventeen, she had an invitation to play at Cheltenham, where she became very popular. It was here communicated to her by the manager, that a gentleman of great wealth and influence, and of much popularity—a gentleman deeply skilled in the world and in intrigue, and one of no mean theatrical talent himself—that, in short, Colonel BERKELEY, the eldest son of the late Earl BERKELEY, was desirous of playing a part with her, for her benefit. She entertained no suspicions of his having formed any improper designs against her person and peace; and this led her to accept his offer. He (the Attorney General) would acquit the Colonel of having at this time, formed a premeditated scheme to effect her ruin. The Colonel showed the most marked attention—soon avowed the warmest regard and affection for her—and finally offered her marriage; but, he was then making application for a Peerage, and was actually petitioning his Majesty to that effect, it was impossible that their marriage could take place then, as her profession and situation in life would throw such an obstacle in the way, that the prayer of his petition would never be granted. For five years she lived under the protection of Col. B. and all that time he gave no intimation that he would perform his promise of marrying her. During all that time he made her no pecuniary allowance beyond the payment of those expenses which he himself had led her to incur; and for the whole five years that she continued to live with him, the presents that he had made did not amount in value to 100*l*. In 1821 Miss FOOTE, bore the Colonel

a child, and in 1823 she was again pregnant by him. Then it was that she began to see the misery of her situation. For five years she had lived under the protection of Col. BERKELEY, and she at last resolved that unless he fulfilled his promise of marrying her before the birth of this child, all intercourse between them must cease for ever. At first he renewed his assurances of marriage, but he gradually broke them off, and in June, 1824, all connexion ceased between them: in fact Col. B. had not seen Miss FOOTE from the February preceding. In the spring of 1824, Mr. HAYNE first saw Miss FOOTE, at Covent Garden Theatre. He was struck with her beauty, admired her talents, and became anxious to be introduced to her. That could not be accomplished, as she lived retired at her father's house; but in June her benefit came on, when Mr. HAYNE called at her house in Keppel-street, to procure boxes for himself and friends. He then conversed with Miss FOOTE, but had more communication with her father. Thus their acquaintance commenced, and Mr. HAYNE invited Mr. FOOTE to spend some days with him at Kitson-hall in Staffordshire, a seat which Mr. HAYNE then occupied. The invitation was accepted by Mr. FOOTE, and here it was that Mr. HAYNE informed him of his anxious wish to pay his addresses to his daughter. Mr. F. told him that it was in vain, as she had been for some time under an engagement to marry Col. BERKELEY. Thus the matter was broken off for that time, but in January, 1824, Mr. HAYNE came to Keppel-street, and repeated to Mrs. FOOTE what he said to Mr. F. in the country, about his wish to pay his addresses to her daughter. She also repeated to Mr. HAYNE, that her daughter was under an engagement to marry Col. B.; that it was one of long standing; but that if the arrangement was not completed, there could be no objection to Mr. HAYNE, as a young gentleman of character and fortune.—The Attorney-General then went on to state the interviews between the parties. She, as it might be expected, asked for time to consider his proposition; but he urged his suit in so ardent and impassioned a manner, that he obtained from her a promise of marriage.

He told her also, that he must return to the country, but before he went he would take her and her friends to the Opera, and they would then spend the evening together. To the Opera they went. Unfortunately for her, others (from what motive he could not divine) thought proper to interfere: and the Jury would be astonished to learn, that by some spy or other Col. BERKELEY was informed of the interview between Mr. HAYNE and Miss FOOTE, and the intended meeting at the Opera. What right had Col. B. to interfere in this young lady's concerns? He had seduced her under a promise which he had violated, and she had broken off all connexion with him. What right, then, had Col. B. with any other arrangement she might choose to make? Col. B., however, accompanied by Mr. MAXSE, went to the pit of the Opera, on the night when Mr. H. and Miss F. were there. Col. B. immediately sent Mr. MAXSE to the box in which Mr. H. was, requesting to speak with him in the pit. When Mr. H. came to him, he asked him for an explanation of his conduct with respect to Miss F., and required a meeting for the next afternoon, when Col. B. would be attended by Mr. MAXSE. Col. B. had no previous acquaintance with Mr. H., but when they met next day, every thing relating to his connexion with Miss F.—every thing relating to the two children—was disclosed by him to Mr. H. Col. B. laughed and joked about the matter, and even produced a paper, which he proposed Mr. H. should sign, calling on Miss F. to declare whether she would in future live under the protection of Col. B. or of him, (Mr. H.). This was refused. Mr. H., however, very naturally said that he would break off the match between himself and Miss F.; and Col. B. said scoffingly—"Well, I suppose I must go and pass the night in Keppel-street, and try and console Miss FOOTE for the loss she is likely to sustain."—To do an injury to a female was totally unworthy of a man of honor; but for a man to blight the prospects of a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he had ruined, was conduct such as he (the Attorney-General) could not trust himself in using language he thought sufficient to express his detestation of. Mr. H. accordingly wrote a short

note to Miss F., apprising her, that after what he had been told it was impossible for him to continue the connexion. Neither he nor his client blamed Mr. H. for his determination. The circumstance of the two children certainly justified him in breaking off the match. When Miss F. received the note she was immediately satisfied she had been treacherously dealt with; but Mr. H. had dealt kindly by her, and she felt grateful to him. She was most anxious to inform him that she had no desire to hold him to his engagement and therefore she solicited an interview with him in order to explain every thing to him, which took place at Marlborough in presence of Miss F.'s mother. Of this meeting Col. B. also, by some means or other, became acquainted, and he deputed Lord WM. LENOX to watch the movements of the parties; at the meeting Miss F. explained her conduct, and Mr. H. expressed himself perfectly satisfied; he treated Miss F. with kindness and attention; they returned to town, and she shortly received a letter from him, inviting a renewal of their correspondence. At this time the two children which Miss F. had by Col. B. were, up to this time, under the protection of their mother; but a negociation was on foot for removing them from her, and placing them under the care of the Colonel. Miss F., entertaining the feelings of a mother, was of course very averse to the proposition for her parting with the children; Mr. H., however, pressed her to accede to the proposition, urging as a reason that the future interests of the children would probably be advanced by their being under their father's eye, and at length Miss F. very reluctantly consented to relinquish the custody of them, and they were placed under the care of the Colonel. After this Mr. H. waited upon Miss F. in Keppel street, and made his proposal of marriage. The Jury would recollect that Mr. HAYNE was not a boy; he was at that time in his twenty-third or twenty-fourth year. (Mr. SCARLETT here said he was at the time only twenty-two.) He was versed in the affairs of the world, and was perfectly capable both of judging and acting for himself. He distinctly renewed his proposals of mar-

riage, declared himself perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Miss F., and deprecated the cruel treatment she had received at the hands of Col. BERKELEY. Miss FOOTE told him that she placed the most implicit reliance on his good faith and honour, and consented to a renewal of their former acquaintance. The Attorney-General then described the preparations for the wedding, which was to take place on the 6th September, and that the defendant stated that he had recently suffered great losses by the depreciation in value of his West India property, but that he had 46,000*l.* in the funds, 40,000*l.* of which he was anxious to settle on Miss FOOTE, in this way, for himself and her to receive the dividends during their joint lives, and after the death of the survivor of them, to be distributed equally among the children of the marriage, if any; and if at the death of Mr. H., and Miss F. should survive him, but have no children, then half the 40,000*l.* was to become the absolute property of Miss F., and the remaining half Mr. H. was to be at liberty to dispose of by his will. The Jury would, however, be surprised to learn, that shortly after Mr. BEBB, Mr. HAYNE's solicitor, called in Keppel-street, at Mr. FOOTE's house, and left a verbal message, stating, "that Mr. HAYNE would never see Miss FOOTE again." The surprise occasioned by this message the Jury would be able to conjecture. Miss F. was aware that Mr. H. was surrounded by persons who appeared to take a most extraordinary interest in his affairs, and who were anxious, beyond measure, to stop his correspondence with Miss F. Placed in this situation, Miss F. wrote to Mr. H., soliciting him, by all that was dear to her and him, to call upon her and explain his conduct. The bearer of this letter met Mr. H. in Bond-street, and he returned with the servant in a coach to Miss F., in Keppel-street. He affirmed that it was not his fault that he had thus acted towards her; that it was also his firm intention to have fulfilled his engagement, but that on his return home on Sunday some persons had first plied him with liquor, so as to make him in such a beastly state of intoxication, that he knew not what he did; that they afterwards locked him up

in a little back room, from which he had only that moment made his escape, which his exhausted appearance would prove, and that when he met the servant with the letter he was then coming to her. The explanation was received, and the following morning, at nine o'clock, was fixed for the marriage. The night passed over anxiously enough on the part of Miss F.; at length the morning arrived, every thing was prepared, the bride's maid was in attendance, as was also Mr. GILL, with the marriage settlement; Mr. ROBINS, the trustee, was also there; but, would the Jury believe it, Mr. H. never made his appearance—never took any notice of the appointment—never sent in any excuse—the parties waited till three o'clock, when a note was sent to him at Long's Hotel—the servant who took it was asked into a private room—he was there detained, under some pretence or another, for a considerable time, and was then informed that Mr. H. had gone into the country. For six long days did this young lady wait in anxious expectation of receiving some communication from Mr. H., but she received none. At length, on the sixth day, she addressed him a letter, to which he would call the particular attention of the Jury, because it described the feelings of Miss F. in a much more forcible manner than he (the Attorney-General) could describe them. It commenced—“My dear HAYNE, for six long days and tedious nights have I been in hourly expectation that you would have redeemed the promise which you solemnly made me.” The letter went on to say, that she was at a loss to account for his extraordinary conduct; “but,” said the letter, “I have still such faith in your honour, that I cannot bring myself to think but that your present conduct is not from your own will, but the result of the power and influence which others have over you, and that although separated from, your heart and thoughts are still with me; pray judge for yourself! Gracious God! can my dearest HAYNE be actuated and governed by the restraint of others? Remember, it was at your desire that our intended nuptials were announced in all the papers—recollect also your parting words when last I saw you—remember those words were ‘May God

strike me dead if ever I attempt to separate myself from you.” After some other remarks, the letter concludes thus.—“Farewell, my dear HAYNE, and believe in the affection of your faithful, attached MARIA.” In reply, Miss F. received from Mr. H. the following letter: “My dearest MARIA, you are perfectly correct when you say that my heart and thoughts are still with you.” It then stated, that the world is a censorious one, that he was divided between love for her and esteem for his friends; it then went on to state, “I am resolved to sacrifice friends to affection; I cannot, will not lose you.”—After a short interval Mr. H. returned to London and called on Miss F., at her father’s residence, in Keppel-street—they became perfectly reconciled to each other, and the 28th of September was finally fixed for the day of their marriage. This fell on the Tuesday, and Monday was fixed for the execution of the marriage settlement. On Saturday, Mr. H., accompanied by Miss F.’s father, went to Doctors’ Commons, and there procured the marriage licence, which Mr. H. himself delivered into the hands of Miss F., and solicited leave to wait on her the following morning. Instead of doing so, a gentleman of the name of MANNING called at the house of Mr. FOOTE, and brought a letter with him from Mr. HAYNE to that gentleman, which letter stated, that he was so wretched as to be unable to call himself, but the bearer would explain every thing, and finally concluded, by breaking off the match. After this, Miss F. received from Mr. H. another letter, in which he still addressed as “My dear MARIA—We know each other well; but with all my faults, you have a regard for my honor—my attachment for you is unabated. I entreat of you to grant me an interview at any other place than Keppel-street.” To which letter of Mr. H.’s Miss F. replied, “Good God, is this the way of proving your love and regard for me? To my honour and your shame be it spoken, that I am now suffering under painful illness, brought on entirely by your conduct; but that you are actuated by the advice of bad councils, I have no doubt. I will, however, once more, consent to see you, but it must be in the presence of my family: if I am well

enough, on Saturday, at one o'clock, it will be convenient to me to grant you an interview." In reply, Mr. H. writes a letter to Miss F. in which he says, that every line of the last letter of Miss F.'s was couched in terms of inveterate hatred, and it concludes thus: "Farewell, for ever—HAYNE." By what possible construction Mr. H. could say this letter was couched in terms of inveterate hatred, he (the Attorney-General) knew not—he would submit it to the criticism of his Learned Friend, Mr. SCARLETT, and he was sure he would say, that under all the circumstances, a more kind letter could not be written by a party so injured as Miss FOOTE had been. It was right for him to say, that during the correspondence which passed between the parties, Miss F. had certainly received several presents from Mr. H., amounting in value altogether to nearly 1,000*l.* they were, however, unsolicited by her, and she rather checked than encouraged Mr. H. in making them.—Now, as to the question of damages. Miss F., at the earnest request of Mr. H., had given up her engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, which was certainly a very valuable one—she had sold her theatrical wardrobe, and she had, at his suggestion, ordered a carriage, which she would not otherwise have done. But he did not call upon the Jury to give damages in respect of these accounts, but he asked them to give her a compensation for the loss she had sustained by not becoming the wife of Mr. HAYNE; in the first place, then, there was the station and rank in society which that circumstance would have given her; there was the 20,000*l.* which under the terms of the settlement would have become her absolute property in the event of Mr. H. dying in her life time without issue; now the damages laid in the declaration were 10,000*l.* The question then was, would Miss FOOTE have released Mr. HAYNE from his promise to marry for 10,000*l.*? certainly not, or for three times 10,000*l.*; then she was fully entitled to recover to-day the whole damages laid in the declaration and he now sat down firmly convinced that by the verdict of the Jury to-day, she would recover the whole amount she claimed.

Mrs. MARIA FOOTE proved the interview between her daughter and the defendant, and his desire expressed to the witness to marry her daughter. The information given to him of her engagement with Col. BERKELEY, the subsequent breaking off the Berkeley match, and the reception of the defendant as her future son-in-law, his promises of marrying the plaintiff—his refusals to carry those promises into effect. The witness also proved the letters which passed between the parties—(which were afterwards put in and read in evidence) the presents which the defendant had made to the plaintiff, which she stated to be worth between £800 and £1000, as valued.

Mr. G. H. ROBINS, of the Piazzas, Covent Garden, stated that the defendant called upon him he believed on the 29th of August, for him to give directions as one of the Trustees for Miss FOOTE, under the marriage settlement, for the marriage settlement to be proposed. The defendant told witness that he had a large West India property of 3 or £4000 a year. That he had beside £187,000 in Chancery, of which sum the Lord Chancellor had awarded him within the last three years, £100,000. Defendant invited witness to the wedding, and he accordingly was present in Keppel-street on the morning of the intended ceremony, but the bridegroom did not come.

Mr. GILL confirmed the previous testimony as to the preparations for the marriage settlements.

Mr. SCARLETT addressed the Jury for the defendant. He observed upon the ingenuity which the Attorney General had used in stating his case. Did they not notice the ingenuity of his appeal, how much his speech was directed not to the case of his client, but to Col. BERKELEY. So long and so earnestly did he dwell on this point, that for a time, he, (Mr. S.) doubted whether Mr. HAYNE or Col. B. was the defendant; and was it not most extraordinary that her seducer, the person by whom it was confessed she had two children, under whose hand it was pretended she had promises of marriage, was it not extraordinary that no action was brought against him, but that a young man should have been selected, who

was not twenty-one years old when first introduced to her? He had done her no injury—he was no experienced seducer—but a gay, extravagant, foolish young man. If her peace of mind had been broken; if she had fallen from that station in society her talents and her beauty fitted her to fill, he was not to blame. If she desired a reparation in damages she might have selected a fitter victim. Mr. S. then observed upon the conduct of the family towards the defendant, and particularly that of Mr. Foote. He said that when the defendant's offers were accepted she was with child, for in June following, she was living as the mistress of Col. B. From Mr. F.'s letters it would appear how artfully he concealed the actual state of his daughter, under the pretence that her constitution was weak—and that in consequence of a pulmonary complaint it was necessary for her to remain in the country. Mr. S. then read the letters, which shewed, as the learned counsel said, an evident desire, in the most guarded manner, to conceal the fact of the lady's pregnancy. Mrs. F. and her daughter left town in March, under the name of FORBES, and remained in the country until Miss F. was delivered. They returned on the twenty-first of June, and on the twenty-sixth of the same month the promise of marriage was made and accepted. That most acute lady, whom they saw in the box, Mrs. F. informed them that it was the intention of her and her daughter to communicate to Mr. H. the fact of her daughter's having had two children, but she admitted she concealed the fact. She also led the defendant into a correspondence, and retained copies of his letters, no doubt with a view to a result of this nature. He never knew a lady before come into Court to call for damages, who kept copies of her letters. She was evidently playing her own game—20,000*l.* were to be secured to her as a separate maintenance in case of a separation. She was determined to make a good season of it if she should relinquish her engagement. Then, the father had received 1150*l.* She had got enough already. Besides the 1150*l.* which it was proposed to make a set off against part of the damages, she obtained presents to the value of 1000*l.* not to mention

the shawl; they were now called upon to give her 20,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* more. If Col. B had been the first to do her wrong, it was he who should be called upon to make compensation.

Evidence was then called to shew that an offer had been made by Mr. F., on the 11th of December last, to return the 1150*l.*

The Attorney-General replied, and the Lord Chief Justice recapitulated the leading features of the case. He began by stating that the verdict must undoubtedly be for the plaintiff, under the circumstances detailed. Had the defendant, when first apprised of the existence of the children, declined to celebrate the marriage, and continued to estrange himself, he should have felt it his duty to tell them they must find for the defendant. It was the renewal of his suit afterwards, coupled with his declining to complete his engagement on the 6th of September, which had placed him in that situation to-day that compelled him, sitting where he was placed, to direct them to find a verdict against the defendant. The main consideration for the Jury was the amount of damages. They must recollect, however, that a woman standing in the situation of the plaintiff could not, nor should be, considered in the same light, or entitled to the same damages as a woman of insulted and spotless virtue.

The Jury retired for twenty minutes, and returned a verdict for the Plaintiff—Damages **THREE THOUSAND POUNDS.**

Such was the result of this singular trial, which has given the parties concerned an "eternal notoriety."—For the unprincipled seducer we feel utter detestation and abhorrence; for the mean, pitiful HAYNE we feel scorn, contempt and hatred; for the unfortunate victim of their conjoined arts, our only sensations are sorrow and pity, for the miseries which have heavily hung upon her, and "stung, vitally stung," a heart whose pulse beat with the warmest love and affection, and whose only fault was in having loved

" ——— not wisely,

But too well!"

MARIA FOOTE.

“ If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart ! ”

SHAKSPEARE.

If there was ever a creature who merited the sympathy of the world, it is MARIA FOOTE !

If there was ever a wife who deserved its commiseration, it is her mother !

A short narrative of the causes which have led to the condition of the one, and the unhappiness of the other, may not be without its beneficial effects on fathers, mothers, and daughters.

About twenty-eight years ago, an actor came to Plymouth by the name of FREEMAN (his real name being FOOTE) : he was of a respectable family from Salisbury, his brother being at that time a clergyman there. When on a visit to his brother, he met the sister of his brother's wife, a young creature about seventeen, just from a boarding-school ; and, to the disgrace of all parties, they persuaded this interesting boarding-school miss to marry a man twenty-five years older than herself. He returned to Plymouth with his wife, a sweet innocent girl. In country towns, actors are considered profligate people ; and though the young creature had been educated as a lady, and was much more of one than most of the other females in the town, no genteel family paid her the least attention. She was considered as the wife of a man whom nobody respected—and notwithstanding the whole town was interested in her appearance, pity was the predominant feeling whenever she appeared.

Deserted comparatively by one sex, she naturally enough threw herself into the society of the other ; and certainly, in Plymouth, her good humour, fascinating manner, long silken hair, and white hat and feather, made prodigious havoc among the young bloods of the town.

Her husband was too apathetic to care who flirted

about with his wife, provided he was released from the trouble, and left her too often after the first burst of passion was cooled. Thus, without being vicious, her natural gaiety deadened all sense of discretion—and, from being shamefully slighted by the world without a cause, she became indignant, and indifferent to its opinion. Her old husband, finding that she was not visited, began to neglect her himself, instead, as he ought to have done, of paying her double attention, and seeking to soothe and console an ill-used woman, whose feelings had never been injured till she sacrificed her youth and her prospects to him.

The produce of this ill-sorted union was MARIA FOOTE, who was daily brought up amid scenes little calculated to strengthen the sense of propriety, domestic love, or domestic happiness.

From that weariness of mind, which in moments of quiet constantly presses the heart of a slighted woman, a desire for relief, which was denied her in the society of her own sex to the degree she deserved, urged the mother to take refuge nightly in the theatre. Daily and hourly seeing, hearing, and talking of little else but the theatre, as might have been expected, a wish to become an actress got possession of her mind. She went on her husband's stage just as her innocent child was becoming open to impressions; and thus MARIA FOOTE, the present subject of public sympathy, was initiated, with the most innocent feelings, to undervalue those modest proprieties and delicacies of female character, which add an irresistible charm to the most beautiful, as they grace and soften the most abandoned, woman.

When MARIA was twelve years of age, her mother was so far lost to all delicacy of mind, and her father so utterly insensible to all the duties of a father, that he suffered this only daughter to act *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of his wife!

The town was disgusted—thoroughly disgusted—and whatever claims he had before to the notice of some private friends, to whom his manners as a gentleman ever made him welcome, they were now considered forfeited for ever.

From this moment, a sort of reckless indifference seemed to possess the whole family. Nothing came amiss, so that money was the consequence; and under the impression of making it, FOOTE, who was brought up a gentleman, and whose wife had been educated as a lady, took a public inn, lost his wife's fortune, became the dupe of villains, and was ruined.

MARIA was at this time a most fascinating girl, and having succeeded in an experiment on a London audience, obtained an engagement at Covent Garden theatre.

To those who know nothing of a theatre, it may be new to tell them, that an interesting girl is in the jaws of ruin who enters it as an actress, unless watched and protected by her family and friends with the scrutiny of Argus, without his disposition to fall asleep. Constantly exposed to the gaze of men—inflaming a hundred heads and agitating a thousand hearts, if she be as MARIA was, fascinating and amiable—surrounded by old wretches as dressers, who are the constant conveyers of letters, and sonnets, and flattery—dazzled by the thunders of public applause, and softened by the incense of a thousand sighs, breathed audibly from the front of the pit or the stage boxes—associating in the green-room with licensed married strumpets, because she must not be affected! Or supping on the stage, after the curtain is dropped, with titled infamy or grey-headed lechery!—let the reader fancy an innocent girl, from a country town, plunged at once into this furnace of depravity—let him fancy her father sanctioning her by his indifference or helping her by his example, and then let him say, if she be ultimately seduced and abandoned, whether it ought not to be a wonder she was innocent so long!

In spite of an education that never cherished the best feelings of a child, MARIA has yet a sounder understanding than her parents; and it is the conviction of the writer, that she will by its exercise regain at last her station in society. It is manifest, from her letters, that she begins to perceive the folly of wishing to appear vicious without actual vice—of being familiar with title, however the wearer disgraces it—she begins to perceive

that selfishness, ingratitude, hypocrisy, indifference to the opinion of the best part of society, and base desertion of old friends when the most has been made of them—a love of dash and splendor, in preference to virtue and quiet—are not, after all, the surest, or the more certain, or the most honourable methods of obtaining the respect of oneself or of society, and generally inflict on the practisers a double portion of disgrace and suffering.

For her seducer's heartless treatment of her during her distressing pregnancy, no punishment can ever be a sufficient infliction. A most passionate, ardent, endeared lover, certainly, to stay from his beloved nine months out of every year during the five she was his!—that is, 45 months out of 60—thus spending, out of 60 months, 15 in her arms. Noble creature? *Romeo* was a log to such a lover!

To those who are acquainted with the conduct of the old gentleman for the last thirty years in Devonshire, the history of the pulmonary complaint, the Manton gun, the six weeks at Tixall, the meanness, the heartless ingratitude to HAYNE, were exceedingly entertaining. There is scarcely a friend living, or a family dead, that he has not treated with the dirtiest selfishness, whatever were his obligations—spunging till he was insulted, lying till he was discovered, puffing till he was the butt of the town. The people of Plymouth can relate a thousand instances of this description.

BERKELEY's shrewdness soon saw that he should have no authority if such parents were not kept at a distance, and he was right; but if he loved this girl, why did he not at once marry her and take her from them? The influence of a husband would soon have corrected all her insensibility to appearances when pernicious examples were removed!—*Examiner*.



“ MEASURE FOR MEASURE.”

MR. DRAMA,

Your correspondent, PETER TOMKINS, has certainly never read the above play, or he would not have troubled you with the inquiry given at page 79. If he takes the trouble to peruse the last scene, he will find that *Bernardine* was neither “ hanged nor beheaded.” The *Duke* observes,

“ ————— Thou’rt condemned ;
But for those earthly faults, *I quit them all ;*
And pray thee, *take this mercy to provide*
For better times to come : Friar, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand. — ”

Dec. 4th, 1824.

C. G. C—D.

ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT ACTORS.

No. II.

I.—ALLEYN.

EDWARD ALLEYN, Esq. founded the Fortune Theatre, about the year 1599 ; and which, under his management, rose to great eminence. It was here that MARLOWE’S play of “ *The Rich Jew of Malta* ” was revived, and was received with uncommon applause. BAKER, in his *Chronicles*, says, that “ RICHARD BOWBRIDGE and EDWARD ALLEYN were two such actors as *no age* must ever look to see the like ; ” and HEYWOOD, speaking of ALLEYN in *Barabbas* (the Jew) and other characters, says, he was

“ Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue.”

EDWARD ALLEYN was born in London, 1st Sept. 1566 ; was early introduced to the stage, and appears to have

been at the head of his profession, by which he acquired a considerable fortune. He retired from the stage shortly after his theatre had been erected in 1622 (it had been destroyed by fire, 1621), and resided at Dulwich, where he died Nov. 25, 1626. ALLEYN had also, in conjunction with his brother-in-law HENSLOW, the lucrative place of keeper of his majesty's bears, or royal bearward, by which he is said to have cleared £500 per annum.

2.—SHAKSPEARE,

It is said, played *Adam* in "*As You Like It*," likewise the *Ghost* in "*Hamlet*," and a part in one of BEN JONSON's comedies. This latter occurrence has been stated as evidence of the personal friendship which existed between those two writers; yet I have never been able to come to that conclusion. He may have been compelled to take the character, or many other circumstances may have arisen which induced him to it.

3.—THE KING'S COMPANY

Was formed by KILLIGREW, who gathered the scattered remnants of the six houses allowed in the time of CHARLES the First, and played at the Bull, and at a new house in GIBBON'S Tennis Court, Clare Market; in which two places they continued acting from 1660 to 1663, when KILLEGREW obtained a patent from CHARLES the Second, and removed to Drury Lane; from which time they styled themselves the King's Servants. Their names were,—THEOPHILUS BIRD, HART, MOHUN, LACY, BURT, CARTWRIGHT, CLUN, BAXTER, ROBERT SHATTERELL, DUKE, HANCOCK, KYNASTON, WINTERSEL, BATEMAN, BLAGDEN, Mrs. COREY, Mrs. ANN MARSHALL, Mrs. EASTLAND, Mrs. WEAVER, Mrs. UPHILL, Mrs. KNESS, Mrs. HUGHS. After they had commenced at Drury Lane, they received the following into the company: HAINS, GRIFFIN, GOODMAN, LYDDOL, CHARLTON, SHERLY, BEESTON, BELL, REEVES, HUGHS, HARRIS, (the last four were bred up from boys under

the master actors), Mrs. BOUTEL, Mrs. ELLEN GWYNN, Mrs. JAMES, Mrs. REBECCA MARSHALL, Mrs. RUTTER, Mrs. VERJUICE, Mrs. KNIGHT. WINTERSEL and CARTWRIGHT belonged to the private house in Salisbury Court. HART was apprentice to ROBINSON, an actor, who lived before the civil wars; he afterwards had a captain's commission, and fought for the king's party. BURT was apprentice to SHANKE, and acted in his youth women's parts. This seems to have been the practice with old actors, to initiate their apprentices in women's characters.

4.—LACY.

LANGBAIN speaks of LACY as of the most perfect comic actor of his time; he was one of the recruits which they engaged in the King's company, for there is no trace of his having ever acted previous to the Restoration. He wrote three plays, and died about 1684.

5.—MAJOR MOHUN

Was an actor of great celebrity. He was eminent in *Volpone*, (*"Fox"*) *Face*, (*"Alchymist"*) *Melanthius*, (*"Maid's Tragedy"*) *Mardonius*, (*"King and no King"*) *Cassius*, (*"Julius Cæsar"*) *Clytus*, and *Mithridates*. NAT LEE, seeing him act this last, suddenly exclaimed, "*Oh! Mohun, Mohun, thou little man of mettle, if I should write a hundred plays, I'd write a part for thy mouth.*" LEE himself was a capital reader of his own tragedies; MOHUN used frequently to throw down his part, in despair of approaching to his excellence of expression. CHARLES the Second being asked how he liked MOHUN's acting, said that "MOHUN (or as usually pronounced MOON) shone like the sun, and HART like the moon."* In RYMER's *"Tragedies of the last age*

* CHARLES the Second has been characterised as having *never said a foolish thing, nor ever done a wise one*. This play upon the word might pass for wit in a king but would not be so reputed in a subject.

Considered," we find the following compliment paid to the two last named actors: 'We may remember (however we find this scene of *Melanthius* and *Amintor* written in the book) that at the theatre we have a good scene acted; there is work cut out, and both our *Æsop* and *Roscius* are on the stage together;—whatever defect there may be in *Amintor* and *Melanthius*, Mr. HART and Mr. MOHUN are wanting in nothing. To these we owe what is pleasing in the scene; and to this scene we may impute the success of the "*Maid's Tragedy*."'

6.—MRS. DAVIS

Played the character of *Celia* in Sir W. DAVENANT'S drama of "*The Rivals*," when it was first produced; her delineation was correct, and her vocal powers enchanting. CHARLES the Second was enraptured in so great a degree with hearing her, that he took her off the stage, and made her his mistress. He had one daughter by her,—MARY TUDOR, who was married to FRANCIS Lord RADCLIFFE, afterwards Earl of DERWENTWATER.

7.—NOKES.

The comedy of "*Sir Solomon Single*" was ordered by the king at Dover, whither he had gone to meet his sister, the Duchess of Orleans. *Sir Arthur Addle* being played by NOKES. The French court, at that time, wore excessive short coats, with broad waist belts, and NOKES contrived to have one made much shorter than the French fashion. The Duke of MONMOUTH was highly pleased, and gave NOKES his sword and belt from his side, and buckled it on himself, with the hope of his giving a broad caricature on the French. Upon his first entrance on the stage, the King and suite burst into a convulsive fit of laughter, and applauded this witty sally of their favourite actor.—The French were very much chagrined. So much for the buffoonery of the court of CHARLES the Second.

8.—NORRIS.

In BETTERTON's Comedy of the "*Amorous Widow*," NORRIS played *Barnaby Brittle* to Mrs. OLDFIELD's *Mrs. Brittle*. During the indisposition of the former, COLLEY CIBBER undertook his character, when Mrs. OLDFIELD remarked that she could not play so well with him as with NORRIS, for NORRIS *looked* more like a cuckold than CIBBER.

9.—BOWMAN

Was supposed to be near ninety years old when he died. No coquette was ever more careful to conceal her age than this actor. To those who asked him his age his constant reply was, "*Sir, I am very well.*"

MRS. BARRY'S

Inimitable performance of *Isabella*, *Monimia*, and *Belvidera*, gained her the name of "*famous Mrs. BARRY*," both at court and city. Whenever she acted either of those parts, the house was full; and the solemn silence which attended her affecting personation was only broken by the sobbing of the spectators, and enthusiastic bursts of approbation. On account of her great merit, and the money she brought to the house, she was allowed a benefit. This was about the year 1687, and the first comedian who was ever favoured with one. BETTERTON did not accept a benefit till 1709.

11.—VERBRUGGEN.

No stage historian has taken notice of the particular merits of this actor; and CIBBER, who is profuse enough on the celebrity of others, has merely mentioned his name as an actor of some merit, though inferior to others; but we learn from SOUTHERNE in his dedication of "*Oroonoko*" to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, that he was an actor of great ability. In "*A Comparison between the two Stages*," he is spoken very poorly of:—

"BETTERTON wears away apace; his activity is at an end, and his memory begins to die.

"But there's a young one to succeed him—VERBRUGGEN.

"A fellow with a cracked voice; he clangs his words as if he spoke out of a broken drum."

I must remark, however, that the work from which the above is quoted condemns most of the celebrated old actors;—I need not say unjustly. VERBRUGGEN undoubtedly was a very clever man.

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

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LINES TO MISS FOOTE.

1.

Too lovely girl! could not the charm
Of Beauty, so supremely thine,
The power, the hope, the wish disarm,
Too lovely one to work thee harm?

Could man while kneeling at a shrine
So exquisitely fashioned, dare
To dream of flinging poison there?

2.

Could man behold thy gentle smile,
Beam with affection's light on him
Confidingly, and yet beguile
Its purity away the while,

Leaving it clouded o'er and dim?
Then turn in fickleness away,
Moth-like round other lights to play?

3.

Yes, there are things of worthlessness,
Beings whose every hope and thought

Is fixed on self—who cannot guess
 That others ever know distress,
 Nor reck what evil they have wrought;
 And it alas! has been thy fate,
 To meet such *things*—and *know* too late.

4.

The *heartless*, the *contemptible*
 Have made thy loveliness their toy,
 And deem the deed their names will swell
 In Fashion's gaudy chronicle;
 Nor shall the world their hope destroy—
 On every tongue they shall be borne
 In tones of hate—in tones of scorn.

Jan. 7, 1825.

G. J. DE WILDE.

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## DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

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 No. X.  
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1.—The parsimony of the British Roscius has frequently been severely commented upon by his various biographers. The following anecdote told of him by MACKLIN is well authenticated.—One day GARRICK gave a dinner to FIELDING, MACKLIN, HAVARD, Mrs. CIBBER, &c. &c. It was then the practice to give vails to the servants, most of the company gave to GARRICK's man DAVID, some a shilling, some half-a-crown, whilst FIELDING slipped a piece of paper with something folded up in it, into his hand. After the company were gone, DAVID appeared in high spirits, and his master asked him how much he got? "I can't tell at present, Sir, but here's half-a-crown from Mrs. CIBBER, Got pless her; a shilling from Mr. MACKLIN; two from HAVARD, &c.; but here is something from the poet, Got pless his merry heart!" By this time DAVID had un-



folded the paper, and found to his astonishment, it contained a penny. GARRICK was nettled, and next day spoke to FIELDING on the impropriety of jesting with a servant. "Jesting," said FIELDING, "so far from it, I meant to do the fellow a service, for had I given him a shilling, or a half-crown, I knew you would have taken it from him towards defraying the expense of the dinner, but by giving him only a penny, I thought he had a chance of calling it his own."

2.—*Lines addressed to* ————— \*

Oh! in thy course, grace still a fraudulent name,  
Thou doubly born of infamy and shame.  
Oh! fond betrayer, thine the envied boast  
To injure deepest her who lov'd thee most.  
Worst of thy race, lost son, in fancy deck'd,  
With all that fate in one sad hour had wreck'd;  
Foil'd by no rival, mend thy joyless way,  
Shunn'd by the honest, hated by the gay.  
Live, as thou hast liv'd; tell each unconscious guest,  
No coward virtue trembles in that breast;  
Point to each victim, gloss the artful tale,  
Say whose the error, not who taught to fail.  
Drop some dark hint, whisper some well coin'd lie,  
Then shake the head, and wink the practis'd eye.  
Is all fear hush'd; thrills no unsummon'd thought;  
Can conscience sleep, or traitor-like be bought?  
Speaks there no terror in that smiling brow,  
Was all, and will be all, as light as now.  
That form so stern, those eyes so fiercely bold,  
Those lips deceiving, heart as icy cold?  
Shar'st thou no weakness with thy kindred race,  
Can shame not change, man's hatred cloud that face?

\* The honorable name which should fill up this blank, will immediately suggest itself to the reader upon perusal of these lines; a man of much recent notoriety, and of which no honest man will envy the owner the possession,—even with the riches of the Indies at his command.—W. S. P.

Immortal wretch! to those we them'd of yore,  
Decaying wreaths a passing honor bore;  
Their memory brief, their worthiest deed forgot,  
Their sons unkindly as their various lot.  
Noble thy fate; live thou beyond the hour  
False glory lasts; and fondly treasur'd power;  
The fresh wove garland withers on the grave,  
Where sleeps the patriot or the hapless brave;  
Thy garlands wither not—all time shall see,  
Dishonor weave a fadeless wreath for thee.

*Morning Herald, 5th January, 1825.*

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3.—Mr. BRAHAM studied music under ROSSINI, at Bath, and many of the present inhabitants well remember Mr. BRAHAM's exercises up the high hills around Bath—Beacon Hill, Beechin-Cliff, &c. and singing in the open air, when he got to the top of them. This Demosthenian mode of training, his master compelled him to pursue; not that it was irksome to the pupil, for he seemed to delight in the occupation; and the latter part of the day he would join in concerts at ROSSINI's evening parties, where were assembled the celebrated Madam MARA, Signora STORACE, &c. On summer evenings, with the windows open at ROSSINI's house beyond Beechin-Cliff, all have been heard singing to the delight of passengers.

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#### 4.—*Madam MARA.*

This once celebrated singer at present resides at Revel. She lately met with a serious accident whilst walking in the street.—She was knocked down by the horses of a gentleman's carriage, and the wheels of the carriage passed over her. She was severely bruised, but fortunately escaped without any bones being broken, and is now perfectly recovered. She is arrived at a very advanced age, and lives very retired, having, it is said, lost the greater part of her property by the burning of Moscow.

5.—MR. MATHEWS relates in his "*Trip to America*," that the black population being under certain restrictions in the national theatres, have, to be quite at their ease, a theatre of their own. Here he sees a black tragedian perform the character of *Hamlet*, and hears him deliver the soliloquy: "To be or not to be dat is him question, whether him nobler in de mind to suffer or lift up him arms against one sea of trouble, and by opossum, (oppose 'em) eud 'em." At the word opossum the whole audience burst forth into one general cry of "opossum, opossum." On inquiry into the cause of this Mr. M. was informed, that "Opossum up a Gum Tree" was the national air, or sort of God save the King of the negroes, and that being reminded of it by *Hamlet's* pronunciation of "oppose 'em," there was no doubt but that they would have it sung. The cries of "opossum, opossum," increasing, the sable tragedian comes forward, and addressing the audience, informs them that he will sing their favorite melody with him greatest pleasure, and accordingly sings it. Finishing his song this versatile genius, retiring up the stage, comes strutting down bellowing out, "Now is de winter of our discontent made de glorious summer of de sun of New York," and on a person in the boxes telling him he should play *Hamlet*, and not *Richard III.*, replies, "Yes him know dat, but him tought of New York deu, and could not help talking about it."

6.—PETER PINDAR sent the following lines to SHIELD the composer, for the loan of his ivory ticket of admission to a concert:—

Son of the string, (I do not mean Jack Ketch,  
Though Jack, like thee, produces dying tones.)

Oh! yield thy pity, to a starving wretch,  
And for to-morrow's treat pray send thy bones!

#### 7.—*The Actress.*

A dasher, four-in-hand who drove,  
Fell, with an actress, deep in love;  
And come what would that he might carry her,  
Had even half a mind to marry her.

But ere for better or for worse  
He took her, lest she prov'd a curse,  
He thought he might as well attend  
To the tried counsel of a friend.  
The friend awhile let him go on,  
Heard all his reasons pro and con,  
And answered gravely, "since, you see,  
You thus submit your case to me,  
I'll give the best advice I can.  
You have two ways the thing to plan ;  
Marry the lady, if you choose,  
And treat the town with nine days' news—  
Then for the long robe glorious sport,  
Carry your horns into a court ;  
And there you'll set your mind at ease  
By getting swinging damages ;  
Or if you like such counsel better,  
Since as you say you can't forget her,  
Rather than garnish thus your hat,  
For scorn to point his finger at,  
Leaving such pranks to stupid ninnies,  
Give her, as I did, twenty guineas."

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8.—The late ROBERT PALMER was in the early part of his life a bill sticker, which circumstance was pretty generally known to the performers. One evening, dressed for *Sir Brilliant Fashion*, he strutted into the green-room with sparkling buckles on his shoes and at his knees, and a brilliant ring on his finger. One of the company inquired if they were real. "I wear nothing but diamonds," replied PALMER. "I congratulate you," said JOHN BANNISTER, "for I remember when you wore nothing but paste." This occasioned a war, which was heightened by Mrs. JORDAN crying out, "Stick him against the wall, BOB—stick him against the wall."

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9.—BARTHE, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments, but notwithstanding, proposed

to him to hear it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Aye," replied BARTHE, "but this will only occupy half that time."

*Walworth, Jan. 10, 1825.*

W. S. P.

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A PLAY-GOER'S ADDRESS TO THE
DIRECTORS OF THE PATENT THEATRES.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SHAKSPEARE.

—

Most potent, grave, and learned manager ;
My very noble and approved lessee ;
That you do both despise the drama's laws
It is most true ; true, that you both neglect them.
The very head and front of your offending
Hath this extent, nay, more. Rudely you put on shelf
The matchless plays of England's aucient bards ;
For, since these eyes of mine were nine years old,
Till now these two months wasted, they have used
Their strained sight in search of poetry,
But little that's sublime have they yet seen,
Save that is found in dramatists of old,
And therefore little do we owe to you
For pleasure we experience: so by your gracious patience
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of all your course of folly ; what scenes, what acts,
What melo-drama's, and what mighty shows
(For such proceedings you are charged withal)
You brought upon the stage.
The public prayed you, oft invited you
To bring upon the stage some ancient play
Of BEAUMONT, FLECTCHER, MASSINGER,
Or "rare BEN JONSON."
You did refuse, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment the last season ended ;
For you have play'd us melo-drama's, strange

With mighty battles, cataracts, and wars,
Brought to Ganges, sent us then to Java;
To Mexico with Cortez and his troop;
Told us to worship fire when SHAKSPEARE
Should have claimed our homage.
But now, for the very fear of empty benches,
You have sent us forth
A real comedy, and noble tragedy, of the first water;
Such as the friend and lover of the drama,
And the drama's laws can hear with pleasure:
Wherein no antics vast, no roaring cataract,
Or horses, either made of flesh or wood,
But real dramas. These things to hear,
The public now will seriously incline,
If that their taste is not so vitiate
By your dull shows and roaring gunpowder.
But fortune must return, and with a greedy ear
Your patrons will devour their ancient bards;
Which you observing,
Should take a leisure hour and find good plays,
Wherewith to draw good houses; which of late
I fear you have not known.
Then will your treasury reap the benefit;
Your actors, just applause; yourselves, esteem;—
Your course being ended,
You will retire with laurels on your brows.
You'll love us for the bounty we have shewn,
And we'll love you for giving us delight.—
Leave then your shows, and to the drama turn.

London, Jan. 1, 1825.

PHILO-KEAN.



ACTION FOR CRIM. CON.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MONDAY, JAN. 17.

R. A. COX, Esq. v. KEAN.

The plaintiff sought to recover damages from the defendant, an actor at Drury Lane Theatre, for criminal conversation with his (the plaintiff's) wife.

Mr. DENMAN stated the plaintiff's case. It was his painful duty to beg their attention to one of those cases, which unfortunately, in the present state of morality, were not unfrequent. They had seldom, however, met with a case in which all the confidence of private friendship had been more grossly betrayed, nor which involved a greater degree of violation of hospitality and confidence. The plaintiff had married in 1816, when he was 33 years of age; and his lady had just completed her 21st year. She was a person of family and fortune in Somersetshire, and they had lived together in the utmost real harmony, affection, and confidence. In 1812 the plaintiff, who had before been connected in a banking concern in the country, entered into partnership in a gold refiner's and banking house in town. Although he in consequence removed with his family to town, he annually went down to spend some part of the year in the country; and during one of these visits, in 1813, he became acquainted with Mr. KEAN.—Mr. COX was at that time a member of the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, and no man felt more anxious for the success of those talents which he himself had assisted in fostering and bringing before the public. Mrs. COX was also a lady of considerable mental accomplishments and attainments—of theatrical taste, and of course well read in SHAKSPEARE. How and when the fatal attachment between his wife and the defendant had commenced the plaintiff was entirely ignorant. During all that time had this intercourse been going on without any suspicion

on the part of the injured husband. There was, indeed, no gentleman in existence of a kinder, more open, nor more unsuspicious disposition and character, and consequently no one more liable to be deceived and duped by one to whom he had shewn the most generous friendship, and in whom he had placed the utmost confidence. Mr. D. then detailed a variety of letters written by the defendant to Mrs. C. (extracts from which will be found below). It was proper for him to state how this criminal and fatal connexion was brought to the knowledge of Mr. C. There was a young lady, a relation, who lived in the family, but not as a spy upon Mrs. C. She was aware of the connexion, and though the servants knew it also, yet they thought it better to conceal the fatal secret, than by disclosing it to make Mr. C. miserable. The discovery was made in consequence of an appointment which Mrs. C. had made, that Mr. K. should meet her. Mr. C. then lived in Wellington Place, where the meeting was to be. Mr. C. was supposed to have been got rid of, and Mr. K. was admitted, where he was to have passed the night, but Mr. C. came when their precautions were not in full activity, and the discovery was made. He would not conceal the fact, that after this, Mr. C. found that intimacies had subsisted between his wife and other individuals besides Mr. K., and therefore he had told his Solicitor to lay the damages in this action as moderately as possible. It was even the act of the Attorney that they were laid at 2,000*l*. Mr. D. concluded with observing, that the Jury would be only discharging their duty by awarding the whole amount of the damages the plaintiff claimed, and which, he trusted, they would believe him fully entitled to.

MR. ROBERT HENNING—Resides at Dorchester; knew Mr. Cox and his wife previous to their marriage, her name was Miss NEWMAN, and she was possessed of property which she came to at her marriage; she was a lady of education and cultivated mind; was present at the marriage, which took place on the 17th July, 1805. Mr. C. was possessed of property in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, and lived there after his marriage for a few years; they lived together affectionately and happily.

Other witnesses proved to the same effect.

The letters alluded to in Mr. DENMAN's speech were read in evidence. The following are extracts:—

The first letter bore the post mark Lynn, April 4, 1820, and was addressed to Mrs. ALLEN, Bartlett's-court, Bow-street, London; it commenced "Dearest of women," and, after much introductory matter, assured her, that since he left London he had paid attention to nothing but her, and how necessary she was to his happiness. In answer to one of her darling questions he informs her, that "the theatre was crowded, and the applause rapturous; the walks were beautiful—but CHARLOTTE was not there."—A letter dated Feb. 5, written in America, and bearing the post-mark of March 9, 1821, was here read. It commenced "My dearest love," assuring her that his thoughts were eternally on her, and the influence she had over his heart was incalculable; he grieved over his family, and would have her over there were it not that she would be lost to that society, which she was born to adorn. Oh! that he had his dear little girl in his arms. The letter concluded,

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt Truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

A letter of the 5th of April 1822, stated, he was remitting to England 1000 dollars a month out of his earnings in America, and conjures her not to let any one rival or supersede him in her affections; he had wooed her with the affection of a lover, under the appellation of a friend—the happiest moments of his life had been spent with her.—Various other extracts were read, couched in similar terms. In a letter, dated Jan. 6, 1823, he says:—"Your incaution has been the means of bringing our affections to a lamentable crisis," &c. —On the same day he writes to the plaintiff in these terms:—

"My Dear Cox—I have been seriously considering the mass of nonsense uttered by us the two last nights

at Salisbury. I must own likewise it has given me great uneasiness. If I have paid more attention to your family than others of my acquaintance the simple motive was to shew the world that I valued my friends as much in adversity as when I shared their hospitality in their prosperity. I am sorry my conduct has been misconstrued, as the inference is unworthy of yourself, me, and a being whose conduct, I am sure, is unimpeachable. To remove all doubts upon the subject, and to counteract the effects of insidious men, I shall beg to withdraw from a friendship rendered unworthy by suspicion. I must be the worst of villains, if I could take that man by the hand while meditating towards him an act of injustice. You do not know me Cox—mine are follies, not vices. It has been my text to do all the good I could in the world, and when I am called to a superior bourne, my memory may be blamed, but not despised. Wishing you and your family every blessing the world can give you, believe me nothing less than

Yours most sincerely,

EDMUND KEAN.

Under date Jan. 9, 1824, he writes her, that if he loses her, his heart will break, &c.

21st Jan. 1824.—This was a letter of remonstrance from Mr. KEAN conceiving that Mrs. COX had some other object of her affections beside him; those pretty letters which she used to write and which he used to clasp in his arms, kiss with his lips, and sleep with under his pillow, were now changed for mere common place matter of description, &c.

22d Jan. 1824—My darling, darling love, writes to me in affliction, she flies to me for refuge, and my heart, my whole heart is open to receive her; he requests her to keep in secrecy too a few months. Whatever money she may want shall be supplied at three hours' notice, and in him she should find a lover husband, father, friend.

A letter, without date or post-mark, addressed "Little Breeches," and signed "Your Lover," was read. It

merely contained a request that she would call upon him immediately, at a place appointed.

ALICE UMBER, servant in the family of the plaintiff for many years, proved the intimacy between the defendant and Mrs. COX. In the year 1823, Mr. COX had an accident and broke a rib; whilst Mr. C. was in the country, Mrs. C. gave witness a letter for Mr. KEAN, and one for Mr. C., and said that if he should call before Thursday, she was to tell him that she was gone to some place. Witness afterwards, by her mistress's direction, hired a chaise, saying she was going to Salt-hill; when Mrs. C. came back, she gave witness the letter she had spoken of for Mr. K.; she delivered it, and Mr. K. came about ten or eleven o'clock; she had received orders from Mrs. C. to make up a bed for Mr. K. in the room next the drawing-room; it was a spare room; and which Mr. COX, jun. used to occupy when in town; on going to bed, Mrs. C. told her to look out of the window if there was a knock, to see who it was, and if it was Mr. COX; she exclaimed, "for God's sake don't let me be caught;" however, if Mr. C. should come, witness was to knock at the bed-room door in which Mr. K. slept; on the next morning one of Mr. K.'s dressers came to their house, he brought a note directed to her mistress; witness then knocked at the room door in which Mr. K. was, and Mrs. C. got out of bed, unlocked the door, and took the note; witness then went down by her mistress's orders, to see who had brought it; she did so, and told her mistress; at this period Mr. K. was in bed, and Mrs. C. standing by the bed-side, and had her gown on, but no shoes; witness was present when Mr. COX found the letters, in a cabinet in his own room, and which cabinet belonged to Mrs. C.; this was a long time after the above; it was in Hart-street; it was about one year and a half ago; they were found the day after Mrs. C. had left her home.

The witness underwent a cross-examination by Mr. SCARLETT, the counsel for the defendant; she admitted that soon after her master and his wife came to live in town, they used very often to go and see Mr. K. perform; Mr. and Mrs. K. both visited at plaintiff's; Mrs. K. left

off going about four or five years ago, and Mrs. C. declined visiting Mrs. K.; never heard any reason for this secession of visits, but Mr. K. consented to come; plaintiff and his wife frequently after this, went to see Mr. K. perform; Mr. K. never supped afterwards at plaintiff's house, until he went to reside in Wellington-street. Her master, his wife, and Miss WICKSTEAD, used sometimes to go with Mr. K. when he went to perform in the country; and once, about two years ago, when he went to Croydon, witness was sent to call up Mr. K.'s servant; about three o'clock in the morning; can't remember what time Mr. K. came that night to her master's; witness was not in bed; Mr. K. came in his own carriage, and plaintiff, his wife, and Miss WICKSTEAD, started about four o'clock in the morning for Croydon: Mr. K. rode outside and drove, the other three being inside. The plaintiff came back about seven the same morning, leaving Mrs. C. and Miss W. behind; however, Mr. C. went off the same day, and told witness he was going to Croydon, and brought the others back next morning; Mr. K. came two or three nights after all the family were in bed; when they lived in Wellington-street, and he was let in, but witness does not know by whom; Mrs. C. got up on one of those occasions, and Mr. C. always; can't say whether Mrs. C. went down to Mr. K. that night; Mr. K. came about one or two o'clock, and staid till morning; can't say whether Mrs. C. got up more than once: plaintiff sat up always with Mr. K.

Re-examined by Mr. DENMAN—The cabinet was never locked; plaintiff became a bankrupt about four years ago; Mr. WATMORE was very attentive to Miss WICKSTEAD, and was considered her admirer.—The plaintiff's case here ended.

Mr. SCARLETT addressed the Jury for the defendant. If the object of Mr. COX had been to obtain a separation, he, (Mr. S.) wished he had selected some other individual upon whom a verdict might be attended with less fatal consequences. It was the peculiar situation of Mr. KEAN which created the greatest embarrassment in his (Mr. S.'s) mind as to the manner of conducting his

case. The gentlemen of the Jury could not fail to have observed the skill, the care, and the cunning with which the plaintiff's case had been brought forward, keeping back such testimony as might, perhaps, discover too much, and presenting to the Jury just as much as was barely necessary to make out a case, and no more. How was it that Mr. C. had brought no person to prove the terms on which they lived up to the time of their final separation, from amongst the members of his own family? Then with respect to the letters which had been read in evidence, there was no evidence that one of these letters was ever found there. The fact of Mr. C.'s ordering Mr. COLES to bring actions against two individuals for the same offence, and on the same day, threw a doubt as to what letters were really discovered; and what right had any Jury, sitting upon their oaths, to infer that of which no proof had been adduced. One of the letters was addressed to Mrs. C., and contained a quotation, which was also to be found in one of the other letters; and which letter, he was therefore certain, could not be written by Mr. K. to Mrs. C.; for he had too much literary taste to address the same quotation twice to the same lady. The learned Sergeant had left them in the dark as to when he first discovered his dishonour; but, if he expected to go before the House of Lords, he must ascertain that fact before he could get a divorce from that tribunal. He must prove that he took such measures as would be taken by a husband jealous of the honour of his wife; for there the mere statement of Counsel would be considered far from satisfactory. If he should prove that Mr. WATMORE, who was apparently paying his addresses to Miss WICKSTEAD, was actually intriguing with Mrs. C., he had a sanguine hope that he should receive a verdict at their hands.—It appeared that Mr. K. was in the habit of going to Mr. C.'s house at all hours of the night, or rather morning, and that on one occasion Mr. C. went with him to Croydon, in company with Mrs. C. and Miss W., at an early hour in the morning, and left the two ladies under the protection of Mr. K. They had evidence here, if not of collusion, at least of weakness,

such as he did not think could have been found in any alderman in London. Mr. S. then called the attention of the Jury to the letter in which Mr. K., while offering protection to her, still reserved as sacred his duties to his family. Mr. K. in his most violent professions, never permitted her to suppose that he would neglect his duty to his wife. If the Alderman, notwithstanding the advice of Mrs. KEAN, still frequented the theatre with his wife, to what damages was he entitled? He entreated the most liberal consideration of the Jury in the course he was about to pursue; for he was about to make out a case by calling hostile witnesses. He intended to prove that, long before Mr. Cox came to London, he went home one night, and discovered a man in the closet adjoining his wife's bed-room. He caused an interchange of letters, and then, taking his wife away with him, put up tamely with his dishonour. Also that Mrs. C., on another occasion, had left town for Brighton, but he soon after learned she had gone to Birmingham, after Mr. K.; that he sent his son thither, and then Mrs. C. returned, and was received. He (the son) was astonished that she was received on her return; but he is not called on this occasion. Mr. K. was going to Exeter, and as far as Salisbury. Mr. and Mrs. C. accompanied him; that journey cost Mr. K. about 60*l*. and Mr. C. nothing; to close the scene he would state a fact, which if he proved, would entirely destroy Mr. C.'s claim to a verdict. What would the Jury think, if he should prove to them that Mr. and Mrs. C. had been seen walking together very lovingly since the commencement of this action? What, if he could prove that Mr. K. had produced a sum of money and paid his rent for him? What could be inferred from such facts, but that Mr. C. had been in collusion with his wife from beginning to end, in order to get a sum of money, or a divorce. When the gentlemen of the Jury would find the plaintiff going to offer up his wife at the shrine of pollution, and retiring from there to Mr. K.'s box while his wife was in his dressing-room, what damages would they award him? He was entitled to none, if he became the pander to his own dishonour; and none, he was

confident, would be awarded him by a Jury of his country. He had, after all the warnings of Mrs. K., invited Mr. K. to his house, made him sleep there, and has left home the next morning, leaving Mr. K. in bed. It was unnecessary to say more, and therefore he would proceed to prove to them that which he had already stated.

J. NEWMAN, dresser to the defendant at the theatre, proved that Mr. and Mrs. C. were in the habit of visiting defendant in his dressing-room at the theatre; Mrs. C. has been there without Mr. C.; sometimes alone, and sometimes with Miss WICKSTEAD; never saw a servant with them; this was always before the piece began; Mr. K. has on such occasions changed his dress, and they have been present while he stripped to his bare arms and silk drawers which go over his legs, feet, and all; those drawers are meant to represent the flesh when left uncovered, while playing; has been there when Mr. K. has given orders that she could not be admitted, and he has in consequence several times prevented her admission; has seen Mr. and Mrs. C. in Mr. K.'s box, which they usually occupy at the theatre; Mrs. C. used sometimes to be in Mr. K.'s box, sometimes on the stage, and sometimes in Mr. K.'s room; saw Mrs. K. in Mr. K.'s box, and on those occasions there was another box, if they came to the theatre; recollects being called upon to go to Croydon, about three in the morning, but did not go with Mr. K.; followed on the following day, and Mrs. C. was there, as was also Mr. K., but Mr. C. had returned to London; Mr. K. played that night at Croydon; Mrs. C. and Miss W. were at the play; does not recollect seeing the Alderman at Croydon in the evening.

JOHN STUART, private box-keeper at Drury Lane Theatre, remembers Mr. C. coming alone, and asked him if Mrs. C. was coming, and Mr. C. said yes, for she was with Mr. K., or in Mr. K.'s dressing-room; she afterwards came by a passage under the stage to the box in question.

MISS WICKSTEAD, niece to the plaintiff, proved the intimacy between the families—has often gone into Mr.

K.'s box, and also in his dressing-room with her aunt but never recollects her uncle having gone to the dressing-room more than once; has no recollection of a letter with money being given to her for her aunt; recollects a horse being lent to Mrs. C. during Mr. K.'s absence in the country; she never received money from Mr. K. to appropriate to her own uses except for the purposes of going to see him; remembers going to Windsor with her uncle and aunt and Miss TIDSWELL; passed three days there in company with Mr. K.; they then proceeded to Salisbury; witness went in the carriage with Mr. K. and Mrs. C., and Mr. C. went in a post-chaise.—Mr. K. paid all expenses, and lent her uncle 10*l.* to pay the expenses back to London—remembers hearing her uncle joke about pistols, but does not remember any being produced. Has known Mr. K. to come to the house very late at night, but does not recollect her aunt getting up on these occasions. Remembers Sir ROBERT KEMMYS: he was introduced to the family by a cousin of Mrs. C.'s; he was intimate with the family; Mr. C. did not like Mrs. C.'s receiving attentions from Sir R. KEMMYS, and the intimacy was broken off; he invited Mr. C. to his house, and Mr. C. would not go. Has heard her uncle say that he would make Mrs. C. an allowance if she would give up a certain individual; and that person was Mr. WATMORE; he said he would give her what she asked for as an allowance, if she would do so.

By Mr. DENMAN—At the time he made that promise he also said he never would see her again. Mr. WATMORE visited Mrs. C., ostensibly paying his addresses to her; did so for three or four months before they went to Dover; never saw a more affectionate husband than Mr. C., and his affection continued unabated to the last.

JAMES PARKER, a black man, the servant to Mr. C. for the last 11 years, was with him at Berkeley Hall on a visit at Sir R. KEMMYS'; had never heard any thing about a lap-dog's barking at night; there were two visits to Sir R. KEMMYS', and he only accompanied them on the first; remembers the discovery of Mrs. C.'s conduct, and Mr. C. immediately left the house; mentioned to his

master some circumstances relative to Mr. WATMORE, and his master told him when he next got a letter to bring it to him; he told him he was then going for one, and he accordingly gave it to him; this was after Mr. C. had left the house, and before he returned to it Mrs. C. had gone away.

DANIEL HARLEY—Knows Mr. and Mrs. C.; saw them last July walking arm in arm in St. Martin's lane.

Cross examined—This was at 11 or 12 o'clock in the day, and they were going towards Charing-cross; she had a veil over her face, but cannot recollect whether it was black or white; met them just by Chandos-street; has seen two ladies at the theatre with Mr. C.; knows it was Mrs. C., because he was constantly in the habit of seeing her; if he ever saw her he saw her then in St. Martin's Lane.—This closed the defendant's case.

Mr. DENMAN, in reply, said, that every circumstance which could even imply a collusion, was directly contradicted by evidence, and more particularly by the letters themselves, by which it appeared that the guilty parties were constantly apprehensive of Mr. C.'s discovering their intimacy; so that from the first to the last, it was a foul calumny to say that he had connived at his own dishonour.

The Lord Chief Justice commented on the evidence in summing up to the Jury, and directed them to two points. First, whether, as alleged by the defendant, the plaintiff had connived at his own dishonour, in which case he would not be entitled to a verdict; the next, whether gross negligence, in not protecting the honour of his wife, did not appear by the evidence, which would, of course, lessen the amount of damages. The plaintiff must have been aware that Mrs. K. had declined her visits to his house by her non-appearance; and certainly the address of Mr. K. was not such as a virtuous female should wish to see him in. With regard to Sir R. KEMMYS, no criminal connection had been proved, although enough had been shewn to raise a strong suspicion of such a circumstance. In the absence of positive proof, however, the conduct of Mr. C. had been strictly proper with respect to that transaction, and from that they might

infer that he was deceived, and had not connived at his own dishonour; in which inference they would be strongly borne out by the letters which had been read.

The Jury consulted about half an hour, and then returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages **EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS.**

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“The common business of life, too intensely pursued, makes men unmindful of precepts, and maxims of virtue, which they are more apt to forget in the eager pursuits of their avocations, than to abandon through want of principle. The Drama awakens them to virtue, exercises all the kinder emotions, and by its influence over the mind and feelings prevents that moral stagnation which so much tends to degrade and brutify.”

D.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Dec. 27.—Pizarro—**HARLEQUIN AND THE TALKING BIRD; or, the Singing Trees and Golden Waters.**
[1st time.]

This evening the children and the more grown holiday folks were entertained, as usual at this festive and laughing season of the year, with a new pantomime, and if noisy tongues and clapping hands be indications of satisfaction, there was abundant testimony of its existence manifested by one of as crowded houses we ever witnessed. The play of “*Pizarro*,” preceded the pantomime; and as we go to the theatre at these holiday times to join in the merriment and share in the laugh, however produced, we bid a truce to criticism. The story is so well known to all readers of fairy tales, that we shall not take the trouble of analyzing it but proceed at once to a description of the scenery and incidents of the piece itself. In point of effect the *Haunted Kitchen*, painted by **HOLLOGAN** and **ADAMS**, was decidedly the

favorite, and drew down many a hearty burst of genuine laughter. This scene merits particular notice. In this enchanted kitchen is given an incantation scene in burlesque of the celebrated one in "*Der Freischütz*." We have at the back, a large Gothic window, an old staircase and antique clock, a cistern, jack-towel, large salt-box, great fire-place, with two tea-kettles, and two saucepans, a circular set of stew stoves in the centre. At the opening of the scene, two cats and a dog are seen lying before the fire, an owl perched before a broken pane of glass, and a magpie in his cage. The *Clown* is seen raising the pot-lids round the stew-stoves, and peeping and tasting the contents; after the chorus the clock strikes twelve—the cuckoo heard between each stroke—at the twelfth, with a large beef-fork, he raises a calf's head out of a large pot—

Samuel, Samuel! appear!

The *Ghost of a Cook* rises out of the dripping-pan—the *Clown* stands aghast, peeping over the stew-stove at him. The *Cook* vanishes—the *Clown* fans himself with the saucepan-lid, and one of the stew-holes blazes up; he finds the frying-pan, and makes the requisite preparations; during this *Pantaloön* appears above—the *Clown* beckons to him. The pancakes begin to fry; at last he tosses, and cries—ONE. The magpie flies out of the cage—the kitchen fire lights up—the tea-kettles boil over—the cook-maid enters, but is knocked down by a blow with the rolling-pin—TWO. The pendulum of the clock is agitated—the dishes dance on the shelves—all the stew-stoves light up, and a tin meat-screen, followed by a sirloin of beef well spitted, walk across the stage. The copper-lid flies up, and a leg of mutton dances up, accompanied by carrots and turnips—also, the ghost of a chamber-maid passes with a pan of hot coals, preceded by six lighted chamber candlesticks—THREE. A rat hunt takes place upon the upper shelf—the salt-box lid moves violently. Two fowling-pieces, hung against the wall, go off—plates and dishes fall—watchmen appear at the window and spring rattles. The jack-towel moves violently—the ghost of a coachman on a clothes-

horse drives across. The *Cook* appears in a dripping pan—the whole kitchen is in motion—and a general uproar ends the scene!

In the course of the piece we are delighted with a very fine sea view, while we are, at the same time, amused with some of the tricks of the *Clown* and his comrades. The quiz against the size of the hairy caps of the Guards had no point, and failed; and the pickpockets at the Lord Mayor's Show did not deserve much booty, from their evident want of skill in their adventurous vocation. The omission of both those scenes, and that of the arrival of the rocket coach, might also be advantageous; although we must confess there was something ludicrous in the rocket seizing on the dickey behind the coach, and twirling *Clown* and *Pantaloon* in the midst of the fires which the rocket emitted. The procession of the glass-blowers might share a similar fate. The panoramic view was good; and the transformation of a few old houses into the premises of the Steam-washing Company, was amongst the best bits of the mechanical department of the piece. *Auld Riekie*, a scene by STANFIELD, was a fine specimen, and some of our Edinburgh friends, who sat near us, recognized the Calton Hill, and the Tron Church, and part of the New Town of Edinburgh, with earnest feelings of delight. Some of the scenes are admirable specimens of art—we would particularly notice the first and last scenes. Master EDMONDS was deservedly encored in a very pretty Scotch air, and the curtain fell amidst general applause. The machinery was well worked, considering it was the first representation of the piece, and having undergone few necessary curtailments, it has become a great favorite with the public.

In consequence of the extensive review of the two interesting trials which we have given in our present number, we are under the necessity of postponing the remainder of our *Theatrical Inquisition* until our next number; we shall therefore merely present our readers with an account of

MR. KEAN'S RECEPTION.

Jan. 24.—This evening the *audience*, or more properly speaking, the *spectators*, were presented with rather a novel entertainment—the pantomimic representation of the great historical tragedy of our immortal bard. Mr. KEAN resumed the exercise of the arduous duties of his profession this night in the part of *Richard the Third*, for the first time since the late verdict against him. Upon the announcement of his appearance, after the short interval of a few days since the finding such verdict, much displeasure was excited, and disapprobation was expressed by those who would not, and who could not, be influenced either by personal dislike, or by any affected fastidiousness on the score of morality. As a necessary consequence, therefore, of such a formidable coincidence of public opinion, much opposition was anticipated? and the result of this performer's speedy, or perhaps premature appearance, has amply verified this opinion. From an early hour the various entrances to the theatre were blocked up by anxious crowds, and when the doors were opened, a scene of more than personal inconvenience—of actual peril, was exhibited. The struggle for admission, though violent, was, however, short; and those who failed in their first efforts, retired exhausted and relinquished the field to those who were more muscular, or more persevering in their attempts. The rush was, of course, violent in the extreme, and the house was filled upon the instant. The theatre, though now crowded to the extreme, exhibited no symptom of displeasure or discontent; the overture was performed and listened to with the tranquillity usual upon ordinary occasions. The curtain drew up, and then the smothered tumult broke out generally and simultaneously through the entire house. The first scenes of "*Richard the Third*," were performed in dumb show. The performers, we are sure, acquitted themselves with propriety; they delivered, we make no doubt, the parts set down for them with sound emphasis and good discretion, but not a word could be heard. The actors, however, persevered with a laudable firmness in the apparent recital of their characters, and the crowd was

equally persevering in their outcries and their clamour. The language of SHAKSPEARE was inaudible, and in its place was vociferated, "Off, off! KEAN, KEAN!" The clamour continued without interruption until the appearance of *Richard* himself, when it was, if possible, redoubled. Mr. KEAN was visibly dejected upon his entrance, and the reception he met with was such as could not diminish that dejection, or inspire him with anything like a hope of conciliating the assemblage before him. Exclamations of "Shame, shame!" "Off, off!" were heard upon all sides, mingled, however, with great approbation, and expressions of encouragement.

"And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard!'"

His attempts to recite the character, of which he is the best, perhaps the only living, personification, were utterly fruitless; all his efforts were drowned in the incessant tumult that was raised around him. He was doomed to perform that character, the delineation of which raised him to reputation and to fame, in ignominious silence. The music of that voice, upon which attention dwelt delighted—the magic of that eye, which rendered the faculty of speech almost superfluous—were exercised in vain; they were unheeded and contemned: the charm that fascinated, the spell that bound him to his audience, seemed dissolved for ever. Nor was the public indignation confined to him alone: it was vented with impartial fury upon all his brethren of the night. The martial appearance of Mr. WALLACK, as *Richmond*, could not save him from contumely and insult. The innocent young Princes, who could never have offended (except, perhaps, upon the stage), were treated with the same implacable resentment; they found the audience as hostile as their merciless uncle. At one period we thought we perceived a relenting spirit; we thought the interesting appearance of our favourite, Mrs. WEST, had allayed the storm; but our hopes were disappointed,—the tumult was to cease only with the performance itself. During the latter scenes, in which he appears the soldier and the king, and in which his genius shone with such brilliancy, Mr. KEAN appeared to us to redouble his efforts for the purpose of procuring a hearing, but he completely

failed. This pantomime (for such of course it was) was here eminently beautiful. Those parts of the play which called down the particular (if we could make any distinction) reprobation of the audience, were the courtship scenes. That of the funeral seemed to excite particular antipathy ; it was, in truth, the most melancholy funeral we ever witnessed upon the stage. The scenes in which the Aldermen of London make their appearance seemed also to raise various associations in the minds of the spectators. We mention the representation of these incidents as if they produced greater ebullitions of dissatisfaction ; though, to say the truth, the displeasure exhibited by a most crowded assemblage was so great and so systematic throughout, that it is impossible to affirm where it did increase or where it reached its climax. And thus it has been our painful duty to record the weight of public odium which has fallen intensely (though we venture to believe it will not rest permanently) upon the head of the ablest performer since the time of GARRICK. When the curtain fell, Mr. WALLACK made his appearance to announce something, we know not what ; his lips moved as if he were speaking, but he was driven from the stage amidst a scene of tumult and confusion.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Dec. 27.—*George Barnwell*—HARLEQUIN AND THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY ; or *More of More Hall* [1st time].

This pantomime is (we believe) the production of young GRIMALDI, at least he appears to have been the arranger of the piece. It was rather coldly received. The little dialogue that there is, is destitute of a good joke, and the music and singing are of the ordinary common-place merit of productions of this description. The scenery sustained rather than enhanced the character of this house for its admitted superiority in this important department of dramatic illusion ; although it

has of late had a powerful rival to contend with. The plot is so childish that it is not worth rehearsing:—*More*, destroys the *Dragon*, who is an instrument in the hands of *Sulphur-ball*, a spirit of air, who holds a malignant war with *Chrystillo*, a spirit of the waters; the latter triumphs, and the *Dragon* becoming *Clown*; *More*, *Harlequin*; &c. the usual routine commences.

It has been said by a critic of some eminence, "that young GRIMALDI and his father are as like each other as two peas:" we own we are not quite of this opinion; certainly much of the elasticity of limb, and of spirit, that distinguished the father also marks the performances of the son; but that versatile invention of tricks and irresistible *vis comica* of countenance which made old GRIMALDI the first of favorites in this species of performance was altogether his own: it was peculiar and unrivalled. There was little of variety in his tricks, and many of them were failures. His quick journey from York to London, and his steam apparatus for travelling, were perhaps the newest and the best. The new *Columbine*, Miss ROMER, is pretty and sprightly; she dances in a graceful and well-executed style; her figure is slender, and she is scarcely equal to the fatigue of three or four hours perpetual dancing. The best scene (a truly admirable one) was the grand sailing-match, by the Harlequin, the Spitfire, the St. George, and the Don Giovanni, for the Cumberland Cup, represented in a moving panorama commencing at Blackfriars-bridge, passing through the other bridges, and showing the intended alterations of the grand promenade on the banks of the Thames. Epsom Race-course was ridiculously represented by an ill-dressed mob and a few lazy donkeys. There was a very correct representation, however, of Blackfriars-bridge Macadamizing.—The house was extremely full, and the announcement for repetition was not received with very marked approbation. Since the first night some of the "stale, flat, and unprofitable" tricks have been curtailed, and some attempted illusions (which were so glaring as to be no illusions at all,) have been expunged, and the piece has been nightly performed with considerable success.





Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MRS YATES,
AS VIOLANTE,
IN THE WONDER.

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1825.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Memoir of Mrs.		Olympic.	267
Yates	223	Theatre Royal Edin-	
Dramatic Sketcher..	230	burgh.	269
Dramatic Excerpta..	237	Caledonian Theatre.	272
		Portsmouth Theatre.	273
THEATRICAL INQUISITION.		Truro and Penzance	
Drury Lane Theatre	214	Theatres.	274
Covent Garden....	261	To Mr. De Wilde..	222

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MRS. YATES.

(LATE MISS BRUNTON.)

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

TO G. J. DE WILDE,
On his forthcoming volume of Poems.

Deem not that friendship warps my judgment when
I praise the varied efforts of thy pen ;
Nor fancy that enthusiast-dreams allure,
When I pronounce thy venture most secure ;
Secure, at all events, to win the wise,—
To warm kind hearts,—and moisten gentle eyes ;
Worldlings thou wilt not win—and canst despise :
Yet must thou peril much for such a prize,
Nor would I hide thy danger—or disguise ;
The hireling critic shall assail thy lays,—
And the false friend, with “faint” and “damning” praise,
Harm thee yet more ;—the ill-judging flatterer
May lead—but, no!—not tempt *thy* soul to err ;
Meanness shall envy,—Pride shall seem to scorn
The intellect that makes it feel forlorn ;
But thou, if right I deem of thee, shalt rise
Superior to these petty enmities ;
A fitting day shall follow thy fair dawn,
And thou shalt win and wear the gentle crown
That Genius, soon or late, will make its own.

Feb. 16, 1825.

J. W. DALBY.

BEETHOVEN.—There has recently appeared at Vienna a collection of the works of the celebrated BEETHOVEN. It extends to fifty-one volumes folio, and contains four thousand pages of music.

HOME's tragedy of “*Douglas*” has been translated into Italian, and was recently produced on the stage at Genoa with effect.

Prince CHAKHOWSKY is considered as the first comic Russian poet of the day. He is principally known as a dramatic writer, and has already published more than fifty pieces for the theatre.



THE DRAMA ;
OR,
Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. V.

FEBRUARY, 1825.

VOL. VII.

MRS. YATES,
(LATE MISS BRUNTON.)

“ By heaven ! that thou art fair, is most infallible : true, that thou art
beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art lovely ; more fairer than
fair ; beautiful than beauteous ; truer than truth itself ; have, there-
fore, some commisseration on thy heroical vassal ! ”

LOVE'S LAB. LOST, IV. 1.

THE dearth of genteel females has ever been a subject of complaint against the English stage ; and it certainly appears surprising in a nation so justly celebrated for that delicate mixture of reserve and frankness which constitutes the charm of female manners. Many have attempted to explain the cause of this scarcity and much has been said on the subject, which might have been fully explained by a single truism, viz. that if a woman be not naturally genteel nothing on earth can make her so. Actresses in general, however, are doubtless of a

different opinion, or we should not see so many instances of failure on the part of those, who, mistaking inclination for ability, attempt genteel comedy, under the erroneous idea that by so doing they instantly become the very pink of elegance and gentility. Mrs. YATES forms an exception to the general rule. Nature has gifted her with an elegant figure, a pleasing countenance, a pair of beautiful eyes, and an admirable set of teeth ; which, added to ease and freedom of manners together with a modesty of demeanour, may naturally be imagined to form a very pleasing contrast when opposed to the attempts of certain would-be ladies, whose interest enables them to perform in characters for which they are utterly unqualified. Previous to venturing upon the metropolitan boards with only sufficient genius "to fret her hour upon the stage," she appears to have been fully aware of the difficulty of her calling, wisely to have qualified herself by provincial experience, and to have waited a favorable opportunity of displaying her powers, rather than hastily launch forth with pretensions only ; she has, therefore, unlike most of her contemporaries who have lately appeared, gradually gained upon the good opinion of the public ever since her *débüt* on the metropolitan boards.

It will be expected that we should present our readers with a biographical memoir of this charming actress, but there is almost an anomaly in the term as applied to Miss B. she is young and her life has been chequered with none of those entertaining and extraordinary circumstances which constitute the principal charm of biography ; and yet where singular talent has been displayed and public admiration strongly elicited, where youthful years have evinced maturity of genius and taste, curiosity is excited, and we naturally feel anxious to learn any particulars of the earliest stages of those whose spring of life has put forth blossoms so lovely, and promises a summer so fruitful. We are confident that the peculiar elegance and characteristic refinement of manner of Miss BRUNTON has excited the most lively interest among those who have witnessed and admired her performances, and for this reason we have no doubt

the few particulars we have here recorded will be found to afford some amusement.

We have it not in our power to distinctly trace the origin although progress and developement of her histrionic talent, for even her father, who has spent his whole life upon the stage, was not aware of the latent existence of those powers, which have burst on him with the same blaze of unexpected lustre as they have on the theatrical world.

Mr. BRUNTON, the father of this lady, is perfectly well known to the public, having for several years maintained a most respectable rank on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. Since his retirement thence he has been occupied in the management of several country theatres, principally that of Birmingham under Mr. ELLISTON, till in 1815 he undertook the conduct of the elegant new theatre then lately erected at Lynn, in Norfolk. This county was the birth-place of our fair heroine, she having been born at Norwich, on the 21st of January, 1799. Her education was such as became a lady who never evinced a deficiency of talent, and the circumstances and situation of whose parents entitled her to look forward to a respectable society and establishment. Her early years were distinguished only by the display of those amiable and engaging qualities of mind and person which then began to excite that esteem which she has never failed to command amongst all those who have ever had the pleasure of her acquaintance. So far from testifying the slightest propensity for the stage, she had uniformly expressed for it a dislike approaching to aversion, till her father undertook the management of the Lynn Theatre, when her amiable solicitude to contribute what she then suspected to be her feeble mite towards its success, and to relieve her father from the burden of at least one out of ten children, extorted from her a wish to try her powers in the profession he had always followed. Equally averse either from urging or cramping her genius, he expressed his acquiescence and left the choice of character to herself. After some little hesitation *Desdemona* was fixed on, and as Mr. C. KEMBLE was then playing at Lynn he was cast for

Othello. This *débüt* took place on the 15th March, 1815, Miss B. being then but 16 years of age. The town of Lynn comprizes a most respectable, and in some measure, a literary society; they are liberal encouragers, and at the same time, correct judges of theatrical merit. Never was judgment more unequivocally pronounced; the applause and admiration of the audience amounted to rapture; Mr. C. KEMBLE declared that he never witnessed so successful, so promising a *débüt*. In years comparatively infantine, and to the stage quite new, she seemed to start into the possession of powers which years of study are sometimes in vain devoted to attain.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy of this performance her father with a nicety of discrimination, which has always characterised him, fancied that her peculiar excellence tended more towards genteel comedy, and that her talents would be more decidedly successful in giving the living portraits of the best female characters that our finest comic writers have produced. He advised her to attempt *Letitia Hardy*, and in compliance with this suggestion she undertook the study, and shortly after her first performance, played this part to the same audience. Gratifying as had been her first reception it was exceeded on this occasion, and the applause she received in this character stamped her a child of the comic muse, to be devoted to comedy's purest and most refined school.

After performing two or three characters with equal success, Miss B. was engaged by Mr. ELLISTON to play at Birmingham, where she had the satisfaction of performing *Letitia Hardy* to the only performer who adequately represents the refined and elegant *Doricourt*. She subsequently appeared at the several theatres of Worcester, Shrewsbury, and Leicester; continuing the same career of success she had so happily begun, and increasing in experience and renown. Her father, sensible of the advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the stage and of the complete self-possession which it alone could give, would gladly have withheld her from the ordeal of a London audience till she had overcome that diffidence which resulted from the natural modesty

of her disposition ; but which is sometimes so embarrassing to a performer. The delight, however, which Mr. HARRIS (the then proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre) had experienced from witnessing some of her performances filled him with impatience to present her to the audience of his own theatre. At his solicitation she came to town and made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in *Letitia Hardy*, on the 12th of September, 1817, which we well remember to have witnessed. The London audience did but confirm the judgment which had been so unanimously passed in the country, and nothing could exceed the brilliancy and enthusiasm of her reception.

Her delineation of the part was such as to excite a very favourable impression ; it was chaste and pleasing, and of great promise. In the assumed rusticity of the character she kept laudably within the modesty of nature, and with sufficient of the droll to evince comic talent of the first order, did not overcharge the picture. In the masquerade she danced a minuet in a manner that justifies our opinion of her gracefulness.

Her next appearance was in the charming character of *Rosalind*, so peculiarly adapted to the excellence of Miss BRUNTON's style of acting. In the former part she had danced the *Minuet de la Cour*, instead of singing a song, and it had therefore been presumed that she could not sing. The bill which announced her for *Rosalind* made no mention of the *Cuckoo Song* incidental to the character, and the audience therefore did not expect it. When the symphony was commenced a pleasing surprise was excited amongst them, which her execution of it converted into the most rapturous applause. Sweetness of voice, correctness of execution, depth of feeling, and delicacy of taste are the distinguishing traits of her vocal performance. *Violante*, *Olivia Beatrice*, *Lydia*, *Miss Hardcastle*, and some other characters have sufficed to draw forth her talents and fix her rank in the estimation of the public. In the latter character we verily believe she has no rival, it is a performance of the chastest description, and may challenge competition, with that of any actress by whom it has been played.

Her principal claim to general approbation is founded on her natural and spontaneous adoption of the best school of acting; too young to play from imitation she brings to mind strong recollections in the old admirers of Mrs. ABINGDON and Miss FARREN. That chaste, lady-like style of acting which displays all requisite vivacity, removed from forwardness and flippancy, a natural and fascinating playfulness, an interesting *nai-vete*, and a refined taste, combined with all necessary energy and correct feeling are the qualifications we have always admired in Miss B.; and there is added to this a charm which we can resolve into no other than the old expressive French epithet of a *je ne sçai quoi*, which pervades her acting and distinguishes it from any other performer of the present day.

The impression which her performances made on the public was such as to induce Mr. HARRIS to conclude a three years' engagement with her at a liberal salary, during which period she continued to delight by the novelty and brilliancy of her exertions. At the conclusion of the term she took a very extensive tour, comprehending in her rout the towns of Birmingham, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. &c. which we are happy to say proved as satisfactory to those who had the delight of witnessing her astonishing progress, as it proved lucrative to herself. At the conclusion of her theatrical engagements her father opened the West London Theatre on his own account. Miss B. became the principal focus of attraction to a considerable part of the fashionables at the West end of the town. An account of her performances at this house will be found, on referring to our Vol. III. pages 243 *et seq.* and Vol. IV. p. 50.

Miss BRUNTON has lately become the wife of Mr. YATES, the actor, of Covent Garden, and we trust that she will experience that happiness in the married state which her amiable qualities so well entitle her to: we have correctly ascertained that those qualities which adorn private life and are most displayed in domestic and social relations are no less conspicuous in this young lady than the force of talent which delights the public; that she can *be* as well as *act*, the amiable woman.

If in perusing the memoir of this young lady we have insensibly produced her panegyric, it is candour and sincerity which has drawn it from us; we are confident our readers will admit its justice, and that it is but the echo of their own feelings. There is nothing wanting in her performances which time and experience may not supply. She is a fine spirited woman, whose capacity has enabled her to turn to the best advantage the dramatic instructions she has received from her father, and it gives us sincere pleasure to find we are likely for the future to have the gratification of seeing her a regular supporter of the regular drama, as she has accepted an engagement at one of the London theatres, together with her husband.

The author of "*Theatrical Portraits*" has given us a pleasing portrait in the following elegant tribute to

MISS BRUNTON.

The God of Love from Venus wandered far,
His friend was Hope, his guide the evening star:
On beds of flowers the dews of twilight wept,
Nor woke a child who on some roses slept;
Its little arms a mass of flowers embraced;
Upon its breast a beauteous dove was placed;
With fond attention and with aspect mild,
It seem'd to guard the slumbers of the child;
And all who saw that infant and that dove
Thought that 'twas Virtue keeping watch o'er Love.

THALIA passed, and CUPID smil'd to see
The playful goddess of gay Comedy;
They then invited, and enraptur'd came,
To rear this lovely HEBE up to fame;
One taught the babe his tend'rest, dearest wiles,
The other dress'd its little cheeks with smiles.
And thus, when thou wert born, sure Love was by,
Imparting radiance to thy sparkling eye;—
THALIA gave thee every pleasing art,
And nature's sun-beams glanced along thy heart.

Hail, beauteous *Rosalind* ! with every grace :
 Youth in thy person, beauty in thy face !
 Thou well may'st charm with that bewitching tongue
 Sorrow from age—and fond hearts from the young ;
 Thy mien is graceful, and thine eye as bright
 As the first star that decks a Summer's night ;
 And, O ! a smile upon thy cheek reposes,
 Sweetly as CUPID on a bed of roses.

Fair *Lydia* still pursue thy bright career ;
 Let others rob us of the sigh and tear ;
 Whilst thou, more kindly, from the cheek of care
 Shall banish grief, and place Hope's dimple there.

Oh ! long may'st thou survive to charm the age
 As *Lady Teazle*, and *Orsino's* page !
 And when at last you quit the busy scene,
 May smiling Friendship, with a brow serene,
 Give thee a welcome to her radiant shrine,
 And with her beams illumine thy life's decline.



THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

—
 No. XVI.
 —

THE GRECIAN HEROES,

IN TWO ACTS.

(*Concluded from page 136.*)

— ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Tent of AMURATH.*

Enter AMURATH.

Am. The tardy morn at length approaches. Time
 has methinks changed his feathered pinions for wings of

lead. No news of IRENE. I've sent a body of horse who lie in ambush to take advantage when the blow is struck. MAHOMET grant IRENE a safe and happy return.—OSMAN,

Enter OSMAN.

seest thou from the hills any stir in the Grecian camp?

Os. All, my lord, appears tranquil.

Am. Hie thee again and quick return.

Os. I will, my lord.

Am. She should have returned long ere this. IPSILANTI dead we've nought to fear—the fires of his energy once extinct the flame of liberty will expire for ever. *(a shout)* Hark! she comes—she comes—*(another shout)* the day is ours. IRENE, IRENE—*(runs to the door of the tent and is met by OSMAN conducting ODYSSEUS prisoner—AMURATH starts back)* where is IRENE, my wife.

Os. Since yester eve I have not seen her—here, my lord, I have—

Am. Fool!—Is there no monk among the troop?

Os. What monk, my lord? This prisoner has been seized at the outposts by the watch.

Am. And who art thou?

Od. ODYSSEUS!

Am. Ah!—Where's IPSILANTI?

Od. A few hours since well in his tent—ere long he'll give thee a meeting.

Am. She has failed, she has failed—didst thou, didst thou see or hear aught of a friar?

Od. I did, and, suspecting him to be some villain in disguise, I pursued the wretch, who bent his hasty course towards thy camp.

Am. So far 'tis well. Art thou not he who lately fled from Selim?

Od. I am.

Am. So ever fly the prophet's foes!—Could I but gain this chieftain, IPSILANTI yet might fall. Greek can only be opposed by Greek *(Aside)*. Art thou no weary of a successful cause?

Od. I do not understand thee. If aught of weary-ness proceeds thence, 'tis thou must feel it.

Am. Pitying the fatal error of thy countrymen our gracious Sultan restrains his mighty vengeance; but beware they tempt him not too long. E'en now he purposes to annihilate thy nations.

Od. Pity, sayest thou: keep pity for thyself, for much thou needst it. Pity! was't pity then that caused the murderous massacre of Scios; was't pity that bereaved wives and husbands and made children orphans? 'Twas kind, 'twas very kind, knowing this world has much of care and trouble in it, to send its unhappy creatures from so bad a state. Think not, however, we are wanting in that benignant feeling—we too can pity. The noble IPSILANTI, pitying your long and doubtless stay amongst the Thessalian hills, is willing to rouse your slumbering energies and give you such another meeting as late he gave you when you, fearful of destroying so many precious lives, fled with your numerous host—in pity fled.

Am. Young man, didst thou love thy country thou wouldst wish it peace.

Od. 'Tis peace we wish for, but not the peace that thou canst offer. Hast ever marked that sweet serenity of nature, when the sun's fervid rays are tempered by the soft breath of Zephyrs; when the light quivering of the leaves; the dulcet melody of the feathered choir; the rippling of the peaceful waters; soften each harsher feeling of the soul without enervating its vigor? refreshing peace like this we could and will obtain, though bought with life itself. The peace thou offerest is like that oppressive, deceitful calm which ever precedes the terrors of the storm.

Am. Be wise while yet thou mayst. Forsake a cause which only lives thus in our forbearance, ere thou art buried in its ruins. The Sultan offers dignity and wealth unlimited if thou wilt lend thy aid to crush this rash rebellion.

Od. Dignity and wealth! What dignity can atone for loss of virtue. Mistaken man! dost think that dignity consists in empty titles, gaudy trappings, or superfluous retinue? True dignity dwells in the soul. The man of strictest rectitude of heart, whose every

thought and feeling bows to virtue's call—this man is dignified indeed. This man can never be ashamed; amidst the tumults and contentions of the world he feels tranquil and serene; fixed as a rock, the invading billows only tend to shew his fortitude and strength. With all thy pompous titles and mighty power to do ill thou hast no dignity: mean, servile servant of a slave, go tell thy master I am above all price that he can offer, with all his power and wealth.

Am. Insolent slave! dost thou remember thou art in my power—the rack will soon subdue thy haughty spirit.

Od. Bring forth thy rack and every torturing engine which malignant cruelty has invented; I defy them all. Stretch every limb till dislocation follows—tear my flesh piece-meal, what will it avail? what, though my flesh may quiver and agonizing sweat bedew my brow, and drop from every pore, there's that within me thou canst not injure; the immortal spirit which animates this breast thou canst not touch, and though this external form may be disfigured by torture my soul will still remain unchanged; will still spurn at all thy base and sordid offers and teach me to meet my death with triumphant fortitude.

Am. Wouldst thou not live to save thy country?

Od. Never! if life is to be purchased with dishonor. Art thou astonished at my conduct? Know, tyrant, that at this moment thousands of Greeks boast of a spirit unconquerable as mine; thousands will this day prove that I stand not alone in ardent love of liberty and firm contempt of death.

Am. Away with him—see that he be well secured.

[*Exit OSMAN and ODYSSEUS.*]

One pillar of the Grecian cause is gone, and had but IRENE destroyed the other great support, little reason should I have to fear the event of the approaching battle. Where does she linger?

Enter IRENE, hastily.

Ha! hast thou at last returned. Thy lengthened stay gives me some hopes.

Irene. Safely I reached the Grecian camp, and stood before the tent of IPSILANTI.

Am. What then?

Irene. The sweet tranquillity that reigned around softened my heart, and when I saw the wife of noble IPSILANTI issue from his tent—saw her lift her eyes to heaven, and heard her pray for IPSILANTI's life, I cast the deadly weapon from my hand and fled.

Am. Well no matter; one of the bravest of the Grecian chiefs has been taken while in pursuit of thee; so far thou'st done us service. Retire to the tent's extreme recess. I will no longer idle here remain, but straight proceed to action.—If thou art indeed a prophet, MAHOMET, crown thy faithful followers with victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—IPSILANTI'S Tent.

Enter ISMENA.

Is. At length the fatal day's arrived that may decide the fate of Greece. How sinks my soul with fearful apprehension as I behold each warlike preparation. Oh, could I but be assured that IPSILANTI will not fall amidst the shafts of death I should feel now at ease.

Enter IPSILANTI.

Ip. So! ODYSSEUS is missing from the camp; I fear his adventurous courage, anxious to make amends for his late mishap, has led him into danger—(*sees ISMENA.*) Dearest ISMENA, smooth thy careful brow and do not wear a face so full of sorrow and despair. Something within me whispers that this day will prove most happy for the cause of Greece.

Is. Pray heaven it may be so; and yet misdoubting fear has so seized my mind that all my thoughts are full of dire imaginings; our force is small compared with the vast host of AMURATH.

Ip. 'Tis so; but then our little band is full of fiery souls whose courage and contempt of death is scarcely equalled by their love of freedom: with us each soldier is a hero, while every leader on the adverse side is but a mercenary slave.

Is. Oh! that it were possible—

Ip. What means my dear ISMENA?

Is. Only to say—that if another leader could supply your place this day—

Ip. Nay, ISMENA, your fears have overcome your better reason. you would not wish that he to whom the state has delegated the conduct of its armies should, in the hour of extreme need, be found deficient in his duty.

Is. Oh, no—forgive me for the thought. Shall I bring your sword?

Ip. Do so, and try your skill in arming me. (*Exit ISMENA, and returns with the sword which she buckles on.*) That is well. Come forth my honest blade (*draws*) which ne'er was stained but in my country's cause.

Is. You will be careful of your precious life—you'll think of my anxious fears in the hour of danger.

Ip. I will—I will. (*Trumpet.*) Hark! I am summoned—Adieu, dearest ISMENA; do not give way to groundless fears; I shall soon return, crowned, I trust, with victory.—Heaven bless thee! (*Trumpet.*)

Is. Good angels guard thee! [*Exit IPSILANTI.* Oh! would that this day were past, and yet I fear the night. Oh! that deep sleep would close these eyes and I could wake when all was over, and greet my IPSILANTI crowned with triumph. In a few short moments the dreadful work of war will be begun. How many like myself on either side will wait in breathless expectation the portentous day's event. I will to some commanding height whence I may view the scene of horror and of blood.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A Turkish Tent—ODYSSEUS, in chains.*

Od. By this time the armies must have met—curse on my rash imprudence that led to this confinement; would I were endowed with Herculean strength to rend these bonds and burst my prison door. Oh! that such a day as this should pass and I obliged to rest inactive. All my late efforts for the cause of Greece have been without avail, and now that a day has come in which my country calls for all her champions I am chained and

barred from glory—(*clashing of swords*) hark! the contest approaches the camp—oh! that I may be delivered ere the fight is over.

IPSILANTI *rushes in.*

Od. **IPSILANTI!** (*They embrace.*)

Ip. This instant have I heard of your confinement and hastened to set you free. Victory as yet inclines on neither side! (*Unloosing ODYSSEUS' chains.*)

Od. Thank Heaven I shall yet participate in the glory of the day.—Give me a sword!

Ip. You shall have one—follow me! [*Exeunt*

SCENE.—*The Field of Battle.—Alarums and Excursions.*

Enter **OSMAN.**

Os. Some demon sure sustains the tardy Greeks; in vain fresh troops are brought against them; immoveable they stand and defy the out numbering hosts that, like the Danube o'erswelled by frequent rains, pour down upon them. My master, **AMURATH**, like an infuriate lion, rages in search of **IPSILANTI**, who bears down all before him.—Ah! and see! the valiant **AMURATH**, encircled by a host of foes. Assist me, Prophet, to save him. [*Exit hastily.*

Enter **ODYSSEUS** *with a Turkish Standard.*

Od. Some proof at least I've got to shew I've not been idle. This precious trophy carried to a place of safety, my thirsty sword shall drink more Moslem blood. [*Exit.*

Enter **IPSILANTI.**

Ip. Thrice have I been within the reach of **AMURATH**, and thrice have we been separated—

Enter **AMURATH.**

Ah! have I at length found thee, rebel! slave! (*They fight.*)

OSMAN *runs across the stage, followed by ODYSSEUS.* *Alarums, shouts of Victory! Victory!*

SCENE.—*Tent of IPSILANTI.**Enter ISMENA.*

Is. The day now wears apace and who has gained the victory will soon be known. How I tremble with apprehension, (*Distant shout.*) Hark! I hear the Grecian shout, (*music at a distance*) the day is ours, Heaven be praised! But, ah! how many widows will mourn their hapless lot! agonizing thought; I dare not go forth and meet them—(*music nearer.*) Oh! sickening delay. A few moments and—(*loud music.*)

(*ISMENA stands looking towards the door of the tent, in breathless anxiety.*)

Enter IPSILANTI; ODYSSEUS, with the standard.

AMURATH and OSMAN Prisoners.

Ip. ISMENA! My dear ISMENA!

Is. And are you indeed safe.

Ip. I am, and cannot boast of wounds though our trophies are not few or mean. (*pointing to the prisoners and the standard.*) The remnants of the Turkish host have fled in wild disorder and all the camp is ours. From our example, let other nations learn who groan under tyrannic sway, that valour and union alone are needed to overthrow the mightiest despot of the earth.

(*Curtain falls.*)

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## DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

—  
No. XI.  
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### 1.—*The Ancient Drama.*

The first comedy was acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by SAFFARIAN and DOLON, 562 years before CHRIST; those of TERENCE were first performed 154 years

before CHRIST; the first in England was in the year 1551. Tragedy was first acted at Athens, in a waggon, 535 years before CHRIST, by THESPIs, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who, as they danced, sung hymns to the praise of BACCHUS; and that the people should have some new diversions, introduced an actor, who, between every two songs, repeated some discourse on a tragical subject.—This actor's discourse was called the episode. THESPIs also furnished satire with actors, and HORACE says he brought forth his satyrs in an uncovered chariot, where they rehearsed their poems, their faces being daubed with dregs of wine, or according to SUIDAS, painted with cerose and vermillion, to represent the satyrs, who are represented with a rod and high coloured visage. The episode meeting with a kind reception amongst the people, ÆSCHYLUS introduced two actors, and SOPHOCLES added a third, which brought tragedy into its full perfection.

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## 2.—*Theatre at Lima.*

The theatre which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greater part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed exclusively of men, and that in the galleries of women, a fashion borrowed, I believe, from Madrid, the intermediate space being filled with several rows of private boxes. Between the acts the Viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal that he may be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his cigar, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time, for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette.—The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let

loose, and the cloud of smoke rising immediately afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important.—I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes also smoke on these occasions; and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff behind her fan. The Viceroi's presence or absence, however, produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening.

*Captain Hall's Journal.*

### 3.—*Theatre at Paris.*

We went to the Théâtre Français and saw TALMA and DUCHESNOIS. The play was "*Regulus*." Let him be judged, as is fair, upon the principles, and after the fashion of the drama of the French, and I should think TALMA the finest actor in the world. He is more majestic, more tender, more overpowering than KEMBLE; his figure is as great, though perhaps not so correct, and his voice is inexpressibly touching. But I saw none of the workings of KEAN's face, none of that fearful agony of the upper lip, none of the tremulous agitations of his hands and breast; TALMA's great feat was to thrust his fingers into his eyes, and to show the whites to the people.—DUCHESNOIS is a plain woman, yet she equals O'NEILL in many things; in some surpasses her. I have never heard such an unaffected, yet afflicting change of voice from declamation to grief. Every accent could be heard distinctly. The play, upon the whole, was certainly better acted than in England. There was no *bad* acting.

*Amoii's Letters from France.*

### 4.—*Theatre in the Sandwich Islands.*

CAMPBELL's account of an attempt made during his residence on these islands, to introduce theatrical amusements among the inhabitants is curious. "A theatre," says he, "was erected under the direction of JAMES BEATTIE,

the king's block maker, who had once been on the stage in England. The scenes, representing a castle and a forest, were constructed of different coloured pieces of *tapa*, cut out and pasted together. I was present on one occasion at the performance of '*Oscar and Malvina*.' This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by BEATTIE. The part of *Malvina* was performed by the (native) wife of ISAAC DAVIS, a Welchman, who had resided twenty years in the Sandwich Islands. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending no farther than to the words yes and no, her speeches were confined to those monosyllables. She acted her part, nevertheless, with great applause.—The Fingalian heroes were represented by natives clothed in the Highland garb, also made of *tapa*, and armed with muskets.—The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the afterpiece, representing a naval engagement. The ships were armed with bamboo cannon, and each of them fired a broadside by means of a train of thread dipped in saltpetre, which communicated with each gun, after which one of the vessels blew up. Unfortunately the explosion set fire to the forest, and had nearly consumed the theatre."

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#### 5—*Opera House at Stockholm.*

When the Opera House at Stockholm was on fire, the king, who was present, was saved by the presence of Madame KAYSER, an actress. Already the machinery at the end of the stage was in flames, without the audience knowing of it, when Madame KAYSER gradually approached the royal box without interrupting her singing or action. At first she made signs to the king, who did not understand her, she then, seizing a favorable moment, said to him in a low voice, "Leave the Théâtre, Sire, it is on fire." The king instantly quitted the house; when, after giving him time to escape the crowd, she vociferated, "Fire!" and gaining her box threw herself out of a window, which not being very high from the ground, she escaped without injury.

6.—*Hamlet.*

Copies of this play as printed in 1604, are so scarce that its existance has been doubted, especially as it is certainly believed never to have been inspected by Mr. MALONE. However we are assured a copy exists in the collection by the late Mr. KEMBLE, and now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. We give the title as a proof that SHAKSPEARE announced it as an "enlarged" edition:—"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark; by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was according to the true and perfect coppie. At London, Printed by J. R. for N. L. and are to be got at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, 1604." 4to.

*Times, 15th Jan. 1825.*

7.—Mrs. HORNBY, *the descendant of SHAKSPEARE.*

This Mrs HORNBY, a very decent, nurse-like woman in her exterior, appears very singular in mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a tragedy of the battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The interlocutors' names are in initials, the P., K., D., Y. and the Marquis of W. She has made our ministry sitting in council, under the appellations of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Minister. In one act she has made BONAPARTE in Paris, and LOUIS a fugitive; in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing BONAPARTE's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation; she composes whenever she cannot sleep; and says that she has written some beautiful verses on the comet; but not satisfied with them, she has turned them into a play, and made SHAKSPEARE the comet. She says she often alters what she does, and that every body admires her publications. She writes a fair hand, and in her style of speaking there is no predominant vulgarity; but there

is nothing in it that can distinguish her from persons of her own class. In speaking to me she always called me "Lady" and began the sentence with it:—"Lady, I can shew you;" or, "Lady, if you will please to look." I bought of her a play. She said she had never been in London. She spoke with pleasure of seeing SHAKSPEARE'S plays, but with no discrimination; she was sure there were none like them. Speaking of her children, she called them "the little SHAKSPEARE'S;" adding, "We call them all SHAKSPEARE'S!"

*Miss Hawkin's Anecdotes.*

#### 8.—*Female Characters on the Stage.*

It is well known that in the time of SHAKSPEARE, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented by boys or young men. However strange this may appear to those who have been accustomed to see the women's parts performed by females, it should be remembered, that in the infancy of the English stage, whole plays were performed by the boys of Queen ELIZABETH'S Chapel, as is now the case occasionally at Westminster and other great schools; and one boy (S. PARY), who died in his thirteenth year, was so admirable an actor of *old men* that BEN JONSON, in his elegant epitaph on him, says the fates thought him one, and therefore cut his thread of life:—

"Yeeres he numbered scarce thirteen, when Fates'  
turn'd cruel,

Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he been the stage's jewell;  
And did act (what we do mourn) old men so duely,  
As sooth, the *Parcæe* thought him one, he play'd so  
truely.

So, by error, to his fate they all consented;  
But viewing him since (alas, too late!) they have re-  
pentèd,

And have sought (to give new birth) in bathes to steep  
him;

But, being much too good for earth, heaven vows to  
keep him."



This celebrated child performed originally in JONSON's "*Cynthia's Revels*," and "*Poetaster*," in the years 1600 and 1601.

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9.—*Dr. Goldsmith.*

The death of this eminent writer is thus announced in one of the journals of the time.

1774. April 4.—Died Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—*Deserted* is the *Village*; the *Traveller* hath laid him down to rest; the *Good-Natured Man* is no more: he *Stoops* but to *Conquer*; the *Vicar* hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson, from which the *Hermit* may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman* fortitude.

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10.—FOOTE v. HAYNE.

This cause has found insertion in the French Papers. "*The Journal des Debats*" begins a translation of this trial in the following terms:—

"Miss FOOTE, the first actress of Covent Garden Theatre, demanded £10,000 sterling with interest, from a very rich young man, named M. HAYNE, for having broken his promise of marriage. M. HAYNE, according to the expressions of his own Counsel, was a sort of *innocent*, who had been made a victim of a *coquette*; but, notwithstanding the certificate of *innocence* given to Monsieur HAYNE, by his own Advocate, he was condemned by the Jury to pay £3,000 sterling, 72,000 francs) damages, and costs."

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11.—BARTLEMAN.

The sale of this celebrated musician's music, began on the 20th of February, 1822, and continued eight days. It consisted of 1480 lots, and produced only £1400, although collected at a considerable expense.

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12.—*Improvement on ADDISON's "Cato."*

Every one is acquainted with that passage of ADDISON

in his tragedy of "*Cato* : "A day, an hour, of a virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage." Liberty appeared too cheaply estimated at this rate to a bookseller in Sunderland, who, some years ago, displayed a flag, on which was inscribed, "An hour's liberty is worth *more* than an eternity of bondage."

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### 13.—KEAN'S *Othello*.

Dumfries, January 4th. On Friday evening while Mr. KEAN was performing the part of *Othello*, and when just on the point of smothering *Desdemona*, a person in the pit, wound up to the very *acme* of interest, involuntarily started from his seat, exclaiming, in a tone not less impassioned than *Othello* himself, "Oh, the rascal! D—the villain; he is gaun to kill his own wife!" Had KEAN beheld the look and accompanying gestures with which this was spoken, he might justly have envied such an unpremeditated burst of natural eloquence; but at all events, it conveyed a compliment to his talents, than which he will, in all probability, never again receive a greater.

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### 14.—*The Butcher and the Passions*.

When KEAN paid his last visit to Ayr, his performance of *Othello* happened to be the subject of conversation in a shop, when a butcher, who was present, asked very gravely, whether Mr. KEAN spoke all he said out of his own head, or if he learned it from a book! Being told how the thing was, he exclaimed against paying to hear a man repeat what every one who could read might do as well as himself; an objection which was met by some one observing that the actor "did not only recite the play, but he delineated the various passions which belonged to the character." "Passions! passions!" cried he of the knife, "Gang to the fish-market, if ye want to see passions; thats the place for passions?"

15.—*Hayneous and Keanish Effusions.*

FOOTE v. HAYNE.

"May God strike me dead if ever I attempt to separate myself from you." *Vide Hayne's Letters.*

COX v. KEAN.

"I will hold my little darling to my heart and sleep in spite of *Thunder*."

"I must be the worst of villains if I could take that man by the hand against whom I meditated so serious an injury--you do not know me, COX."—*Vide Kean's Letters.*

16.—*The Wolves.*

Among Mr. KEAN's epistles to Mrs. COX, is one introducing to her Mr. CROOKE, an officer of the Wolves. It is generally, but may not be universally known, that a corps was originated at the commencement of Mr. KEAN's engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, consisting of men with Stentorian lungs, whose duty it was to laud him to the skies, and by shouting and howling, overwhelm all opposition.\* The system is pursued at both theatres on the first appearance of most actors and actresses, as well as on the first performance of a new tragedy, comedy, or farce.

17.—*Sterling Qualities.*

It is said KEAN has completely lost his *Footing* with the public, but that Miss FOOTE has been very *Kean* in drawing from HAYNE £3,000. This is a species of *refinement* only known to those who can *assay* the human character.

18.—*Audience Wit.*

On KEAN's re-appearance at Drury Lane Theatre (seven days after the trial) in *Richard III*, when he came to that part in which he offers the sword to *Lady Anne*,

\* Our correspondent, our readers are ware, is here in error. *Vide* vol. III. page 167.

some Stentor in the two shilling gallery roared out, "*Stick him! little breeches! stick him!*" followed by the cries of another strong-lunged Olympian, of, "Do ye think to cram crim. con. down our throats."—On the same evening a *lady*\* in the dress circle exclaimed on the appearance of the *Aldermen* in the play, "Off, off, ye horned cattle, off."

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### 19.—*Morality on, and off the Stage.*

Moral feeling is highly creditable to a people, but like all other feelings it displays strange, and sometimes unaccountable, aberrations. There has been no case in which it has more strikingly displayed its force than in the cause of the tumult at Drury Lane Theatre. The moral public, in the first instance, from mere desire of justice, crowd to the Court of King's Bench to hear the details of the filthy affair.—The husband, or his agents, from mere love of morality, supply the Newspapers with filthy letters, which were not read on the trial.—The Newspapers, through the mere love of morality, print these filthy productions, and wonder how any one could write them.—When KEAN's appearance is announced, the moral public wish to pay their three and sixpences and seven shillings to the offending manager, in order that they may gratify their moral rage by yelling till their moral faces are red.—The morality before the curtain, and the morality behind it, will soon be brought to their ordinary level. KEAN will be hissed off, or will make good his ground—it little matters which—while the prostitutes parade in the spacious saloons with their accustomed serenity, or overflow into the boxes, where they form a large part of the company.—Behind the scenes, the visits of gentle and noble patrons will go in the accustomed manner (so many proofs of the result of which have been lately brought to light); and the *tout ensemble* of decency and virtue which the Theatres Royal present to the world, will be restored to that

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\* A Query—*Printer's Devil.*

lustre, the slightest maculæ on the surface of which a moral and discerning public must be ever anxious to efface.

*Walworth, Jan. 31, 1825.*

W. S. P.



## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

—  
 “ I never fram'd a wish or form'd a plan  
 That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,  
 But in the Theatre I laid the scene.”  
 —

## DRURY LANE THEATRE.

—  
*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*  
 —

Dec. 28.—*Der Freischütz*—(Pantomime every evening).

29.—*Pizarro*.

30.—*Der Freischütz*.

31.—*Cabinet*.

Jan. 1.—*Siege of Belgrade*.

3.—*Henry VIII*.

4.—*Der Freischütz*.

5.—*Fatal Dowry* (revived).

This beautiful tragedy of MASSINGER's, was this evening performed, subject to the alterations and adaptions which were considered requisite for modern representation. Although by these ungracious operations we lose much of the fine original, yet, when it is considered that MASSINGER was not very choice as to the delicacy of his incidents, and that a tragedy of five hours' length in its performance was no unusual thing in his age, it must be admitted by the most enthusiastic lover of the elder dramatists, that something of omission, at least, is necessary; and where omissions are made,

the *hiatus* must have an occasional connecting interpolation: so that those who are anxious to see revived some of the best English plays, must submit to this condensation of incident, and departures, here and there, from the author's text. In the present instance these appear to have been done, we must confess, with a very free hand. It is a proud thing to feel that the present age knows how to appreciate the deathless works of the poets of olden time, and glad are we to find that managers, too, know how to estimate the taste and discernment of the public. In the dearth of living dramatic genius we have ever felt that this truth must come home to them at last. It could not be that, while intellect with gigantic stride had ranged over the whole continent of science and art, the imperishable remains of our earlier bards should remain closed from the sight of all save those who, in the luxury of the closet, enjoyed their rich store of dramatic truth and poetic power. We congratulate, therefore, the public and the managers too, on this successful revival.—The plot of this piece is so well known that a detail is superfluous.

6.—Der Freischütz.

7.—Fatal Dowry.

8.—Cabinet.

10.—Pizarro.

11.—Der Freischütz.

12.—Siege of Belgrade.

13.—Der Freischütz.

14.—Merry Wives of Windsor.

15.—Cabinet.

17.—Pizarro—Spoiled Child—Pantomime.

18.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.

19.—FALL OF ALGIERS [1st time.]—*Ibid.*

This Opera is made up of very slight materials, although its performance was not over till eleven o'clock. Story, plot, or incident, it cannot boast: and in situation (as the players term it) it is lamentably deficient. The first act introduces *Algernon Rockwardine* (HORN) to our notice, and he details to *Timothy Tourist* (HARLEY), the story of his woes—of his early marriage, and his father's displeasure. *Timothy*, however, endeavours to

lighten the weight of their captivity, and determines, when liberated, upon publishing an account of the treatment of slaves under the mild government of the Algerines. *Algernon's* wife, *Amanda*, (Miss GRADDON) was also made a captive, and *Orasmin* (SAPIO), one of the *Dey's* chief officers, falls deeply in love with her. He presses his suit, but in vain; *Algernon* is within his grasp, but he promises him freedom if he will resign her to the loving arms of the Algerine. *Algernon*, like most other scenic lovers, determines rather to die than live without his wife, and *Orasmin* threatens him with instant death. At this critical moment the English fleet heaves in sight, commanded by the father of *Algernon*, and the *Dey* consents to the liberation of all the Christian captives. *Orasmin*, however, determines to make *Amanda* his property, and refuses to obey his master's order. The bombardment of the citadel then commences, and in a few moments *Amanda* is restored to her husband, and the Admiral has the pleasure of rescuing a son, whose fate he had long considered as hopeless. There is also a love affair between *Timothy Tourist* and *Lauretta* (Miss STEPHENS); but *Cogi*, an old servant of the Governor's, is smitten with her beauty, and has her placed as an attendant upon *Amanda*, in the Harem, until a fitting opportunity occurs for making her his wife. She yields a pretended consent to his addresses, and he, in the excess of his love, gives her sundry jewels which he had purloined from his master. These jewels she speedily transfers to *Timothy*, and aids his escape, by furnishing him with the cloak in which she was to have passed the guard herself, on her way with *Cogi*, to take shipping for England. This, we may remark, is the only solitary situation in the Opera. TERRY played a testy old Admiral, who will not bear contradiction, in his usual iron manner; and HARLEY was, what he always is, humorous and active. SAPIO and HORN were in excellent voice, and to say of Miss STEPHENS, and Miss GRADDON, that they sung well, is what every one who has ever heard them will readily believe. Most of the songs were *encored*, and all undeservedly; one-half of them might be omitted, and if

the opera were compressed into two acts, it might have a chance of prolonged existence. The dialogue is unpretending, and the music without character or novelty. The house was crowded, and the opera was announced for repetition. The scenery was beautiful.

20.—Der Freischütz—Spoiled Child—Ibid.

21.—Fall of Algiers—Pantomime.

22.—Ibid—Ibid.

24.—Richard III.—Ibid.

As we have given an account of Mr. KEAN's reception this evening in our last, it will be unnecessary for us to enlarge further upon the circumstances attending it; but we conceive that we should not be acting with due justice to our readers or to that admirable performer did we let slip the present opportunity of saying a few words on the injustice with which he has been treated.

The outrageous attempts which have been made to sacrifice Mr. K. to a *pretended* regard for public morals, brings forcibly to mind the sarcastic arguments published by SWIFT in support of his "*Project for the advancement of religion and morals.*" In his time there was a great outcry raised against the progress of vice and immorality, which, it was affirmed, were on the point of producing the ruin of the state. *Cant* has been in all ages a thriving profession, and there has, therefore, never been any lack of professors. It is certainly a very easy mode of acquiring a character for humility, by preaching patience to the sufferer, and for virtue, by heaping contumely and persecution on those who have strayed from the right path. It may be questioned, however, whether the interests of society would not be more surely promoted by less violence of conduct on the part of those who hold themselves qualified to assume the censorial office over their neighbours. It may be reasonably doubted, we think, whether, on such occasions, *malignity* does not wear the garb of purity in order to satiate its dislike of the individual under pretence of its abhorrence of the offence committed by that individual. The conduct of "*The Times*," newspaper, with regard to Mr. K. we consider to be of this description—hatred and revenge lurk under the specious pretext



of supporting the cause of morals and religion. Vice, certainly, can be justified nowhere. Any sentiment which countenances it, ought less to be tolerated *on the stage* than any where; and it is against such sentiments, whenever they occur, that an audience ought to point their reproof; and to the credit of a British audience, they rarely, if ever, fail to do so. But he knows little of the world who does not foresee the mass of mischief that would arise were this censorial power extended from the scenic language of *the actor* to the private life of *the man*. An inquisition would inevitably grow out of it, which, in a free country, could not be borne with; we should usurp an authority fraught with the worst evils of oppression. The manager of a theatre, for instance, has at all times an immense capital embarked in any engagement made with a celebrated performer. Are we justified in visiting the moral offence of the one upon the other, and involving *both* in ruin? Is an opera to be lost through the delinquency of a first-rate singer; or a pantomime to be laid aside by the dissipation of the harlequin? The common affairs of life could not go on upon such a destructive principle, and, if we were to take a more extended view of the consequences resulting from it, we should find it more dreadfully pernicious in its application than many of us on a cursory view of the subject at first sight conceive.

That we consider Mr. K.'s appearance so early after the trial as a step somewhat "too unadvised, too sudden," we are willing to allow—but the causes which led to this apparently premature act having been fully and satisfactorily explained by the manager, we must, in justice, give Mr. K. the benefit of such explanation, and we therefore cannot find him upon this head liable to the blame and imputations which have been cast upon him. The dangerous fallacy of treating Mr. K. as a public servant, in any other sense than that which would apply to the professors of any art or profession depending immediately on public favour and support, may be easily shewn. Mr. K. solicits the patronage of the public as the possessor of rare theatrical talents, and as the public finds he has or has them not, the patronage solicited is

granted or refused. *His talents only* form the groundwork of his claims on the public: without them, whatever might be the purity of his private life, he would infallibly and deservedly be hissed from the stage if he aspired to the same rank in his profession. The whole public *en masse*, and every individual in his circle, has an unquestionable right—or we ought rather to say, is imperatively bound, to exercise a censorial power over those who are properly subject to its authority, within such limits as would prevent this power from being abused as a pretext for an impertinent intrusion into every man's private affairs. Every servant who asks for confidence in his integrity, of course exposes his moral character to the most rigid scrutiny. It is a part of the condition on which we employ him, that he should live free from reproach, and we dismiss him if we find him unworthy. So it is with public servants whose morals constitute an essential portion of their titles to their stations. If they break the condition, they may be justly driven from the post they are no longer fit to occupy. But the case is wholly different with respect to men who offer us only the works of their genius in return for our patronage. For *their talents only* we patronize them, and *in proportion to the extent of their talents*. We have no right, with regard to such men, to constitute ourselves inquisitors into their private transactions. It is enough that we do not suffer our admiration of their talents to induce us to attempt to thwart the just operation of the laws against them, but let them be left to the just punishment those laws have provided. The doctrine of moral perfection is quite novel as applied to the stage. If Mr. K. had been the purest of men, but without the great talents he possesses, who would have cared whether he had passed the remainder of his days a wretched stroller, obtaining an occasional permission to play in a barn, and wandering a licensed vagrant through the country? But although it is admitted by all that he is the best living representative of many of SHAKSPEARE'S "divine enchantments," no man must endure his performance on pain of being accused of vice and immorality!! So much for the

detestable cant of the age! When the late GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, of celebrated memory, used to personate the crook-backed tyrant, who ever proposed to set on foot an investigation of his moral character, in order to determine whether he ought not to be hissed from the boards as an abandoned profligate? Who ever thought of judicially investigating the private characters of *any* of our actors or actresses? The very nature of the scenes they exhibit naturally leads them into the commission of acts which persons in other stations of life are not tempted with—and yet, generally speaking, we verily believe the stage at the present moment, as far as regards its members, to be a great deal more moral than in the “days of olden time.” That Mr. K. *is a public character*, is true; but he is only so in as much as his profession of necessity keeps him perpetually before the public, and in no other sense, but we must again repeat, that the public have no stake or interest in his character as a *private individual*; they are concerned with him only as an actor. It would, doubtless, be most desirable that his private character should be respectable and exemplary; but if it were so, would the theatrical public endure his defects as an actor, merely in consideration of his moral excellence as a man? certainly not. They would say, one and all, he may be a very worthy member of society *off* the stage, but we have no interest in him but while he is *on* the stage: we know him only as *Richard* or *Shylock*, or in whatever other character he undertakes to perform, and it is as he acquits himself, either ill or well, that we hiss or applaud him. On what ground, then, do the public journalists assume to summon him to *their* tribunal? Their affectation of moral susceptibility is abominable. We think that the moral character of the author of those scandalous articles in a certain paper would nearly balance that of Mr. K. if placed in the same scale. Our pages will not permit us to enter further on this subject, although we could say more upon it—but we think we have said quite enough to convince every unbiassed observer that Mr. K. is not deserving of the reprobation which these sticklers for morality have

endeavoured so unsparingly to heap upon him. He has been guilty of a crime—a crime never attempted to be palliated—for this crime the party injured has prosecuted him in a court of law, and a jury of his countrymen have subjected him, by their verdict, to the full penalty, which, after weighing the whole facts of the case, they conscientiously judged it to deserve. No rule of justice, therefore, warrants our bringing him *again to judgment* before a tribunal to which he is in no way amenable, and visit him with a *second* sentence, involving in it an infinitely more rigorous and afflictive punishment. Such sentiments have never characterized the people of England, and we sincerely trust they never will. They have too much good sense to allow them to set an example, either in the theatre or elsewhere, of a proceeding so unprecedented, so unauthorized, and so uncalled for. The principles of public liberty are interwoven inseparably with those of moral justice, and we can ill afford, in this age, to sacrifice either to the intrigues of an alderman's wife. We cannot better conclude, than by advising the public journalist above mentioned, (whose conduct has gained him an "infamous notoriety") in the words of holy writ, to "pluck out the mote from his own eye,"—and to our criminal actor to "go and *sin* no more."

25.—Der Freischütz—Invisible Girl—Ibid.

26.—Fall of Algiers—Pantomime.

27.—Der Freischütz—Invisible Girl—Ibid.

28.—*Othello*—Pantomime.

Though the audience of this night was relatively small to that of Monday, it seemed actuated by a spirit of more determined hostility and appeared to bring to the contest a much greater degree of system and organization. At the commencement of the evening tranquillity reigned throughout the house for some time, but the erroneous nature of this deceitful silence was, however, speedily proved by the act of a politician in the gallery, who, no doubt for the purpose of ascertaining the current of public opinion, exposed to view two placards, upon one of which was inscribed, in large letters, "KEAN for ever," upon the other, "Down with the

*Times.*" The display of these manifestoes was the signal of uproar, which lasted through the performance of the overture, and remained unabated when the actors appeared upon the stage. After this Mr. ELLISTON made his appearance for the purpose of addressing the audience, but upon his presenting himself, the tumult increased to an alarming degree, and not being able to obtain attention, he shortly retired. Upon his disappearance, the performers attempted to go through their parts, but in vain; their voices were drowned in the din that seemed to prevail through the entire house, and which, of course, reached its greatest limit upon the entrance of Mr. KEAN; it was then the partizans and opponents of this gentleman made their most strenuous efforts, and between the noisy approbation bestowed by the one party, and the censure lavished most unsparingly and boisterously by the other, it was impossible to hear a syllable.—After the conclusion of the scene, Mr. THOMPSON came forward to announce the performance of the ensuing evening, but the clamour rendered his efforts unavailing, and he retired. Mr. ELLISTON was recognized in the boxes, and loudly called for: he obeyed the call, and presented himself amidst loud applause. He stated, that if he were indulged with a hearing, he would give a full, and he made no doubt, a satisfactory explanation.—In the appearance of Mr. KEAN, at this particular time, he would be believed when he said he never felt such embarrassment as at that moment: his wish had ever been to contribute to the amusements of the public. In the present instance, a particular engagement was made by him with Mr. K., unavoidable in its nature, as subsequent arrangements had been entered into for other engagements. This was the cause of his appearance. He should also state that upon the Saturday previous to the public exposure of a late unfortunate transaction, he was informed by Mr. K.'s solicitor, to whom he made application, that no trial would take place, and consequently there would be no obstruction to Mr. K.'s appearance; upon this he wrote to Mr. K., and received an answer which proved Mr. K. to be as mindful of his (Mr. E.'s) interest as he was of his

own. Had he known that any disapprobation would have been felt by the public, in consequence of the transaction which took place on the Tuesday after the conversation he held with the solicitor, he would have avoided any thing that would give the public offence. Here a voice from the dress-box asked why Mr. K.'s appearance was required so soon. Mr. E. answered, because it was advertised previous to the transaction. (Loud applause followed this declaration). If he declined fulfilling the engagement he made with Mr. K., it would, he thought, be joining the party against him : this he would never do. The approbation testified by the audience proved to him that the disapprobation was confined to a small number. It had been asserted the house was packed by him ; this he solemnly denied. He denied it as he valued the character of a gentleman, which he trusted he had ever maintained. He would make one request, that the audience would honour Mr. K. with a hearing, and he was ready to enter into his own defence, if he were allowed. (Loud cries of " KEAN, KEAN.") Mr. E. retired, and in a short interval returned, conducting Mr. K. His appearance was distinguished by loud applause. He seemed agitated, and addressed the audience, as far as we could collect, as follows :—He did not appear before them, he said, to ask indulgence for his private errors ; for them he had been punished by the proper tribunal of his country. He appeared before them merely as the representative of SHAKSPEARE's characters, and he asked not a judgment upon the transactions of his private life, but the impartial decision of the British people upon his merits as an actor. If he did not enter into an explanation of certain occurrences of his life, it was from motives of delicacy, which they would appreciate, and not from any wish to spare himself a mortification, perhaps, well deserved. He might fall a professional victim to their verdict ; but he awaited their decision, and not that of a hostile and malignant press, whose utmost malice he was resolved to brave. Whatever that decision might be, he would hear it with respect, and, if against him, he would for ever retire from the stage. (Here he was evidently overpowered by his feelings.)

He withdrew amidst loud shouts of applause from every part of the house.

29.—Fall of Algiers—Ibid.

31.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts—Old and Young—Ibid.

The occurrences of this evening were nearly the same as those on the preceding appearances of Mr. KEAN—although the oppositionists were not near so noisy, and some parts of the play were listened to with attention.

Feb. 1.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.

2.—Ibid—THE ROSSIGNOL, or *Bird in the Bush*, a Ballet, [1st time]—Ibid.

The "*Fall of Algiers*" had been announced in the bills, but owing to the indisposition of Mr. SAPIO, the above opera was substituted.

3.—Ibid—Ibid—Ibid.

4.—Macbeth—Ibid—Ibid.

The tumults which had on the previous nights rendered this theatre a disgraceful scene of riot and confusion, were this evening "buried in oblivion," and the play and actor were received with loud shouts of approbation, and with scarcely a single interruption.

5.—Der Freischütz—Ibid—Ibid.

7.—Macbeth—Ibid—Ibid.

In consequence of the favourable reception he experienced on his last performance of this character, Mr. KEAN repeated it this evening, and performed throughout without the smallest interruption. During the evening the following curious hand-bill was handed round the boxes:

"The real friends of KEAN and the Drama are earnestly requested to remain seated, and to restrain their expressions of applause; thereby defeating the weak and despicable faction of the *Lying Mis—leading Journal*, whose Editor (righteous man!) is at this moment living in open adultery with another man's wife. What an admirable advocate for morality!—so pure!—so exemplary! Fie upon such cant!"

8.—Der Freischütz—Ibid—Ibid.

Feb. 9.—Fall of Algiers—Pantomime.

10.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

11.—Merchant of Venice—The Rossignol—Ibid.

12.—Fall of Algiers—THE SHEPHERD OF DERWENT VALE; or the Innocent Culprit. [1st time.]

This piece is from the pen of a Mr. LUNN. The story is infinitely absurd; and as extravagant as any thing that has appeared at the Cobourg or Surrey Theatres, and not by any means so well written. Dramatists now-a-days have a supreme scorn for grammar and good English, and they are pretty nearly on as bad terms with all proper sentiment and endurable wit. Mr. LUNN, in these respects, "wears the badge of all his tribe." As to character there is scarcely any pretence to it, and even the little that is pretended to is not much better than we usually encounter in the lobbies or at a masquerade. The characters of *Shock* and *Sir Wilfred* incline slightly that way, but the first is absurd and the last common-place. The plot is of such a simple description that a child might manufacture hundreds such:—At the opening of the piece we are introduced to a *Sir Wilfred Wayward* (ARCHER) who is a sad fellow, full of unholy desires and remorseful recollections; cruel, selfish, and treacherous; he is about to marry the heiress of *Lord Derwent*, but this event is delayed by the appearance of a travelling old soldier who comes charged with strange secrets, which touch nearly on the Baronet's life. These secrets are, that *Sir W.* having been a disobedient son was disinherited by his father in favor of a younger brother, and that this younger brother was "taken care of" in infancy by the provident *Sir Wilfred* so as to leave him (*Sir Wilfred*) incumbent of the hereditary property. This younger brother, however, was not dead, but only *slept*, or rather *watched*, for he was educated as a herdsman on *Sir Wilfred's* estate under the name of *Shock* (SHERWIN). The aforesaid old soldier prophesies to *Shock* a speedy advancement, and reveals to *Sir W.* his knowledge of the fatal secret. The Baronet murders the soldier and persuades poor *Shock* to pass for the assassin!!! The trial takes place and of course simpleton *Shock* is condemned and sentenced to death. (how awful!) But some documents are luckily discovered "in the nick o' time" which naturally



prove him to be the brother of *Sir W.*, and the real heir ; and the unhappy Baronet flings himself (in the midst of an assembled crowd and a pathetic discourse) from the summit of a precipice into a pasteboard torrent which pretends to tumble beneath. Of course he does not marry the *Hon. Miss Derwent*, nor do we learn (for at this highly interesting moment the curtain falls) who does.

Such an indifferent piece of business as this, is unworthy criticism, indeed we think we were the only ones in the house who knew any thing of the fatal catastrophe—as the whole of the audience seemed to be “all noddin, nid, nid, noddin” before the third scene had commenced.

SHERWIN played with a great deal of chastened humour and simple pathos, and the trifling success the piece has met with must be laid to the score of his talents and exertions. FITZWILLIAM was thrust into the wretched part of an Irish Jailor. He sung a vile song in a vile manner, and delivered some worn-out jokes with an appropriate consciousness of their second-rate quality. ARCHER made the funniest Baronet imaginable. Mrs. HUGHES, as *Mrs. Shock*, performed with much truth and simplicity, and two or three touches were given with a warmth and force which told highly in favour of her abilities. Miss I. PATON is a very harmless young lady without much to interest an audience and nothing to offend. We ought not to pass over Mr. YOUNGE (in the *Old Soldier*) without saying that he acted the little assigned to him with great propriety and effect. As to the merit of this drama, we must again repeat that it is of the meanest order ; it has nothing distinctive about it. We know nothing of the country except from the *title* ; nothing of the age, and nothing of the personages to which it belongs. The dresses are of the æra of the Norman Conquest, or the Crusades ; the *sentiments* are pretty nearly as old ; and the *jokes* (jokes !) several centuries older. The scenery, we are informed, represents the banks of the Derwent Water, and though charmingly painted would do as well for the Serpentine Water, the Lake of Geneva, or that of Otsego. It was but indifferently received.

14.—Merchant of Venice—Pantomime.

15.—Der Freischütz—Shepherd of Derwent Vale,

16. . Ash Wednesday (No Performance).

17.—MASANIELLO, *the Fisherman of Naples* [1st time.]—Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

A detailed account of the historical events upon which this play is founded has been already given in Vol. IV. page 43. From a perusal of which it will easily be conceived that a better superstructure on which to raise a tragedy of the first order could not be met with. The author of the present play however, (Mr. G. SOANE) has not, by any means, accomplished such a desirable event; and we are sorry to have to record its entire failure. From the well known abilities of the author we had expected it would have met with a far different fate. It would require no ordinary exertion of ingenuity to relate intelligibly the plot, for the whole play appeared to be a jumble of confused incidents, arising from, and tending to, one knows not what. The prevailing sins of our modern play-writers seem to be, that plot and incident are sacrificed to poetry and passion; or else the entire dependance is placed upon situation and effect, whilst the diction and narrative are deemed unworthy of attention. This play is of this description, and is therefore indebted to the scenery, music, and dresses for the patience with which it was listened to by a good-natured audience, who seemed reluctant to manifest their condemnation lest it should be construed into disapprobation of the principal actor. Towards the conclusion of the last act the general dissatisfaction became too apparent to be longer mistaken. The curtain fell amidst loud hisses, and when Mr. WALLACK appeared to announce it for a second representation, the disapprobation of the house manifested itself by cries of, "Off! off!" and Mr. W. very prudently made his bow and retired without re-announcing the play. The style of the piece is perfectly melo-dramatic, and more adapted for the *Surrey* or the *Cobourg* than for the meridian of Drury Lane. The part of *Masaniello*, played by KEAN, although the only one of real importance, possessed none of those fine points which he can touch with such happy effect, and

in which he electrifies his audience. He, however, played with his characteristic energy and discrimination; but it will be sufficient for us to say that even *he* was ineffective, although he was warmly applauded in several passages. With some alterations "*Masaniello*" might make an useful *afterpiece*, but as to success in its present form—impossible; and we are sorry to observe how little the author's fame will be improved by this his latest effort. The house was inconveniently crowded in every part.

18. No Performance.

19.—Fall of Algiers—My Uncle Gabriel.

21.—Richard III.—Pantomime.



## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*



Dec. 28.—John Bull—(Pantomime every evening)

29.—Der Freischütz.

30.—*Merchant of Venice*.

A Mr. J. RUSSELL, who, some four years ago, played low comedy characters at this and the Haymarket theatre, made his appearance in the character of *Shylock*—a part which Mr. KEAN has so peculiarly made his own, that it would seem presumption in any less distinguished performer to attempt it: we know the success of very great tragedians in the part has been but doubtful, and therefore we do not feel surprised that an actor of J. RUSSELL's talents should have completely failed. Mr. R. did not play one *scene* well: true he put something like feeling into a few sentences, but he fell off immediately afterwards. He made nothing of the first scene, nor of that with *Launcelot*, but parts of the scene on the Rialto, where he upbraids the friends of *Lorenzo* for aiding his daughter's flight, we never have

seen, nor wish to see, better played. In the judgment scene he was very ineffective: the applause he received on going out for the last time was very feeble, though he evidently had his friends in the house.

31.—Woman never Vext.

Jan. 1.—Der Freischütz.

3.—Isabella.

4.—As you like it.

5.—Der Freischütz.

6.—Clari—Animal Magnetism—Pantomime.

7.—Woman never Vext.

8.—Der Freischütz.

10.—Romeo and Juliet.

11.—As you like it.

12.—Iukle and Yarico.

13.—Inconstant.

14.—Woman never Vext.

15.—Der Freischütz.

17.—Hamlet.

18.—As you like it.

19.—Clari—Animal Magnetism—Pantomime.

20.—Inconstant.

21.—A Woman never vext.

22.—Der Freischütz.

24.—Hamlet.

Mr. C. KEMBLE this evening personated the character of *Hamlet*, and we consider it to be one of that gentleman's finest efforts. We are prevented from seeing him often in the part, by its being monopolized by our two first tragedians, and it is only when they are "wandering the provinces" that opportunity offers for his sustaining it. The opening soliloquy was finely delivered, and the line

"Let me not think—frailty, thy name is woman!"

with admirable effect. His scenes with *Ophelia* were full of tenderness and pathos; different and certainly more natural than the vehemence of KEAN. His graceful attitudes told well in the scenes with the ghost, but the closet scene is undoubtedly Mr. KEMBLE's best. The sarcasm and energy with which he taunts the *Queen*,

and the flashes of filial tenderness when the recollection comes across him that it is his mother whose heart he is torturing; and when he is wavering between duty and affection, when the spirit recalls him to his former sense of justice, and leaves him fixed in the resolution of revenge, the acting was admirable. These are extremely difficult points, and call for every power to be put forth. It is necessary that the actor have a nice discrimination whereby he may discover the line between the energy of the passions, and what is generally termed rant: by keeping within the boundary he maintains the interest, but one step beyond it destroys completely all the illusion of the scene. To this we need only add, that Mr. KEMBLE finely preserved every minutia of the character, and well merited the approbation which his performance elicited. Mr. BENNETT's *Horatio* was very good. BLANCHARD's *Polonius* excellent. *Laertes*, though short, is nevertheless a character requiring considerable talent in its personator—Mr. MASON is wholly unfit for it. Mr. FAWCETT's *Grave-digger* possessed great humour. The *Ophelia* of Miss M. TREE is a beautiful performance; nothing can be more interesting and affecting than the manner in which she distributes the flowers. The plaintive tone and soul-subduing melody with which she sings the poetical lines, claim great praise. The house was remarkably well attended.

25.—As you like it.

26.—Clari—Animal Magnetism—Pantomime.

27.—Much ado about Nothing.

28.—A Woman never Vext.

29.—Der Freischütz.

31.—Henry IV.

Feb. 1.—Native Land.

2.—Clari—Charles II—Pantomime.

3.—School for Scandal.

4.—Der Freischütz.

5.—Belle's Stratagem—Duel.

The fullest house of this season, indeed of any season within our experience, assembled this evening. The performance was not the attraction; the overruling anxiety was to be present at the re-appearance of Miss Foote. A more intense interest could not have been dis-

played: it was without parallel in the records of theatrical history. For many weeks past every seat in the boxes—of the dress circle—of the first circle—in the slips—all were engaged, and would have been engaged had the theatre been double its dimensions. Even part of the orchestra was appropriated to the accommodation of visitors, with guinea tickets; and an additional *douceur*, we understand, was, in the course of the evening, given even for tolerable sight-room. Not the fraction of a seat was to be had; and before the rising of the curtain, the whole interior of the theatre was crowded almost to suffocation. During the first scenes of the performance little else was heard than the din and bustle consequent on the adjustment and regulation of places: we could only observe that Mr. JONES, Mr. KEMBLE, Mrs. GIBBS, and Miss KELLY, were moving on the stage; they were greeted on their respective entrances with that applause which usually attends performers so deservedly popular. At length, at an advanced period of the first act, Miss FORTÉ appeared. The utmost stillness prevailed in the house immediately previous to her expected *entré*; she at length appeared, and was received with a burst of loud, continued, and enthusiastic acclamation, such as we never remember to have heard, or known to have been equalled at any theatre, or in any public assembly. All the persons in the pit, and, with scarcely an exception, in the boxes and other parts of the house, stood up and welcomed her return to the stage with the most marked and emphatic kindness. The waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and the other usual demonstrations of popular feeling, were resorted to, to testify the gratification given by her re-appearance on the stage, of which her talents had long been a leading and most attractive ornament. There was something, too, in the manner of her appearance, which contributed greatly to enhance, while it seemed to entreat, the indulgent consideration with which the audience were inclined to receive her. She advanced with downcast look and faltering step to the front of the stage, and became affected even to tears. There was a diffidence, a timidity, and a truly distressing

embarrassment in her mode of coming forward, which, together with her beauty and the recollection of her sufferings, was calculated to "shake the *saintship* of an anchorite," and compel him to feel for, and to pity her. It was a scene which did equal honour to the audience, who duly appreciated the distress of her situation, and to the object of their sympathy, who gave such a pathetic attestation of her consciousness of it. Many ladies—and there were many present—could not refrain from tears. It is painful to pass from such a topic to one of a less agreeable or creditable character: the notice of a slight expression of disapprobation which followed the burst of acclamation that greeted her entrance. The ungracious cry of "Off, off!" escaped a few persons, in ejaculations scarcely audible from grief and shame, and which displayed a manifest dread of coming out in any thing like a tone of clear and articulate enunciation. One or two persons in the two shilling gallery, with somewhat of a bolder note, vociferated, "HAYNE, HAYNE," which was answered by a general shout of "Turn the rascals out." The order was no sooner given than "the action was suited to the word," and the disturbers were ejected, *vi et armis*. During the last scenes of the play she did not sufficiently recover from the embarrassment under which she had at first laboured, to impart sufficient vivacity to the gay and volatile *Letitia Hardy*. However, as the play advanced, she became cheered and encouraged by almost uninterrupted applause, and she went through the third, fourth, and fifth acts, with almost perfect composure. She performed throughout with extreme propriety, and the latter scenes particularly with much arch vivacity and animation. Those parts, and there are several throughout the play capable of being applied to Miss FOOTE's peculiar situation, were seized on by the audience, and followed by loud plaudits. At the delivery of the lines:—

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

My face is my fortune, Sir, she said,"

a burst of acclamation was sent forth, almost equal to that which greeted her entrance. The two lines which

succeeded were, if possible, still more applicable to recent events, which have occupied so much of the attention of the Bar and of the public.

“Then I'll not marry you, my pretty maid,  
There's nobody asking you, Sir, she said.”

The good-humoured approval that followed these lines, which was in no degree abated by the arch air with which Miss FOOTE gave them, cannot be conveyed by verbal description. At the expression of the sentence—“This moment is worth a whole existence,” Miss FOOTE bowed to the audience in grateful acknowledgment of the reception she had met with. Altogether Miss FOOTE's re-appearance has been most gratifying. She has been hailed as a favorite of the public, who has been basely lured from virtue, but who is not on that account treated as an alien from its path. Every humane mind will rejoice that she should have found, as she has done, in the kindness and support of the public, some consolation for the treatment she has suffered in a quarter where she had treasured up far other expectations! Mr. C. KEMBLE played *Doricourt*. The other parts were well sustained, and the play was given out for repetition, amid general applause.

7.—Henry IV.

8.—Belle's Stratagem.

9.—Clari—Charles II.—Pantomime.

10.—Native Land.

11.—A Woman never Vext.

12.—Inconstant.

14.—Der Freischutz.

15.—Belle's Stratagem—Miller and his Men.

16.—Ash Wednesday, (no performance.)

17.—Der Freischutz—Pantomime.

18.—No performance.

19.—Inconstant—Irish Tutor—Tale of Mystery.

21.—Der Freischutz—Pantomime.



## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

13th Dec. This evening a burlesque drama from the pen of Mr. D. O'MEARA, the author of "*Giovanni in Botany*," was performed for the 1st time, under the odd title of "*FRANK-IN-STEAM, or the Modern Promise to Pay*" in comic reference to the piece which engaged so large a portion of public attention two seasons since at the English Opera House. The incidents are set in motion by the pecuniary distresses of *Frank-in-Steam*, a young medical student, who aspires to the hand of *Penelope*, the daughter of a rich retired staymaker named *De Lace-y*. Exhausted in pocket, and menaced with arrest, he resolves to risk additional peril rather than forego the happiness that awaits him in the event of being able to raise sufficient cash to bear off the lady. For this purpose he proceeds to a neighbouring churchyard, and in raising a body to supply the surgeons, the profits of which were to accelerate his matrimonial enterprise, finds, to his horror and dismay, he has given existence to *Snatch*, a bailiff, buried in a trance, who, with a writ still in his possession, pursues him with increased activity and unrelenting ardour. *Frank-in-Steam* flies in his extremity to the residence of *De Lace-y*, from whence he is driven by the *spectre-bum*, whose hideous appearance necessarily alarms and agitates the family.—After a variety of striking situations and hair-breadth escapes, *Frank-in-Steam* jumps on board a Margate steam-boat moored off the Tower, with the shoulder-tapping demon close at his heels; a struggle ensues, the former eludes the grasp of his pursuer, reaches the shore in safety, and is received by his longing bride, and father-in-law elect, who had arrived in time to witness the rencontre. A loud explosion is then heard, which is explained to originate in the *Spectre-bum* having upset the boiler, a circumstance that frees him for ever from all obligations of legal duty.—From this detail it will be seen that considerable scope is afforded for the display of broad and farcical humour, an opportunity in no instance neglected—the dialogue

songs and parodies being in perfect keeping with the drollery of the plot. The music, selected by the author and arranged by Mr. NICHOLSON, the composer of a lively ballad, sung with much sweetness and expression by Miss STUART, consists of popular air and glees. The celebrated hunting chorus from "*Der Freischütz*" is also introduced and executed in a style highly complimentary to the vocal strength of the company. Mr. VINING, as *Frank*, performed with great propriety and spirit, and BUCKINGHAM's personification of the *Spectre-bum* was inconceivably ludicrous and diverting. Whenever he appeared the house was convulsed with—an unerring test of the worth and importance of his powers. The piece was received throughout with the warmest testimonies of favour, and has been since nightly repeated with increased effect.

The following ditty, to the air of "*Kelvin Grove*," sung by Mr. BUCKINGHAM, has been nightly encored :

|                                       |                |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| Let us toddle to the Bench,           | Mr. Franky, O! |
| You must leave your loving wench,     | Mr. Franky, O! |
| Where the spikes each debtor shields, | Mr. Franky, O! |
| In well-known St. George's Fields,    | Mr. Franky, O! |
| Where the proudest spirit yields,     | Mr. Franky, O! |
| For your time has long been out,      | Mr. Franky, O! |
| You must now go up the spout,         | Mr. Franky, O! |
| In six weeks perhaps you may,         | Mr. Franky, O! |
| By white-washing, get away,           | Mr. Franky, O! |
| Bid the turnkeys—all good day,        | Mr. Franky, O! |
| No more at race or mill,              | Mr. Franky, O! |
| Of life you've had your fill,         | Mr. Franky, O! |
| Oft you've promised me to pay,        | Mr. Franky, O! |
| Always kept out of the way,           | Mr. Franky, O! |
| When approached the reck'ning day,    | Mr. Franky, O! |

Now I've got you safe and sound,  
Mr. Franky, O!

In the Bench you'll soon be found,  
Mr. Franky, O!

When you're once within the walls,  
You'll be safe from dunning calls,  
And may racket with the balls,  
Mr. Franky, O!

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THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

Jan. 8.—*The Child of Nature*.—This piece is by Mrs. INCHBALD, and is founded upon the "*Zelie*" of Madame GENLIS. It was brought out at Covent Garden in 1788, with success, and still continues a stock-piece. It is a piece of four acts; but has been judiciously curtailed to suit it for an afterpiece. Miss MASON made her *debüt* in the character of *Amanthis, the Child of Nature*, and was received with immense applause. The character, from its extreme simplicity, is one which requires infinite judgment and tact in the performance of it. Its simplicity is that of nature unsophisticated, and in this the difficulty consists: for the construction of the character itself, though simplicity be its attribute, is very ingenious. It is that of a young female endowed with all the sympathies and affections of her sex, but which are subjected to none of the artificial restraints that an intimacy with society suggests, and the *etiquette* of society requires. The idea is original nearly, and the character realizes the philosophical conceit of a glass window at the breast, through which all the world may observe what is passing in the interior. To sustain the simplicity of the character, and yet give it picquancy and force, required no ordinary effort; and Miss MASON's performance was certainly no ordinary effort. We never were more pleased with a first appearance; and have our doubts whether any, the most ex-

perienced actress, could have pleased us more than Miss M. did in the character. We remark in this promising young lady's countenance, much of the contour of the KEMBLE family, but still more of their proverbial stage tact and chasteness of manner. Her voice, which is noble while feminine, is delightfully modulated; and her whole deportment was marked with a graceful confidence, dashed with a modesty becoming the occasion. There was in it a pride of mind, more than warranted by all that we saw, and a timid sense of her responsibility to public opinion. Miss M. shewed throughout the most just and minute perception of every sentiment, and expressed it with a *naïve* precision, and with an unstinted but proper degree of feeling which charmed the audience. Several minute but most beautiful *hits*, though most delicately made, told upon the audience with electric rapidity, and were rewarded with the most enthusiastic plaudits. We cannot but regard Miss M. a great acquisition to the stage; and it would be presumptuous to assign limits to her progress, though it may be predicted that she will soon overleap the boundaries of comedy. DENHAM played the *Marquis Almanza* with his usual judgment and feeling. Mr. JONES supported the part of the *Count Valencia* with skill and a becoming degree of spirit. In the scene where the *Marchioness Merida* (a part which was admirably supported by that excellent actress Mrs. STANLEY,) affects to discard him, while she betrays her affection, he was peculiarly happy.

The opera of "*Der Freischütz*" led the performances of the evening.

Jan. 10.—*Cato*.—The history of this play is so well known, and public opinion regarding it has been so decidedly expressed, that little need be said upon it. Beyond a doubt it is the worst acting tragedy that we have. YOUNG, the poet, has made the justest and most pretty remarks concerning it. If we err not greatly, he compares it to a temple, situated in a grove of funeral cypress, which pleases taste by its just proportions, while it chills the imagination. It is devoid of passion and pathos;—even the love of country and liberty, which

is its great charm, is congealed into a severe moral virtue. The gods take care of *Cato*; and therefore he is above our solicitude. As we could feel little for the Indian who, in the midst of bodily torture, deliberately smokes his pipe, so the mental anguish of *Cato*, which he soothes by quaffing the narcotics of philosophy, inspire little compassion. One admires his cause, and reverences his principles; but secure as he is in the panoply of stoicism against common suffering, one feels little for him personally. Another *Cato* appearing to fill his place, would be ample consolation for his death. *Cato*, from its want of flexibility, or quick susceptibility of common emotion, was eminently adapted to Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, whose great fault was that he had always to *draw* upon his feelings *at a long date*. His look combined with his severe style, made his *Cato* a matchless performance. Opposed, as Mr. VANDENHOFF's style is to his, in respect of sensibility, no one could reasonably apprehend that he would fail in the character. He has a massive strength in his style truly Roman;—an elevation of mind truly patrician; and ten times more than enough of judgment and skill to assume with effect the unclouded, calm majesty of Rome's last patriot. We would say, that those who look for a full display of VANDENHOFF's powers in the part, would greatly err—his powers in it are too much “cribbed and cabined in;”—but those who wished to see “*Cato*” acted as it ought to be, will be enamoured of his performance. His performance, indeed, was most masterly, and was immensely applauded. He was throughout the *Cato* of history, and of ADDISON, which is saying all of it that can be said generally; but in passages of big thought, or high resolve, he swelled in the mind's eye almost beyond the dimensions of a demi-god. His exclamation, on hearing the fate of his son *Marcus*, “I'm satisfied,” was given as if a load of unutterable anxiety had been removed from his heart; and the still more energetic expression, “Thanks to the gods,” &c. was distinguished by a holy enthusiasm which claimed kindred with what is celestial. “Welcome, my boy!” as the corpse was brought in, *told* wonderfully. But we cannot enumerate all the

striking beauties of the performance. The soliloquy was most impressively delivered. In the last scene, he appeared, when supported by his attendants, the image of a mighty state toppling to its foundation; and his death was awfully grand. Mr. PRITCHARD's *Juba* was worthy, of appearing alongside of Mr. VANDENHOFF's *Cato*. The part could not have been performed better. Mr. DENHAM's *Sempronius* was fully as great, and raised even him a grade in our estimation. LEE, as *Lucius*, was very well at first; but latterly was too much of a *spoony*. Rheumatism, (with which he is much afflicted) has, we are sorry to say, spoiled an excellent actor in Mr. MORTIMAR, who appeared as *Portius*. Mr. J. H. MASON was put into the part of *Portius*; but it was his good will and pleasure to act *Bombastes Furioso* instead of it. The question, "Am I doomed to life or death?" he put as if he had been asking a watchman what o'clock it was. The audience, notwithstanding their invincible humanity, could not restrain their laughter. Mr. LYNTH's *Syphax* was a very superior performance. Mrs. SIDDONS' *Marcia*, was beautiful; Mrs. STANLEY's *Lucia*, engaging and effective.

"*The Barber of Seville*" followed, and was as well performed as it has ever been hitherto done, with the powerful assistance of Mr. HORNE, and Miss NOEL.

From the Edinburgh Dramatic Review.

CALEDONIAN THEATRE, EDINBURGH.

Jan. 8.--*Charles II., or the Merry Monarch*.--Mr. RYDER has been rapidly collecting all his forces. In this very laughable piece, which was brought out last season on the London boards, Mr. COLLYER, from the Bath Theatre, and Mrs. FROMOW, from the Brighton Theatre, made their appearance. Mr. COLLYER is a most scientific and pleasing singer. His *falsestto* is exquisite. Mrs. FROMOW as a singer wants compass, but her voice is soft and agreeable. With the exception of SHERIDAN's *King Charles*, which was uncharacteristic and feeble, the piece was well performed.

In the afterpiece, "*Midas*," WEEKES' *Justice Midas* was a first rate performance. The other characters were well supported, and the scenery was beautiful and appropriate.

Jan. 10.—*The Weird Sisters*.—This piece, founded on *Macbeth*, was got up in excellent style. Mr. RYDER's *Macbeth*, as it well deserved, was much applauded. Mr. BARRET, as *Macduff*, is the most incorrigible ranter upon the stage. As awkward soldiers are put to play the dumb-bells, he should be compelled for a certain hour every day to sing Hebrew melodies. Miss EDMISTON, who appeared a few years ago at Drury Lane, as *Lady Macbeth*, made her *debüt* this evening in that character. Her's was a really transcendant performance; and her conception and execution of the part, reminded us, in many passages, of the great Mrs. SIDDON's. In the sleep-walking scene she greatly excelled. The music was good.

The afterpiece was "*Midas*," and was again very successful.

From the Edinburgh Dramatic Review.



PORTSMOUTH THEATRE.



On Monday evening last, Dec. 27, our theatre opened for the season, after being handsomely and newly decorated—and the alterations strikingly evince the taste of the artist. The *Corps Dramatique* has also undergone some changes for the better.—Mrs. T. HILL (who is engaged by the managers for some time) made her *debüt*, after an absence of nearly five years. Our early acquaintance with this lady's abilities, and her since well-earned reputation, induce us to say, that we never saw her look so well, nor act or sing more delightfully. Whether she is moving in the train of THALIA, or warbling to the lyre of APOLLO, she equally enraptures her audience; her *Echo Song*, introduced on Mouday and Wednesday evening, cannot be surpassed for brilliancy and effect. Mr. and Mrs. WINGROVE also claim

much praise. Mr. W. is presented to the public as the principal singer, and, in the parts of *Henry Bertram* and *Young Meadows*, he acquitted himself with considerable merit. Mrs. W., in *Millwood* and *Mrs. Malfort*, was highly respectable. Mr. GREEN has also made his appearance: he has good talents as a vocalist, and delivers the text with firmness and propriety. The old friends and favorites of the patrons of the drama appear to have improved with time; and we fully anticipate the spirit of our managers will be rewarded for their exertions to please the public.

W. S. P.

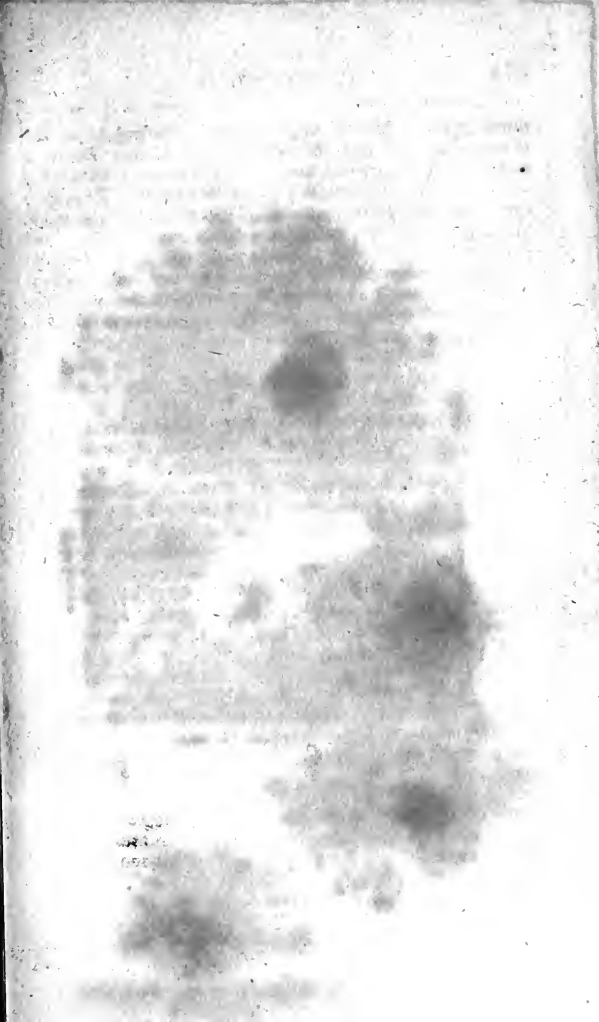
TRURO AND PENZANCE THEATRES.

DAWSON's Company have been performing here (Truro) with their usual success, and produced several novelties. OSBALDISTONE and his wife were with them and sustained the principal characters with their usual ability, worthy a large theatre and more numerous an attendance than is usually found in such country towns. They left for Bristol. In addition we had CHAPMAN and his wife from the English Opera House; a very good, second-hand comic-sort of copy of my old favorite MUNDEN: he is a very young man and great expectations may be formed of him. Young DAWSON and the remainder of his company then opened at Penzance and continued by a run of varieties, pleasing as numerous, to amuse the residents and visitors at this pretty watering place. They have lately left and are now performing at Falmouth, having transmogrified the ranter's meeting house into a theatre.—This large shipping place being now without a theatre, it having some years ago been turned into a methodist meeting house.—At any rate young DAWSON has *played* them “A Rowland for an Oliver.”

Truro, 20th Dec. 1824.

SAM SAM'S SON.







MISS PARROCK,
AS ELVINA,
IN THE BLIND BOY.

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1825.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Memoir of Miss Parrock.....	277	Drury Lane Theatre	314
Nugæ Dramaticæ... ..	283	Covent Garden.....	315
Theatrical Reminiscences.....	293	English Opera House	319
Handsome Actresses..	296	PROVINCIAL THEATRES.	
The German Drama..	301	Bath Theatricals....	322
Dramatic Excerpta..	305	Winchester Theatre..	326
Shakspeare’s Othello	311	Leeds.....	327
Suet and Bannister..	312	Address spoken at the	
THEATRICAL INQUISITION.		West London Theatre.....	<i>ib.</i>
Italian Opera.....	313	Dramatic Discovery	276

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF
MISS PARROCK.

London:

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To whom all Communications (post paid) for “the Editor”
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DRAMATIC DISCOVERY.

A *Bibliognoste*—that is, gentle reader, a connoisseur in title-pages, editions, and colophons—would, we suppose, luxuriate in speechless admiration over the newly discovered copy of “*Hamlet*,” which is actually *one* year older in date than any heretofore known to Shakspearian cognoscenti; and which has lately been exhumated from the Cæmetrion of a *Bibliotaphe*—alias a buyer of books. If it be genuine, it is, undoubtedly, a curiosity; but we cannot bring ourselves to attach to it quite so much importance as some of our contemporaries would challenge for it. This edition bears the date of 1603, and is valued at £300. The proprietors are re-printing it, so that literal copies of it will soon be in our hands. Meantime we have been favoured with copious extracts from it, which, though differing materially from every other text extant, are certainly Shakspearian. We incline strongly to the opinion that it is an imperfect and unauthorised publication, the substance of which has been picked up by some one who attended frequent representations of the play, and perhaps derived some assistance from the actors who performed it. The whole tragedy is comprised in about 2,200 lines—the edition of 1604 has above 3,800. The alternate pages are headed “Tragedie” and “Tragedy.” *Laertes* is constantly called “*Leartes* ;” *Polonius*, “*Corambus* ;” *Gildenstern*, “*Guilderstone* ;” and *Osric*, “a braggart gentleman of the court.” The *Ghost* is very punctilious with regard to costume; and enters, in the closet scene, habited in a *night-gown* ! The edition abounds in what we must be allowed to call “*new readings*.” We cannot persuade ourselves that they were the *original*. Another volume, of equal rarity, has recently been imported from Holland. Among other scarce plays it contains “THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD.” Printed by THOMAS CREEDE, &c. &c. 1594. This play is supposed to exhibit the *prima stamina* of SHAKSPEARE’S “*Richard the Third*.” It was never seen by any of the commentators on the immortal Bard; but STEEVENS knew of its existence from an entry in the books of the Stationers’ Company, dated June 19th, 1594, as did also MALONE. We hope that this curious book will be re-printed.



THE DRAMA ;
OR,
Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. VI.

MARCH, 1825.

VOL. VII.

MISS PARROCK.

—
A thousand laughing joys do sport about
Her merry eye ;—'tis a peerless jewel
Set in a budding rose ; her eyebrows
Seem like the boy-god's bow ; and her glances
The shafts which he doth use. She is so fair
That run-like violets, veiled i' th' spring-time snow,
Shew not so beautiful, as the coy veins
Clad in the lily livery of her brow.

—

ALTHOUGH we have not hitherto given a place in our work to the portraits, or memoirs of any of the Thespian corps who have not performed at one or other of the principal metropolitan theatres, yet, we consider superior talent in any individual who has not had the good fortune " to tread the boards which KEMBLE lately trod " to be a sufficient reason for departing from our usual course. Indeed, we flatter ourselves, that we are doing a piece of duty, which is incumbent on us, as the ruling dramatic guardians of the day, to foster and

encourage dawning genius in the candidates for histrionichonours, wheresoever that genius may lurk, by all the legitimate means in our power. In so doing, we are satisfied that we shall be supported and applauded by all those who think rightly, and act as they think. There are, at this moment, performers, without the pale of the *great* theatrical world, playing at provincial or minor houses, who will hereafter attract crowds to the hallowed spot,

“Where eke old Drury raised her honoured head.”

The future *Touchstones*, *Mercutios*, and *Autolycci* of the stage are now, perhaps, doing heavy business in barns; the man who within a few years will wield the tragic sceptre in the British corps dramatique, it may be, is now capering as a Harlequin, or strutting and vapouring in tinselled rags before six rushlights and as many boobies at a fair; the MUNDEN of 1830 may, at this moment, be attempting rich jocosities with a heavy heart, and striving to quell most fearful presentiments of going supperless to bed; the successor of FAWCETT is probably one of the present Bath Company; and the heiress to JORDAN'S comic sock may be languishing at a Minor. “Many a flower” in the theatrical wilderness is indeed “born to blush unseen;” but talent in general will, in due time, find its level. Still, there is often a long, a dreary, and heart-withering interval from the first budding of genius in its lowly nook, to the moment of its being recognized and rewarded; with that admiration which is its due; and he who discovers and brings such genius into the full blaze of day, very deservedly enjoys the constant gratitude of those, to whom he has been the secondary means of affording delight.

Impressed with the truth of the foregoing observations, we cuter most cheerfully upon the memoirs of the very pleasant little actress whose name stands at the head of this article. Miss PARROCK deserves to be much better known than she is; and those persons, who, like us, have witnessed the rich native humour and comic tact which she displays in the characters of *Sophia*, in “*The Road to Ruin*,” *Maria*, in “*The*

Citizen," &c. will, with us, lament that she has hitherto had no opportunity of exhibiting her talents to a London audience in the regular drama. Her favorite characters are those which are usually occupied by Miss KELLY; and she possesses a considerable portion of the archness, naïveté, and true pathos of that charming and most efficient actress. In what are technically termed "breeches parts," she is particularly successful; her *Juba*, *Zamora* and *Blind Boy* are, we are told, clever performances; her *Arthur*, in "*King John*," (and here we speak of our own knowledge) is distinguished for a Shakesperian purity, of which, we—judging from her *Nell*, *Susan*, in "*Sweethearts and Wives*," &c.—had scarcely deemed her capable. Her correct enunciation and affecting delivery of the text at once pleased and surprised us; and notwithstanding our love and admiration for those fair creatures who have played "this hapless shoot of royalty" in our presence, we must confess, that Miss PARROCK's performance of the character, alloyed as it was with faults, came nearer to our ideas of the manner in which it ought to be played, than that of any other we have seen. But her chief triumph in this department of the drama, was in *Lubin*—the lad who has never seen a woman—in a clever translation of a very delightful French piece, which has been played several times by Monsieur CLOUP's Company, at the Tottenham Street Theatre. In the original, the solitary boy is allotted to Mademoiselle ST. ANGE, and the performance does as much credit to her high talents as that of the translated *Lubin* does to Miss PARROCK. There are some differences in the representation of the character by these actresses, as well as their persons and style, which are very striking. ST. ANGE's height, graceful deportment, and erudition in stage matters gives her a great advantage—but she lacks the handsome legs and joyous boyhood of PARROCK. The sharp, *knowing*, aquiline nose, practised smile, and well-educated eyes of the former unfit her for the part of an artless youth; for which, the occasional innocence of expression, round features, and appropriate age of the latter, especially qualify her. ST. ANGE seems to

feel awkward out of her usual dress—PARROCK looks as if she were born in breeches. The latter has the hand and arm of the young muse of melody—but then the feet of the former might rival those of the Graces. The English actress is a pulpy, budding little *blonde*, in the meridian of her teens—the French lady a ripe, delicious *brunette*, in full bloom. The smile of ST. ANGE is like a gleam of April sunshine—beautiful but brief;—the laugh of PARROCK is the talk of the heart; the flash of the former is more powerful while beaming upon us—but the protracted out-gushing of the latter is remembered long after its rival is forgotten. The song of ST. ANGE charms our ears—the melody of PARROCK's voice, in mere dialogue, delighteth our hearts. PARROCK is often *gauche*, but always natural—ST. ANGE is always graceful, and generally artificial. The one displays the attraction of nature—the other the perfection of art. ST. ANGE shines in the roguish waggeries—PARROCK excels in the pretty innocencies of the part. The former plays invariably to the audience—the latter seems, in soliloquy, to talk to the trees, and the birds, and the flowers around, and the clouds above her. *This* pleases us—*that* we admire. *This* we think of a year after—the other we forget within an hour—

“ One is young, and both are beautiful.”

The life of an actress so youthful as the lady at present under our notice can afford but little that is interesting to the reader; especially when, as in the present case, the hours which are not occupied in the business of a theatre are passed in a quiet domestic circle. The little history of this young lady will, therefore, occupy but a small portion of our pages.

Miss ELIZA PARROCK was born on the 18th of December, 1806, in the vicinity of London. Her father (who is now deceased) was a man well known and much respected in the theatrical world. He was long connected with “the children of the stage,” and young ELIZA naturally imbibed a great predilection for histrionics. At a very early age she was remarkably clever in the recitation of smart prologues, epilogues, and similar

productions, and, at length, several persons of discrimination having expressed a decided conviction of her talents, she was introduced to the then proprietor of the Cobourg Theatre. GLOSSOP heard her recite, and was so struck with her style, that he expressed his opinion that she was by far too good for his theatre, and immediately introduced our young heroine to Mr. TERRY, who was then manager of the little theatre in the Hay-market. TERRY was much pleased with her, but objected to her extremely youthful appearance, (she being scarcely fifteen, and very *pétite* for her age) and advised her to go into the country "not so much to *improve as grow*," and that in another season he should be happy to offer her a good situation in the house.

GLOSSOP, however, forthwith engaged her for the Cobourg; she soon after made her first appearance in the before-mentioned character of *Lubin*, in "*Thirteen Years of Labour Lost*," and met with a most gratifying reception.

She was now placed under the tutelage of Mrs. WEST; and her very correct readings and good delivery certainly do that lady much credit.

Miss PARROCK played most of the lively characters at the Cobourg for some time; and attracted particular attention by her very rich performance of *Madge*, in "*Redgauntlet*," at the Surrey. At the Brighton and other provincial theatres, she has been a great favorite. Her *Lydia Languish*, *Elvina*, and *Lucile* have given general satisfaction; and we have no doubt but that were she allowed "ample scope and verge enough" in her department, she would soon become a distinguished favorite. She has now a very good winter engagement at the Adelphi, where she plays second to Miss BOOTH, which latter entertaining but rather stale actress affords a fine set off to the youthful attractions of PARROCK. Miss BOOTH is too far gone to play a young lady at a little theatre, and we should have thought she was too old a stager to exhibit herself to the fearfully adjacent audience of the old Sans Pareil.

We must now assume, for a moment, our critical tone, and as we have noticed the merits, so also must we reveal the faults, of our little heroine. In the first place

then, Miss PARROCK, although she gets through a song very well in character, yet, notwithstanding her voice is good and her ear correct, she wants cultivation to fill a singing part. Her *Ghita*, for instance, is excellently played, but only tolerably sung. We find the same failing in her *Juba*; and recommend her, if she wishes to shine in opera, to be assiduous in her musical studies. A very celebrated master has, to our knowledge, expressed a high opinion of her capabilities; and, with attention, we have little doubt but that she might sustain an operatic character with great credit. But then we could not expect her to play *Elvina*, *The Maid of the Inn*, *Priscilla*, or *Amanthis* as she does; therefore it is best for her, perhaps, to study character, rather than the gamut, and to sing prettily and act well, rather than act tolerably and be but a second-rate singer at last. Miss PARROCK's voice is very pleasing in level dialogue; but harsh and disagreeable when strained to too high a pitch. She, however, rarely rants; and has, indeed, of late, almost entirely ceased to get into those ridiculous altitudes of tone, which so many, even of our *great* actresses, affect. She has not the least idea of bombastic humour; but this, perhaps, is rather in her favor than otherwise—she is too natural an actress to be successful in gross caricature. If managers and authors may be credited, her study is excellent, and she must be consequently valuable in a theatre; still she is unqualified by nature to be generally useful, out of her own line; but this certainly embraces a sufficient number of characters, for an actress who aspires to do what she attempts in a superior style.

These are her chief faults, and when compared with her manifold good points, they are scarcely worth mentioning. Besides, we cannot expect perfection in a young lady who is but a few months above eighteen. In another year, we may probably see her altogether free from them, and holding her proper place in one of the principal metropolitan theatres.

MISS PARROCK's character in private life is, from all that we can gather, most unexceptionable. She has, we are informed, received, notwithstanding her youth, many hymeneal offers, and we fear that ere long this fascinating little actress will degenerate into some matronly Mrs. TOMKINS. In figure she is plump and *pétite*; her com-

plexion is fair; her hair is light; her nose is rather *retroussé*; her lips are delicately formed; her eyes small, but eloquent; her eyebrows finely arched; and her arms, hands, and legs beautiful; especially the former, which are, perhaps, as fine as those of any woman on the stage. On the whole, Miss PARROCK is a pretty, pleasing, and will, without a doubt, if she continue on the boards, be within a short time one of the most popular of our comic actresses.

NUGÆ DRAMATICÆ.

No. VIII.

BY G. J. DE WILDE.

THE BATTLE OF NANCY.*

SCENE.—*A large and splendid tent, the curtains of which being drawn aside, an extensive country is displayed terminated by hills, over which is a serpentine route. In the distance are seen the walls of the town of Nancy.*

* CHARLES, duke of Burgundy, Brabant, &c. &c. surnamed the Bold, the Warrior—the rash son of PHILIP III., called the Good Duke of Burgundy, and of ISABELLA of Portugal, was born at Dijon, the 10th November, 1433.

He lost his infantry and equipage at Grandson, on Saturday, March 2nd, 1476, and 18,000 men on the 22nd of June following before Morat.

Having attacked Nancy with 3,000 men he was betrayed by Count DE CAMPO BASS, a Neapolitan, and killed before that town, on the 5th January, 1477.

Lenglet, Dufrinois, Morery, etc.

The singular reports circulated after his death, and of which the dramatist has made use, are well known.

Under the tent are several seats and a table, on which are placed a rich suit of armour, and the insignia of royalty. The action begins in the evening and closes at the break of day.

As the curtain rises, the noise of the warlike instruments indicates a battle; it increases, and groups of soldiers, repulsed by others, rapidly cross and recross the stage: in the mean time, a crowd of women and children traverse the distant hills, shrieking at the sight of the battle. CHARLES, ECBERT, and three Chevaliers, sword in hand, enter the tent with a triumphant air. They are all habited exactly alike. Nothing distinguishes CHARLES from the others; all have their visors lowered which they raise on entering.

The four companions of CHARLES.

Victory! victory to Burgundy!

Cha. Cease these rash shouts.—Hope blinds ye.

Ec. Say not so!

No, Sire, doubt not of the prodigy
Strange tho' it be, these eyes beheld it, by
My life I'll swear it. Though a thousand times
More numerous than ourselves, the enemy
With terror, stricken at the name of CHARLES,
Confounded and surprised at the bold daring
Of a mere grasp of warriors, resolved
To die with you beneath the walls of Nancy,
Fly on all sides, their arms and banners fling
Aside, and leave the battle-field to those
Whose only hope was for a glorious grave.

Cha. Great God! should it be true! Should fickle fortune
After such dread reverses, war once more
Beneath the flag of CHARLES!—Well she must be
Deserved, strip off these arms, which coward-like
Conceal me from the foe; amid the carnage,
Once more will I appear deck'd with the pomp
Of royalty—once more be CHARLES the Bold,
And by the deed redouble the affright
My name alone inspires.—My arms!

(The three Chevaliers are about to present him the armour on the table.)

Ec.

Stay, Sire—

Stifle this rash desire in Heaven's name ;
You are not now as in your prosperous days
By numerous armies circled, and almost
Invulnerable 'mid your brave battalions.
It is against yourself and not your states
That jealous powers have declared this war.
It is no longer love of victory :
'Tis vengeance lifts the blade 'gainst you alone ;
And if distinguished from your Chevaliers,
Against you every hostile glaive would point,
And render every hope to save you fruitless.
Sire, I conjure you battle at our side
But as our equal—leave the enemy
In the uncertainty which now divides
Their efforts, now they seek you but in vain.
The thunder of your name congeals their blood ;
Each of us seems the unconquerable CHARLES.
Their terror every instant wider spreads,
Since every where they deem they see its cause.
Thus clad remain, and let us to the combat.

The three Chevaliers. On to the fight.*Cha.* I yield me to your counsel.

For once let valour be with prudence blended ;
This day, this dreadful day decides my fate.
Here, here, for death—or immortality !
The foe's retreat perchance is but a snare
To draw our soldiers to the open plains.
Fly, Count AMALDI, and bring back my warriors,
To where the hill will shelter them from numbers.
You, Chevalier, advance with the reserve
Left by the river, 'tis a last resource—
No matter—ere the night, be conquest ours.
You with a party of the most intrepid
Burn every village ! Be there no retreat
For friend or foe ! Away ! CHARLES has gained
The energy, the intrepidity,
Which nam'd him first the Terrible—the Bold.

Ec. Fly ! and beneath the walls of Nancy shout
For Victory or death !

[Exeunt the three Chevaliers.]

Ec. Now, CHARLES, I find thee once again thyself;
Again I recognize thee as of old—

The unconquered—the unconquerable monarch.

(He is about to leave the camp, CHARLES grasps his hand, brings him back, and looks around him with emotion.)

Cha. ECBERT! companion of my first exploits,
Brother in arms, sole friend that Heaven has granted,
Cease to deceive thyself—dear ECBERT—no!
I am no more that CHARLES the world admired,
Whose memory after-centuries shall honor.

The star of my prosperity has set;
Affrighted fortune flies the fields of blood,
Where my blind rage has sacrificed my people,

(Looking round him with terror.)

And, in its stead, misfortune's genius comes.

Ec. What recollections, CHARLES! In what a moment!

Cha. The confidence mine eye assumes is not
Within my heart; I do not reckon now
As once, upon the victory I dispute;
But still despair renders me terrible.
I know not what infernal power supplies
At once the place of courage and of strength.
Beneath the walls of Naucy am I come
To seek my death—woe to my enemies
If in its stead I meet with victory.

Ec. Come, then, obtain it—come and merit it.

Cha. *(Again looking round him.)*

Stay!—*(with joy mingled with terror.)*

No—I see him not—Is Heaven appeased?

Ec. What seek you?

Cha. No, this time the spectre comes not.

Ec. The spectre! God of Heaven, what means this madness?

CHARLES, in the name of Heaven—

Cha. *(Wildly.)* No not from Heaven—it comes from
Hell's abyss,

Misfortune to announce. Ere each defeat
The horrid phantom came.—Hast never met
Among my soldiers, one tall warrior,
His visor closed, and clad in sable arms?

Ec. Never.

Cha. Why should'st thou—thou'rt no guilty wretch.
(*In a gloomy tone.*) It is my fatal genius, come to lead
The way to my destruction.

Ec. Misfortune's mountain-heap has crushed his
reason!

Cha. No, no, my friend, it is no idle dream.
At Morat, when the earth was cover'd with
My soldiers' carcasses, he followed me
Over the field of carnage; I beheld
The fiend in the deep gulph, where bleeding lay
The severed heads of Underlach's religious.
Where'er my fury, since my dark reverses
Hath signalised my passage—there I found him
Before me as the genius of misfortune;
(*In a tone of joy mingled with fear*)
But he appears not now.—On to the battle!

Ec. On!

Cha. Oh! my much-valued friend.

Ec. (*Embracing him.*) My Prince!

Voices Without. CHARLES! CHARLES!

Ec. Hear you their shouts? On King of Burgundy!
Your soldiers' call.

Cha. I feel my courage glow;
Again shall they behold me CHARLES the Bold!

Ec. I hasten to announce your coming—'tis
To promise victory!

(*He rushes out, CHARLES who is following him,
stops suddenly and returns*)

Cha. (*Solus*) Oh! God! Thou who canst read the
hearts of men,

Thou know'st my soul hath ever dreaded guilt;
Thou know'st 'twas fate conducted me to crime;
And now, now thou beholdest my renown.
Give me back, mighty Father, victory!
Give me, oh! give me back my days of glory!
Give me my prayer, and here I swear, this steel
Shall never glitter in the hand of CHARLES
But for a noble and a worthy purpose.

(*During this speech the PHANTOM enters and places
itself behind CHARLES unperceived.*)

Now be my doom accomplished!—To the battle!

The Phantom. Stay!—

Cha. God!—The Spectre!—(He staggers back, gazing on the phantom with horror.)

The Phan. CHARLES of Burgundy

Thou hast ask'd victory of the Eternal;

I bring thee his reply.

Cha. (Staggering with horror.) Thou!

(The sound of trumpet and the clang of arms are heard.)

Hear'st thou not

The signal for my presence, soon my fate

Will be decided, I must to the field;

Leave me—leave me—let me pass.

The Phan. Stay! (CHARLES advances, the curtains of the tent close with a terrific noise, as if struck at once by thunder, wind, and hail; some flashes of lightning appear; CHARLES stops as petrified.)

Cha. What power unknown thus binds me to the spot?

Man! fiend! or spectre! is it thou who fling'st

Athwart mine eyes the veil that covers them?

Is't thou who in my veins freezest my blood?

Why thus pursue me since misfortune's day?

Why ere the battle is thy form before me?

Why have I seen thee like the funereal bird,

Hovering above the slaughtered carcasses,

With which my vengeance has bestrewn the plains?

Who—What art thou?—What is thy mission here?

Spectre. Soon thou shalt learn it—while thy partisans

(Blinded by what to them appears success)

Devote themselves in vain to death; thou CHARLES,

Thou who henceforth art nothing upon earth,

Listen—be thine own judge, and hear thy doom.

Cha. God!

Spec. Heaven, when granting thee the blessing—life,

Permitted thee to order thine own fate.

To thee was given a superior soul,

Valour, and grace, and power, were thine own;

How hast thou acted with these precious gifts?

Beneath thy laws have nations been more happy?

Has the Eternal been more nobly worshipped?

Hast thou for justice only drawn thy glaive?

Careful of blood hast thou avoided war,
 And scattered peace and plenty o'er the land?
 No! Passion's slave, deaf to real glory's call,
 All hast thou immolated to ambition.
 Thou art become cruel, perjured, sanguinary;
 Hast laughed at human laws and powers divine;
 Hast bathed thyself in human blood, and strew'd
 The earth with tombs and ashes.

Cha. Righteous Heaven!

Is it thy voice I hear?

Spec. Thy reckless love
 Plunged in the grave the child of the good HERSTALL.
 Saint MAUR is murdered, and his cradled daughter,
 The innocent ELODIA, is proscribed;
 Spoil'd of her heritance, she flies with HERSTALL
 Far in Helvetia's depths, and weeps above
 The graves thy rage has hallowed.

Cha. Stay, yet, stay—
 Not from my hand Saint MAUR received his death—
 And yet that crime is my worst punishment.

Spec. Bedewed with blood thou seek'st the dreadful
 peak;

There, witness of thy horrid sacrilege,
 Each rock attests still to the universe
 The murder of the monks of Underlach;
 And on the frighted banks of Morat's lake,
 Even with thy victim's bones, a monument—
 A dreadful monument is raised, which shall
 From age to age remind posterity
 To curse thy memory. CHARLES, these are thy crimes.
 The Eternal Judge holds over thee the balance—
 The measure's filled—the dreadful hour has sounded—
 Thine empire is annulled—from the top-height
 Of human grandeur to fate's last abyss
 Swift hast thou fallen. From punishment to punishment,
 Nor shalt thou to the tomb—yet living shalt
 Hear the wide world joy at thy fancied death.
 Such is the dreadful doom, irrevocable,
 From the Eternal I announce to thee.

Cha. (With fury) Audacious one!—Whate'er may be
 thy power

By Heaven or Hell inspired, thy wild discourse
Hath roused my fury, and the glaive shall teach——

(He draws his sword and is about to strike the Spectre, who with a single motion stays him. CHARLES staggers back, and the sword falls from his hand.)

Oh, God! thy look disarms me! *(With increasing terror)*
In the name

Of him from whom thou say'st thou bring'st my sentence
Say who thou art—Unveil that hidden face!

Spec. Thou will'st it, CHARLES:—I am the Genius of
The vast abyss in which the universe
Shall be engulfed. I have devoured the millions
Which thou hast immolated. Soon thyself
Shalt be my prey—gaze on me if thou dar'st.

CHARLES, I am—DEATH!

(The figure raises its visor; the thunder roars terrifically, and the flashes of lightning display beneath the helmet a skull.)

Cha. Ah! I am ready for thee.—Free me quick
From life o'ercharged with such strange misery.

Spec. No! Expiate thy crimes before thou dar'st
Appear before the Almighty. Mercy's angel
Shall visit thee beneath a virgin's form;
And if she pardons thee—Heaven yet is thine.

Cha. Of mercy—pardon—tell me, tell me, when—
Where shall I worship her?

Spec. At Mont Sauvage.

Cha. At Mont Sauvage!--My warriors--people--what--

Spec. Thou hast none now. Adieu! I hear the cry
Of combat—the blood flows—the flames ascend—
Tis thy last sacrifice, and I accept it.

By all save thee, unseen amid the carnage,
'For the last time I go to count thy victims.

CHARLES, after this dread day, thou shalt not see me
Until the hour of punishment or pardon.

(The tent at a motion from the Spectre opens to its full extent, displaying a field covered with warriors in the heat of battle. The Spectre places itself in the middle, motionless and unperceived. ECBERT, AMALDI, and other chevaliers are flying in all the disorder of combat.)

SCENE.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

CHARLES, ECBERT, AMALDI, and Chevaliers. Warriors fighting in the distance. The Spectre in the midst of the combatants.

Ec. CHARLES! all is lost!

Cha. (*With despair.*) I know it.

Ec. From the walls
Of Nancy rushed a formidable host—
Our warriors are no more—they died as heroes.

Voices *Without*. CHARLES! CHARLES!

Cha. They call me—let us die together.

(*The Chevalier detains him.*)

Ec. Fly, hapless CHARLES! Thy presence cannot
change

The fortune of the day—fly, save thy life!

Cha. No! Death is here; the fatal hour is come.

This is the last day that thy friend shall reign.

ECBERT, embrace me for the last—Adieu!

Adieu! thou never shalt behold me more.

(*He rushes amid the combatants.*)

Ec. Stay CHARLES!—Friends, save the King!

(*The Chevalier follows CHARLES who, perceiving the Spectre, flies; it follows him.*)

(*The combat, which before was confined to the back, becomes more desperate and extends over the whole stage. The cries of women are heard on all sides. Suddenly volumes of smoke and flame announce the destruction of a village by fire. The cries increase, and a crowd of women and children rush over the stage, and climb the distant hills; troops armed with torches and swords follow them, and combat against the villagers armed with implements of husbandry. All exeunt. ECBERT and the Chevaliers cross the stage in affright. The furious soldiers pursue the villagers and bring back the women, children, and old men, whom they treat inhumanly. Mothers are seen defending their children, and daughters their fathers; and a most furious combat ensues. ECBERT, AMALDI, and other Chevaliers rush on in attitudes of despair.*)

Ec. Stay, this useless massacre—since he
For whom you combat is no more. Your King—
Your CHARLES hath perished—

*(All the Chevaliers surround him in consternation.
The women and villagers, shrieking, fly over the
hills, and all the combatants rush off the stage
crying, "CHARLES is dead!" ECBERT, AMALDI,
and the Chevaliers alone remain.)*

Amal. Count de NORENDAL guide us—whither shall
Our footsteps turn?

Ec. Alas! my friend is lost!
What matters now my fate? I saw him fall,
Pierced with a thousand wounds—the stream received
His mutilated corse.

Amal. Most dreadful day!

Ec. Let us at least save from the enemy
What yet remains; let not the conquerors make
A horrid trophy with a monarch's corpse.
Away, and save the relics of the hero!

*(They quit the stage precipitately, and a Chevalier
advances slowly and painfully towards the front.
He raises his visor and falls—It is CHARLES!)*

The preceding Sketch is rather a free translation from what is termed the Prologue to a French Melo-drama, entitled, "Elodie ou la Vierge de la Monastère," a grand Spectacle, founded on M. d' ARLINCOURT's celebrated Romance "Le Solitaire."

The piece was represented for the first time at Paris at the Theatre de l'Ambigu Comique, the 10th January, 1822. It is the production of M. Victor Ducange.

It is to be observed that the original is in prose.

I believe a translation of, or a piece founded on the above, was produced some time since at the Cobourg, entitled the "Temple of Death."



THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

MOSES KEAN, AND MR. AND MRS. KEAN.

" Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

SHAKSPEARE.

MOSES KEAN, Mr. KEAN's uncle, was not exactly the "vagrant" which some represent him to have been, though, like his nephew, parlour company—and even tap-room company did not make him miserable; but he did not depend upon public houses for his existence. MOSES KEAN may be considered as the original of those who give "Imitations of Actors." He had a regular engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, and such was his popularity, that the audience invariably began to applaud when they heard his approach, which was known by the stumping of the wooden leg behind the scenes. He has been followed by the elder REES, still living; CAULFIELD, who died in America, and an innumerable race since.—The most perfect of KEAN's portraitures was HENDERSON, in *Hamlet*, of which there is a scarce print representing him in a room, imitating him in the Grave Scene in *Hamlet*—against the wall of which, in a picture, is a likeness of the original in the same character and attitude. He was convivial, but not dissipated. Deprived of his leg he was in a great degree incapacitated from following his trade of a tailor, and led into a theatrical line of life; the sale of tickets for his benefits led him to numerous public places of resort, where, to assist their disposal, he gave specimens of his art. His death was singular. He was fond of fine scenery, remarkable views of the heavens, &c.; and in order to enjoy a better sight of a fine setting sun, he went to the top of his residence, which was somewhere about Seven Dials. He was intent on the view, when by some means he lost his hold, and fell into the street. He was killed by the fall.

When Mr. and Mrs. KEAN came to London, in order that he might make that trial at Drury Lane Theatre

which was so successful, their means were so limited that they were much indebted to Mrs. PRYCE, the aunt, then living in Soho, for comforts. Two performers were tried before it came to Mr. KEAN's turn; and so dis-heartened was he by the delay, and so fearful of being pushed out of the Exeter Company, that money was got, by some means or another, to take places for return to Exeter, without making the desired *debüt* at Drury. He was, however, prevailed upon to abandon the places, to wait and "come out:" and he did so eventually, as *Shylock*, on the 26th January, 1814. The bills announced him from the Theatre Royal Exeter. Mrs. BARTLEY, then Miss SMITH, was the *Portia*, *Old Gobbo* was played by WEWITZER, and *Launcelot* by OXBERRY. The farce was the "*Apprentice*," in which BANNISTER enacted *Dick*. But his great success was in *Richard III.*; hence he has ever since begun his season with representing the ruthless and lady-despising *Gloster*. His first appearance in that character this season (a most *mal-a-propos* part indisputably) was in compliance with such custom; and it ought to be added, that long before the trial which made such disgraceful exposures, Mr. KEAN's first appearance this season was announced in the bills. The audacity of not only braving public censure, but of claiming public applauses on the very heel of the trial, admits of but one decision on the part of those who have to decide the matter.* That decision has been unequivocally pronounced; and if the bad taste—the bad judgment—or the avarice of the manager, continues to convert the theatre into an arena of riot and contention, there is an authority which should be resorted to, to prevent it. It is related of KEAN in the early part of his career, that on hearing of some indiscretion, Mr. WHITBREAD wrote him a letter of remonstrance, and expressed a regret at having to lament his drawing him from obscurity; which was answered by KEAN indignant-ly (and as his friends thought very improperly), referring to the contrasted state of the late exhausted exchequer

* Our readers, by a reference to our last Number, will observe we differ from these observations of our correspondent.—ED.

of the theatre produced by his exertions since that event. Mr. KEAN takes no benefit. He has had no benefit since that, the profits of which were given to the starving Irish; and he is understood to have then declared that he would never take another benefit, deeming such practice inconsistent with the dignity of superior actors.

Mrs. KEAN was married to Mr. KEAN some years before his celebrity. She was a Miss CHAMBERS, and she and her sisters were dancers at the Cheltenham Theatre, but so neat was their demeanour, style of dressing, and general conduct, that, to adopt the language of those who remember the Misses CHAMBERS, they were always taken for ladies. One of them—now Mrs. KEAN—was strongly attached to the actor, and declared that she should never be happy except she was married to him. Mr. KEAN had been in trouble, which was no novelty—and perhaps in prison, on account of debt; and Miss CHAMBERS received the attentions of Mr. KEAN, he believing her to have money; and a marriage soon followed. The wedding was a fine one—coach-and-four, &c. and all paid for by Mr. KEAN. Mr. K. soon found that he had not married a *fortune*, except so far as a good wife is a fortune. She was only as rich as he was, but she had high notions; and even then, she was nothing without a servant. She is clever, but not handsome; even Mr. K. acknowledges her abilities. At home she rules, as indeed the letters shewed. Hence if Mr. K. would have his *mixed* company, he was obliged to have it at Mrs. PRYCE's, Miss TIDSWELL's, at the O. P. or at the Coal-hole, theatrical houses.—Mr. K. has also, perhaps fortunately, been able to have some control over money affairs; and it is calculated that since his celebrity in January, 1814, his receipts have not been less than £90,000. How much of that remains is another affair; for his habits, a house in Clarges Street, taken furnished, carriages, other establishments, &c. are potent means to reduce thousands.

These *gatherings* may, I believe, be considered perfectly correct as to date and circumstance.

Walworth, Feb. 7, 1825.

W. S. P.

HANDSOME ACTRESSES.

THERE are some girls who have the lips of infant roses; but when the sun of glee warms them into open ripeness, the lovely leaves reveal a dark corroding canker. I would that SMITHSON had never opened her pulpy, pouting mouth in my presence! That flat voice, and solitary "nigger" tooth of hers, destroy in an instant the deep impression which her fine form and womanly countenance create. What a beautiful living statue she makes! Speechless—I adore; but in dialogue—detest her. I am no advocate for angels on earth! Devil take the lean, lath-and-plaster sylphs of the time being for me! Let me look upon a real flesh-and-blood woman, and be glad! Let me gloat upon the flowing, graceful curves, which adorn her; but avaunt ye bony epigrams! I hate a living skeleton enveloped in cutaneous drapery: neither do I altogether affect fat; but bones make unsightly points, and to delight the eye and heart should be clothed in sweet, feminine, soft, round, and liquid-marbly mortality. SMITHSON's form is womanly; and if I prated for a month, I could not apply an adjective more laudatory to the figure of one of her sex.

BEAUMONT,—beautiful BEAUMONT of the pearly tooth, is married. May she be as happy with the little man of the great house as I wish her! She is a rare wench! I could narrate many an anecdote of this true damsel, redolent of kind-heartedness. We have lost her. She has gone into private life, with fine domestic hopes, and a multitude of good wishes. May they be realized. I object to her simper, albeit; and here enter my protest against it.

MERCANDOTTI,—who does not remember her, and the mute eloquence of her graceful foot? I saw her lately, at her husband's cottage in Kilburn village; she stood gazing at the passing world, through the gratings of the huge iron gate,—pale, pensive, and nun-like! I thought of old times, and my nights in the King's Theatre. MERCANDOTTI might have been spared to us a little longer;—she too is one of the past glories.

The first time I ever beheld that fascinating sample of womanhood,—CHESTER, was during a rehearsal at Drury. SAM RUSSELL was busy, sniggering, and potent; KELLY, (my mind kisses thee, but thou art not corporeally beautiful;) in round, black, veiled hat, and the plainest of gowns and scarfs, was delightful, though only rehearsing; KNIGHT was there too—pale, serious, and surtouted. The call-boy squeaked for CHESTER; and she swam by me, like a proud swan. She seemed to be bathed in joy and beauty! Her ripe bosom was half-bursting through the glittering silks by which it was enthralled. In a few moments, she came bounding back, like an emancipated fawn, towards the wing where I covertly stood. She began to waltz, and losing the absolute dominion of her motion, reeled, innocently giddy, into the willing arms of—no matter who. The queen-luxuries of life endure but for a moment;—CHESTER uttered a nightingale shriek, looked a world of thanks, and while the Aurora of a rising blush was breaking on her cheek, swam demurely off.

Shall I say aught of the Cretan shoulder of Manager DAVIDGE's wife? Or that sweet little sugar-plum, PARROCK? Or the pretty HOLTAWAY? who, in the pride of her young attractions, bridles up so mincingly insolent, that one feels it would be almost a luxury to ruin her! which, however, the fates forfend! and may she long be a lily unspotted, and grow prettier, and sing better! I will dilate upon neither of this fair trio.—How married PATON looks!—

CAREW, whom the minor Cockney poets, (BARRY CORNWALL and the rest,) so bespattered with laud, was a fair-would-be fac-simile of the STEPHENS: she was a good, industrious girl, and used to please me occasionally; but of late, she seemed as though she were singing through a worsted stocking.—Where is she?

We had the image of a Grecian divinity on the stage a few years ago. She is sometimes apparent yet; but pale and wrecked in countenance, though still lovely—exceedingly lovely.—Poor FOOTE!

What the deuce folks can see in LOVE is to me a

miracle. Her face is well enough; but, good Lord, Sir! look at her foot and shoulder! What she may be off the stage at this date, I know not; a few years ago, she was an iceberg, that no mirth could thaw. Has she increased her vocabulary beyond “yes” and “no?” How beautifully liquid her eyes roll though; and her lips are certainly formed to create an appetite for kissing!

Who that remembers the bashful budding of VESTRIS in *Lilla*, but wonders at her so soon ripening into the bold and forward *Giovanni*? I prefer the lively, brilliant-eyed, fawn-footed St. ANGE to her by degrees. DELIA is a fine animal, and a clever woman, but is no better actress than, and not so brave a creature as, Miss CHESTER. There were no others worthy of especial mention at CLOUP’S theatre last season; he tells me he shall have MARS, and POTIER, and PERLET, and the Lord knows who, in the course of the ensuing soirées. I fear not. STEPHENS I saw there one night, in the box of, and with, Lord F——. I believe her brother and sister-in-law were with her; but I had rather she had been away. Has she not a little downy twilight apparent on her upper lip when she pouts? She enchains the soul when singing, but her figure and deportment are wretched. She walks the stage like a bashful dairy-maid.

I remember well, that it was often said, on Miss F. KELLY’S first appearance, that she was a most admirable representative of SHAKSPEARE’S *Juliet*—that she looked the character remarkably well. Poor girl! she cannot help it; but, by this hand, she is no more like the lily-browed *Juliet*, whom love has ripened into precocious womanhood, than (Heaven help him!) Doctor CULL-CHICKWEED, with his tun belly, bandy legs, glazed spatterdashes, crop of pimples, and two eyes, is like the Apollo Belvidere. Miss F. KELLY is far from handsome. Look at her mouth! Her figure is servant-maidish; but she is certainly clever, and enacts *Juliet* better than any other lady I have seen on the boards, since the untimely setting of O’NEIL.

How rich in all the luxury of womanly beauty is

DE BEGNIS! How elaborately, yet chastely graceful, in her action was the incomparable **CAMPORESE!** I grieve to use the past tense; but is she not dead to us?—

I will say a word or two of **MARDYN**. When I first saw her, methought she was the gayest and most *piquante* woman in the world. I almost envied her; but at the finale of the piece in which she played, when general hilarity reigned among the other characters, and **MARDYN** ought to have been merry too, she stood sorrowfully musing, and utterly abstracted from the business of the moment; then I pitied her. **MARDYN** and I have talked together since; she is truly redolent of witcheries; and I avow, that I admired her at one time pretty considerably, but she cured me by one category.

CHATTERLEY is one of the best dressers in England; and once, when she was younger, and I was not so old, I actually thought her lovely. It is singular to note, what revolutions in opinion on woman's beauty, occur in the mind of man, between fifteen and forty. **CHATTERLEY** I still delight to see; but her face is flat, and her voice is not particularly pleasing; in fact, she is altogether different from the lively girl I used to gaze at, in her brother **SIMEON**'s shop, in Wine Street, Bristol.

Is **SALLY MATTHEWS** forgotten? Is she altogether buried in the oblivion of domestic retirement? Is there no memory living in man, of her fine graceful arm, and fairy hand? She was "not precisely my style of woman," but **SALLY** was nevertheless, at one time, a choice favourite of mine. They said she was proud; but they lied,—or were mistaken. **SALLY** had a haughty, tapering, hazel, wavy figure; but her mind was meek. I knew her when she was no higher than my present knee; and she is at this moment merrily dancing before my mind's eye, in her pretty pink frock, with her more dumpy, jubilee-faced sister **HENRIETTA**, among the glades and "bosky bournes" of Clifton; whereabout we have so often roamed together, in all the innocence and mirth of carolling, light-hearted childhood. There, **HARRIET LEE**, the *Canterbury-Tale* lady, has given us sweetmeats from her window on Vincent's parade; and **EDGEWORTH**, the queen-authoress of the day, has

crossed our path. MATTHEWS had many admirers, but no truer friend in heart, than the once apple-munching urchin, who shared his cherry with her, when she wore a pretty pink frock, and chirruped her infancy away, among the leaves and flowers of merry Hotwells.

Doth the first appearance of BAKER in breeches yet linger in the public memory? Can those slender pins, which she exhibited in *Giovanni* at the Olympic, ever be forgotten? She came on in white *shapes*, red morocco boots, and blue upper garments, looking like an azure sylph mounted upon two tobacco pipes with waxed tips. How the women giggled! BAKER long enjoyed the credit of having a handsome leg; she should never have withdrawn the veil. Her clean and clever ankle gave us hopes of the existence of a lovely calf, delicately reposing on it. Above her flounces, all was shadowy mystery—a bourn from which no traveller had returned; her knee had never visited the glimpses of a London *float-light*; and imagination painted two Parian pillars springing from those pretty pedestals. The sad reality has at length stalked gaunt before us. BAKER has published her legs, and our dreams are gone!

Where is Miss MANGEON, the daughter of Gentleman MANGEON? (whose slow gliding into the grave we witnessed);—is it true that Miss and her more attractive little mother are now hostesses of an inn “down in the West Countrie?” Of BOOTH I shall say nothing. Mrs. WEST is a fine *blonde*, a kind-hearted woman, and a tolerable actress. She has a beautiful boy, a jockey tooth, and a fond little husband. Young JEM SCOTT of Covent Garden has long been handsome, and will soon be a favourite. People talk much of WAYLETT’s languishing eye, and CARADORI’s graceful, maidenly leg, and the oval charms of FITZWILLIAM’s wife: I remember them well, and the witcheries of many other actresses whose names are not herein enrolled; but I am no longer i’ th’ vein to be tedious, and shall break off with avowing—that true Shaksperian damsel TREE, to be the hobby of my heart.

From The Cigar, Vol. 1.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 78:)

Tragedy at first was nothing more than a song, sung at certain festivals; and, even amongst the English, it was at one time used to designate any narration, whether in prose or verse, that had an unhappy ending, or was of a serious nature. From such a beginning by degrees came poetic dialogue, varied by chorusses and recited by different men, according to the number of personages in the drama; nor can the tragedies of *ÆSCHYLUS*, *SOPHOCLES*, or *EURIPIDES* for the most part be considered as any thing else than poetic dialogues, recording some single event, and destitute of that complex arrangement, which is necessary to the drama, if it is to be a proper representation of real life and human manners. The unities of time and place, which we now so foolishly admire, were forced upon the Greek writers by necessity rather than by choice; it flowed naturally from the unity of the action in their pieces, and it is more than probable that this latter was owing to their ignorance of that more complex arrangement of events, which is the character of the modern drama; nor is it easy to conceive why a play, bound down to the exhibition of one solitary act, should be considered as a higher production of human genius, than that, in which many events are artificially combined, and finally so linked together, as to seem essentially the same. That the strict observation of the unities gives greater reality to the representation may be averred, but will hardly be believed. Why should it? If we can suppose the people before us, strutting in their tinsel dresses, to be kings and queens, we have fine imaginations, that are capable of any thing. The truth is, that we always know and *feel* the whole to be a fiction, and if it were not so, none but the most hardened natures could endure the representation of tragedy. It is this salutary

feeling of the fiction, that counterbalances our pain, and turns even terror to a source of pleasure.

This is not perhaps the place to speak of the French and Italian dramatists: yet it may be worth observing, that they have imitated the German drama, and even added to its defects. They have borrowed all its simplicity of plot, and, rejecting the chorusses, which were eminently useful to fill up the intervening time, have been driven to a thousand awkward contrivances to preserve the unities entire.

If, after all, the prepossession for Grecian simplicity and Grecian unities is too strong to be overcome, SCHILLER may yet come in for a share of approbation. In his latter years, he was corrupted by the false and fastidious taste of WIELAND, and chose to neglect the great master, to whom he was certainly indebted for his fame. It is to a strict perusal of SHAKSPEARE, and to a keen relish for his beauties, that he was enabled to produce, "*The Robbers*," "*The Maid of Orleans*," "*Don Carlos*," "*Fiesco*," and "*William Tell*;" but when, despising his master, he relied upon the Grecian drama for support, the consequence was quickly visible; "*The Messenian Bride*" made its appearance, formed strictly upon the Grecian model, without acts, and with all the appendages of chorusses, strophes, and antistrophes; the work was read, praised, and forgotten.

The tragedy of "*Fiesco*,"* is of a very different nature—equally remote from the wild exuberance of "*The Robbers*," and the tame simplicity of "*The Messenian Bride*." The story is founded on an historical event, and therefore not liable to objection; the characters are drawn with a strong hand, but not with that extravagance, which has been so severely censured

* I have chosen the tragedy of "*Fiesco*" in preference to "*The Maid of Orleans*," because from its being translated, it affords the English reader a better opportunity of judging the truth of my assertion. It is, however, in my opinion, much inferior to that, or "*William Tell*."

in his first production. The plot is briefly this:—The insolent tyranny of the younger *Doria*, the nephew of the celebrated *Andrew*, incenses the citizens of Genoa, who, at the opening of the play, are supposed to be ripe for rebellion. *Verrina*, a veteran of republican spirit, taking advantage of the public feeling, resolves on a conspiracy against the *Dorias*. To this he is farther stimulated by the rape of his daughter *Bertha*, who is deflowered by *Giannettino*. The lover also, together with some young hot-headed nobles, joins, in the design; but as an additional security of success, it is agreed to apply to *Fiesco* for his connivance; his high rank in the state, his wonderful popularity, and his extensive wealth, are essentially requisite for their project. *Fiesco*, who had long watched their motions, and himself prepared in secret the means of their success, yet affects to laugh at their plans, and, under the appearance of the most rank debauchery, effectually conceals his real designs from both parties. To the conspirators he at length promises his assistance; but the keen eye of *Verrina* quickly discovers that he is himself ambitious of royal power, and only joins them to promote his own success. The stern republican confides the fatal secret to his intended son-in-law, and adds his intention of murdering *Fiesco*, if after the overthrow of the *Dorias*, he should attempt to make himself master of the republic.

In the mean time, *Fiesco*, to carry on his plan of dissimulation more effectually, pretends love to *Julia*, the sister of *Giannettino*, and affects to neglect his wife. The long forbearance, and, at last, the tender complaints of *Leonora*, form an admirable contrast with the flippant weakness of her supposed rival, who is finally exposed by *Fiesco*.

At length the conspiracy is wound up; the attack takes place, and *Leonora*, madly impatient for her husband's safety, rushes into the streets, and wraps herself up in the red mantle of *Giannettino*, who has been slain by the hand of *Bourgognino*. At this critical moment, *Fiesco* enters, and, mistaking her for *Doria*, pierces her to the heart. He is quickly undeceived; but,

after a most heart-rending scene, finally resolves to persevere. *Verrina* now comes forward, and adjures him not to enslave the republic, which is so happily freed from the government of the *Dorias*. Finding him inflexible, he entices him towards the gallies, and plunges him into the sea. Upon this, the whole party again submit to *Andrew Doria*, and the play concludes.

From this brief sketch of the plot, it will sufficiently appear, that the drama is not disgraced by improbabilities; for the execution I must refer my reader to the play itself. To give a short quotation would be to injure it; to give a more extended one, would draw me beyond my limits.

I have dwelt thus long upon SCHILLER, to shew the variety of the German drama, which even one author has produced; and from thence to observe, how idle must be that criticism, which condemns all the productions of the German theatre, as monsters of absurdity. If some of their plays are wild and improbable, if some teach immorality, there are others, at least, which may well vie with the proudest efforts of the English stage, if the immortal poet be excepted. To enter into a minute discussion upon each, would be tedious; I am content to point out the varieties, that the Germans may not be accused of wanting regular compositions.

KOTZEBUE, although an inferior writer, has yet been too hastily condemned. I am not inclined to attach much value to his tragedies, but it is rather unfair that the author of "*Bayard*" should be measured by the "*Indian Exiles*," or the wretched mummary of "*The Stranger*."

Of IFFLAND, or LESSING, so little is known amongst the generality of English readers, that nothing less than ample criticism upon each of their principal plays would be sufficient.

Jan. 1825.

P. P.



DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. XII.

1.—*French Theatres.*

There are in Paris twelve regular theatres, besides places of minor amusement. In the departments, fifteen theatres, such as those of Bordeaux, Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles, Toulon, &c. are constantly open. There are seventy—the companies belonging to which travel the theatrical circle assigned to them. The total number of theatres, is therefore about one hundred, and three thousand actors and actresses are employed therein; to which add the authors, composers, musicians, scene-painters, and mechanics, it will be found that at least fifteen thousand persons live by the theatre. Even in this estimate, the poor and sick in the hospitals, to whom a tenth of theatrical receipts is appropriated, are not included.

2.—*A Young French Othello.*

Within these few days they performed "*Othello*" at Peronne; and, in the fifth act, an actress, who played *Desdemona*, took the liberty *de s'accoucher*, on the stage, of a fine boy. The young lady was only *grosse de sept mois*; *Othello* (for so he was named when baptized) is very strong and healthy.

3.—*French Authors and Musicians.*

A Parisian Journal states, that there are three hundred and seventy-three dramatic authors (of all kinds) in France, and only sixty-two music-composers; it appears therefore that it is six times easier to write than to compose. A would-be author, ignorant of the most common rules of grammar, makes but one jump from

the counter to the *boulevards*; quits the yard for the wand of MELPOMENE, or, instead of serving out tobacco and snuff, melts the audience of a minor theatre into tears, and sends home nightly the romantic old maids, and other silly persons, who conceive it to be "the acme of perfection."

4.—*Retired Performers.*

Three of the most popular actors in their day, and whose mantles have not fallen upon any of their successors, now reside in London, and apparently enjoy good health:—JACK BANNISTER, JACK JOHNSTONE, and JOE MUNDEN. In the present dearth of theatrical talent, there is very little chance that we shall soon "look upon the like" of any of them.

5.—HANDEL's *White Wig.*

HANDEL wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain sort of nod, or vibration, which manifested his pleasure, and satisfaction. Without this signal, nice observers were certain that he was out of humour.

6.—*Extracts from the "Journal of Louis Sismondi, published 1817, p. 114.*

"The Opera-house of London is, like all the theatres I have seen in England—in the shape of a horse shoe. The side boxes are ill turned to see—the front ones too far to hear. The height of the ceiling is so great that the voice is lost. It seems strange that the semi-circular shape should not have occurred, and been adopted. Each spectator would then have the actors precisely in front of him, and at a mean distance equal for all. Such a theatre would moreover contain more spectators. I would lower the ceiling one third at least, dispensing with the two upper tiers of boxes. It would be a very

small pecuniary sacrifice. This high region being always but thinly filled, and by spectators whose presence or behaviour is a great scandal, and very inconvenient. Surprised to see sentinels with fixed bayonets at all the avenues of the play-house, I inquired whether, in case of disorders and violence, these soldiers might make use of their arms, and was told—"by no means."

Edinburgh Theatre, (page 492).—"The celebrated BRAHAM is here, and we have heard him in the opera of the "*Siege of Belgrade*," a most wretched performance; too bad even for the British public to bear with patience, accustomed as it is to modern stupidities.—BRAHAM has an astonishing voice, and of the most uncommon sort—a fine counter-tenor, clear and powerful: but he wants simplicity and feeling.—*The petite piece* was the "*Village Lawyer*," a mediocre translation of our excellent "*Avocat Patelin*."—This theatre is diminutive, paltry, and little frequented."

Vol. II. page 49, Edinburgh.—We saw BANNISTER yesterday in one of the wretched modern plays, "*The Battle of Hexham*." The plot most absurd, and displays a total want of taste—his inimitable acting covered all the faults. He appeared also in the "*Devil to Pay*,"—overcharged a good deal, but still excellent. The house was empty—not a single person in most of the boxes; and all this because of a concert where BRAHAM *sings*—a more fashionable amusement than a theatre—which is deemed all over Great Britain rather a vulgar amusement, and so *their* theatre certainly is.

The following day he gave us "*A Bold Stroke for a Wife*," a low and improbable play; his merit lay in the Harlequin activity with which he shifted his dress half-a-dozen times, and assumed new and different characters.

Page 158.—Hamlet and KEMBLE.—20th April "*Hamlet*" was acted at Covent Garden, and KEMBLE, the reigning prince of the English stage, filled the principal part. He understands his art thoroughly, but wants *spirit and nature*. His manner is precise and

artificial; his voice monotonous and wooden. His features are too large, even for the stage.—MUNDEN in the part of *Polonius*, and FAWCETT in the *Grave-digger*, played charmingly. It is enough to mention the *Grave-diggers*, to awaken in France the cry of rude and barbarous taste; and, were I to say how the part is acted, it would be still worse.—After breaking the ground for a grave, a conversation begins between the two *Grave-diggers*. The chief one takes off his coat, folds it carefully, and puts it by in a safe corner; then, taking up his pick-axe, spits in his hand—talks—stops—takes off a waistcoat, still talking—folds it with great deliberation and nicety, and puts it with the coat—then an under-waistcoat, still talking—another and another—I counted seven or eight, each folded and unfolded very leisurely, in a manner always different, and with gestures faithfully copied from nature. The British public enjoy this scene excessively, but VOLTAIRE, D'ALEMBERT, and many other foreign critics, agree in reproving this scene of the *Grave-diggers* as horridly low.

7.—MATHEWS. (*From a Boston Paper.*)

The English account of Mr. MATHEWS' "*American Budget*," which has been extensively circulated in this country, contains the following trash:—"In the second part, Mr. Mathews proceeds to Boston, visits Bunker's-hill, and records the inscriptions on two monuments, of which the first is as follows:—

"This monument was built of brick,
Because the Americans did the English lick."

And the second,

"This monument was built of stone,
Because Lord North wouldn't leave America alone."

Now it is well known in "these regions" that Bunker's-hill is in Charlestown, that there is but one monument here, and that the following is the only inscription to be found upon it:—

“ Erected A. D. 1796, by King Solomon’s Lodge of Freemasons, in memory of Major-General Joseph Warren and his associates, who were slain on this memorable spot, June 17, 1775. ‘None but they who set a just value on the blessings of Liberty are worthy to enjoy her. In vain we toiled, in vain we fought, we bled in vain, if you our offspring want valour to repel the assaults of her invaders.’ Charlestown settled 1665, burnt 1775, rebuilt 1776. The land given by the Hon. JAMES RUSSELL.”

8.—QUICK, the once excellent and popular actor, continues to enjoy good health at his cottage, in the neighbourhood of Islington. QUICK was so great a favourite with his late Majesty, that in all his visits to the theatres, this son of Momus was always included in the *cast*. In fact, GEORGE III. carried his partiality for this actor so far, as to employ ZOFFANY to paint a picture from a scene in a modern comedy, where QUICK was the hero; and in an extreme corner of the picture a portrait of the actor was inserted by special command.

9.—“Do you know what made my voice so melodious?” said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to CHARLES BANNISTER. “No,” replied the other. “Why, then, I’ll tell you: when I was but 15, I swallowed, by accident, some train oil.” “I don’t think,” rejoined BANNISTER, “it would have done you any harm if at the same time you had swallowed a *dancing-master*!”

10.—At a representation of “*The Chances*” at Plymouth, some years ago, when the present Mr. COUTTS (then Miss MELLON) performed the part of the second *Constantia*, a young midshipman was so enraptured with her, that when she recited, “Now, if any young fellow would take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I’d make him the best wife in the world,” he vociferously exclaimed, thrusting himself forward

from the front boxes, "I will, by G—d; and I have half a year's pay to receive next Friday." This address, as may naturally be imagined, caused some embarrassment to the actress, and set the house in a roar of laughter.

11.—*Downfall of Jamaica.*

At the Theatre on Saturday night (June 5), some persons in the upper boxes were very noisy and troublesome; some tune being called for, one of them exclaimed, "*Play the Downfall of Jamaica*;" "What?" said fifty voices.—"The Downfall of Jamaica," replied the caitiff. Every other person was indignant; "Turn him out, turn him out," cried many in the lower boxes. "Come down here," said the sons of Israel in the pit, "and we'll downfall you, you rascal, and kick you out, as you ought to be out of the country." "Turn him out," said the upper boxes, "he's bringing a disgrace upon the brown population." In conclusion, he was hurled out by two constables, and we trust that the magistrates will do their duty and prosecute the miscreant. Such language, and in such a place, is, indeed, seditious, and of most dangerous tendency: and well does the wretch guilty of it, deserve exemplary punishment.—*Jamaica Paper*.

12.—*Anecdote of a popular Comic Actor now living.*

The actor to whom we allude, previously to his engagement in London, used, in his vocation, occasionally to visit Sheffield, where he was deservedly a great favourite, and was generally rewarded with a *bumper* on his benefit night. When he last appeared at that trading town, the people were so impoverished by the war, and the severity of the taxes that, instead of paying him for his tickets in money, they gave him in exchange, *nails and buttons, and scissors and knives*. These were indeed *hardware* to the itinerant actor, but he possessed sufficient shrewdness to turn them to a good account. After his benefit, our hero departed for a populous town *further north*, where he exhibited these

articles of merchandise for sale, amongst his private friends. The expedient, however, was not well received, and his friends gradually withdrew their patronage from him; but he, taking the hint, departed for London, where he brought his goods and chattels to a better market.

13.—A few years since, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens lost his celebrated carver of hams, when he advertised for a new carver in that department of harmless anatomy. One of notoriety applied, when the worthy proprietor asked him how many acres he could cover with one fine ham; upon which he replied, “he did not stand upon an acre or two more or less, but could cover the whole of his gardens with one ham;” upon which he was instantly hired, and told he was the very fellow for that establishment, and to cut away for the concern and mankind at large.

Truro, 9th March, 1825.

SAM SAM’S SON.

SHAKSPEARE’S OTHELLO.

MR. DRAMA,

It is, I believe, pretty generally known, that the plan of this beautiful composition is taken from one of the novels of GERALDI CINTHIO. That the dramatist has by far surpassed the novelist, cannot be for a moment doubted, particularly when we consider that many of the principal features, *Iago’s* becoming pimp to *Roderigo*, &c., are wholly SHAKSPEARE’S. CINTHIO, however, in one instance, greatly surpasses our bard; namely, that the latter makes *Iago* believe that *Cassio* really loves *Desdemona*, whereas the former makes it a complete plot of *Iago’s*, to assist him in his own views of revenge, thereby exhibiting him in a more demoniacal point of view.

My motive, however, for calling your attention to

this tragedy, is to make known a singular deviation from the novelist, some remarks upon which I have met with in an old magazine. The word *Moor*, or *Moro*, has, in many of the southern countries, two very different significations, that of a Moor, and also that of a chieftain. Thus "*Commandante Moro*," should be translated "Commandant in Chief." This I consider to be the true reading of CINTHIO, especially as the Venetians, of all the world, most detested the Moors: the idea of their entrusting the command of their army to one of a race they held in such abhorrence, is, therefore, somewhat preposterous. SHAKSPEARE doubtless fell into the error by the English translation having been written *Moor*.

Should it be said that SHAKSPEARE was aware of his deviation, and that it was his aim to surpass as far as possible the novel of CINTHIO, that he was convinced of the plenitude of his powers, and of their capability to support him in the arduous task,* then, indeed, my argument falls to the ground. Yet if this actually was the case, however we must admire the boldness of his attempt, he is extremely culpable for his utter disregard of all historical accuracy. It is probable that *Othello* was Commandant of Cyprus, not a Moor.

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

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SUET AND BANNISTER.

As SUET and BANNISTER were one day walking along Piccadilly a fellow on the roof of one of the coaches roared out, "How are you, *Dicky Gossip*?"—"Now how," said SUET, "should that man know me?" Easily enough," replied BANNISTER, "don't you see he's on the *stage*."

* Had it been so, some portion of the plot would naturally turn upon the subject of a Moor being raised to such offices, and entrusted with affairs of so great importance.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"The end of all public strictures is to work a reform on those actors and dramatists deserving of reprehension; and if such strictures are not fallacious, and if those against whom they are directed remain silent, it may fairly be concluded that they well deserve the lash of censorial justice."

"THE CENSOR."

ITALIAN OPERA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

In consequence of some part of the Opera-house having been found to be unsafe, it was indispensably necessary that a considerable division of the interior part should be taken down and rebuilt. The performances of the Italian opera's therefore commenced on Tuesday, March 1st, at the Haymarket Theatre, under the disadvantages of a limited space for representation, and a thin, but fashionable audience. Considering the inconveniences of such a theatre for such an exhibition, it cannot but be admitted, that this commencement was good. The sweet opera of "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" with such supporters as Madame RONZI DE BEGNIS and VESTRIS could not but be pleasing and attractive, and the dancing was graceful and dexterous. Madame RONZI VESTRIS was particularly applauded, and the justness and animation of her movements entitled her to the best notice of the spectators. "*God Save the King*" was sung with great spirit; the solos by Mesdames DE BEGNIS, VESTRIS, and CARADORI. Thus the actual existence of the Italian Opera saves us from the discredit which its dreaded non-revival for this year, would have attached to us, at least throughout all the territory of the Holy Alliance; and the predicted Gothicism of poor England is deferred. How far the performance of these operas in this theatre may prove profitable to

Mr. EBERS and the other parties engaged in it, we leave to themselves to determine.—There have been no novelties produced since the season commenced.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Feb. 22.—Fall of Algiers—Rossignol—Old and Young.

23. No Performance.

24.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.

25.—Selection of Music.

26.—Othello—Pantomime.

28.—Richard III.—Ibid.

March 1.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—My Uncle Gabriel.

2.—Selection of Music.

3.—Merchant of Venice—Spoiled Child—Sleeping Draught.

4. No Performance.

5.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—My Uncle Gabriel.

7.—Richard III.—Pantomime.

8.—Der Freischütz—Old and Young—Sleeping Draught.

9. No Performance.

10.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts—CHANGE PARTNERS [1st time.]

A new farce, of a very silly description, was this evening performed, and met with the reception it justly merited. It was, in fact, one of the dullest of the many dull and insipid pieces we have been condemned from time to time to witness. Almost all the respectable portion of the audience left the theatre after the first act; and those who remained occupied themselves by alternately yawning at the dulness, and hissing at the vulgarity of what was passing before them.

The plot is simply this:—Mr. WALLACK and Mrs. YATES, to whom the bills gave very outlandish names, have each a male and female servant. Letters are

written under the signatures of these servants by their respective master and mistress. It appears, however, that the servants are incapable of either reading or writing. The lady and gentleman are detected as the authors of these amorous epistles. The beauty of the composition entrances them into a fit of sudden affection, and though they had not seen each other before, nor had any knowledge of each other, save that elicited by this most strange and unaccountable correspondence—they fly into each other's arms with an ardour of attachment that years of persevering and long-cherished affection could have scarcely created.

11.—Selection of Music.

12.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—Change Partners.

14.—Richard III.—Pantomime.

15.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

16. No Performance.

17.—Hamlet—Pantomime.

18. No Performance.

19.—Othello—Rossignol—Monsieur Tonson.

21.—Richard III.—Pantomime.

22.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—Falls of Clyde.

23. No Performance.

24.—Brutus—Rossignol—Simpson and Co.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Feb. 22.—Belles Stratagem—Miller and his Men.

23.—Selection of Music.

24.—A Roland for an Oliver—Charles II.—Pantomime.

25. No Performance.

26.—Inconstant—Simpson and Co.—Irish Tutor.

28.—A Woman never Vext—FATHER AND SON; or
the Rock of Charbonnierre [1st time.]

This melo-drama is by Mr. E. BALL, and we are sorry

to have to record the entire failure of a production from his pen; but he certainly has not exhibited any degree of talent either in the arrangement of his scenes and incidents; the developement of his characters; or the catastrophe of his plot. This is the more surprising to us, as he has had considerable experience in stage matters; and from his former success we were somewhat unprepared for this result. The piece is founded upon two stories which appeared some time ago in the French Newspapers; and looking at the incidents as there detailed, we think they might have been made very applicable to stage effect, and that with marked success. The plot is nearly as follows:—The *Count St. Angeville* (BENNETT) has a son, *Victor*, (COOPER) and a ward, *Amy*, (Miss LOVE). The latter with a considerable fortune has been entrusted to his care by a dying friend; but the *Count*, from his expensive style of living, has dissipated the whole of her property. Willing to keep this breach of trust a secret, he proposes an union between his son and the victim of his extravagance. The lady, however, declines the honor intended, and the *Count* then determines on some other mode of procedure. At this juncture we are made acquainted with *Antoine*, a savage man who has appeared in the neighbourhood; whom the *Count* meeting by chance in the forest, and learning from his own mouth that he has been guilty of a breach of the laws by staining his hands with human blood, he promises him his protection, on condition that he will undertake a commission of the same description for himself. This *Antoine* consents to, and is introduced by the *Count* into the bed-chamber of *Amy*; but she being alarmed by the noise he has made in entering and by the recollection of a fearful dream, is induced by *Violette*, (Mrs. VINING) the *Count's* daughter, to exchange beds; and the first act concludes with the screams and supposed murder of the unfortunate daughter. The second act commences with the arrival of the *Marquis le Noir* at the Chateau, who, with a file of soldiers, is in pursuit of the murderer, but who requests the good family to “aid, abet, and assist” in his apprehension. They then, preparatory to

the commencement of their search, sit down to breakfast, but scarcely has the first cup of tea been poured out, when in rushes the ward with a "*bloody napkin*" in her hand, which makes the *Count* avow himself the murderer of his child, and fall down in "*a swooning*." *Victor*, his son, seeing the strange turn that things are about to take, very undutifully tells the *Marquis* that his father is a madman; and that it was he himself who had perpetrated the atrocious crime "all owing to love and jealousy," and that if he will graciously permit him to have a word or two of a private conversation with his papa he will immediately deliver himself into the hands of justice. The *Marquis* kindly consents to this very natural request, and the natural consequence is that both father and son, after a few sentimental compliments to each other, hop out of the window and escape. The next scene, which is the final one, represents the rock of "*La Charbonniere*," where all the parties are assembled in "close consult, in gloomy, solemn state." The savage gentleman produces the young lady, whom it appears he has not murdered—but to deceive her friends and stain her pillow-case had shed his own blood—not hers: and for this act of savage humanity he is sent into the other world on the spot. The father, accompanied by his hopeful son and the rest of his family, "who are all as well as can be expected," now come forward, and just as the daughter is discovered to be "all alive, oh!" he is also brought down by "a swift-winged bullet!" What becomes of the rest of the characters, we cannot say, as the curtain falls on this picturesque *tableau* of unmeaning punishment and unnecessary horror. Mr. BALL had better have stuck to the Surrey and Cobourg than have taken the advice we gave him some time since, if he cannot produce something superior to this anomalous piece of absurdity. We were in hopes from the specimens of his abilities which he has presented us with at those places from time to time, that he would have become by some little attention one of the best melo-drama writers of the day—we are, however, wofully disappointed. Of the actors we can speak in terms of unqualified en-

comium—and bad indeed must that production be which with their united aid and that of the scene painters (the GRIEVE's) could not find some favor in the public eye. Of Mr. T. P. COOKE we cannot speak in terms of sufficient praise; nothing could exceed the propriety—the energy—and the power he displayed in the poor, wandering, hungry outcast. The music by WATSON was pretty, and the scenery by GRIEVE and his sons beautifully picturesque. At the fall of the curtain, when Mr. FARLEY came forward, the hisses, groans, and cries of “Off! Off!” were so general that he merely bowed, and retired without announcing the piece for repetition. In defiance of public opinion it was re-produced the following evening, and met with a still worse reception.

March 1.—Belles Stratagem—Ibid.

2.—No Performance.

3.—A Roland for an Oliver—Charles II.—Father and Son.

4.—Selection of Music.

5.—Inconstant—Clari.

7.—Romeo and Juliet—Irish Tutor—Tale of Mystery.

8.—Belle's Stratagem—Barber of Seville.

9.—Selection of Music.

10.—A Roland for an Oliver—Charles II.—Miller and his Men.

11.—No Performance.

12.—She Stoops to Conquer—Twelve Precisely—Animal Magnetism.

14.—Der Freischütz—Irish Tutor—Tale of Mystery.

15.—She Stoops to Conquer—Twelve Precisely—Animal Magnetism.

16.—No Performance.

17.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—*Aladdin* (revived).

18.—Selection of Music.

19.—Wives as they were and Maids as they are—*Aladdin*.

21.—Native Land—*Aladdin*.

22.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Ibid.

23.—Selection of Music.

24.—Wives as they were—*Aladdin*.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

We confess we are very great admirers of Mr. MATHEWS—not altogether in his capacity as an ordinary performer in comedy, excellent as he is in numerous characters of the regular drama—our admiration has been rather excited by the wonderful mimetic powers which have enabled him to master so felicitously the difficult task he has undertaken in his *At-Homes*, and treat the public to so many new editions of human nature in his own person, aided by that close intuition and Protean faculty of personation with which he distinguishes and embodies the various and often contradictory points of human character. On those accounts it is that we think him most “himself alone!” He is in himself a *corps dramatique*—a very “Bully Bottom” in versatility; and, did not his own success, and the town’s delight forbid the alternative, would prove an invaluable acquisition to any distressed country manager in want of an actor capable of performing *Hamlet*, *Polonius*, the *Cock*, and *Ophelia*, *seriatim*. In the absence of legitimate comedy, the town has had no better amusement than has been supplied by those entertainments; and though they pretended not to the continuity and general effect expected from comedy, and did not dive into the recesses of the human heart, or present us with the skeleton and anatomy of comic humour—yet, for joyousness of manner, amusing eccentricity, and what may be denominated the sublime of farce, we know of nothing more amusing than those sketches. Mr. MATHEWS’ *Memorandum Book* is not without its amusing pages and passages; and what was wanting in the composition has been (as usual) aided by the ability of the performer. Indeed, MATHEWS has been all along the magician, whose touch and tone have given animation to those sketches which in themselves were but

“As the stuff

Prepared for Arras’ pictures—and no picture
Till it be formed, and *he* hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous operation through it.”

We are in the present entertainment first introduced to a *Mr. Theophilus Outline*, an amateur artist, who, "carries his pencil in his eye and his pallet in his mouth," and advises our friend MATHEWS to lay a few sketches from his memorandum-book before the public, which he has no doubt "will draw." The memorandum-book is accordingly opened, and actors, authors, managers, (and critics come in for a share of reminiscence in a song, which was more effective than any that followed it. Next comes *Mr. Alum*, the celebrated death-in-the-pot Chemist, who amuses himself by denouncing all the edibles and potables of this vastly globe as masses of deleterious and poisonous particles; but is wise enough to continue eating and drinking in the teeth of his theory, all for the purpose of experiment. A variety of characters follow, among the principal of whom are *Mr. King*, of the Crown, and his waiter, *Nat*; *Messrs. Allbut*, *Methusalem*, and *Christopher Chyle*, and his better half, who amuses herself in the composition of baby-linen for the poor, and puffs off her own charity for the country papers. *Old Startle*, a gentleman,

"Laudator temporis acti,"

affords occasion for some good hits at the bubbles of the day, and a song, which is *capital* in more senses than one. The *ance-dotage* of *Brigadier-General Babington*, and his flickering and fading recollections of GARRICK, JOHNSON, and BOSWELL, are highly amusing; but even those are inferior to JOHN KEMBLE and BENSLEY, in the characters of *Hamlet* and the *Ghost*, with the rose-pink and red-arsenic. To the novel-reading watchman (a capital incident) succeeds a song, "*The Public Office, Bow-street*," already sung at the Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund dinner, and which lost none of its attraction in its repetition here—it gives an excellent view of the inside of a Police Office, and (it is to be hoped) a not *illegal* report of some of its proceedings, mingled with imitations of the high priests of the *sanctum*. The second part concludes with the visit of *Mr. MATHEWS* to Gloucester, accompanied by *Mr.* and *Mrs. C. Chyle*. *Mr.*

C. Chyle is dispatched to the county gaol by his saintly rib for the purpose of administering tracts and condolence to the prisoners, and in effecting that charitable purpose, has his pocket picked in the condemned cell.—The third part consists of a monopolylogue, entitled "*The Crown Inn Danger*," and introduces some new characters and most of our old friends, all dressed in proper costume, and represented with surprising success and activity by the hero of the piece. A sentimental German cook, much given to the delicate pleasures of skinning eels and studying the "*Sorrows of Werter*," is done with great gusto; as is brother *Simper*, a *fresh* freemason, who runs over the *gamut* of laughter in a very diversified and amusing manner. But we confess our favorite in this portion of the entertainment, and, as we think, the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening, is *Molly Grammachree*, a poor Hibernian mendicant, who has walked "all the way from ould Ireland" with her son *Thady* on her back, singing and begging as she goes. There was a *reality* and rude pathos in this character, which produced an effect that must be witnessed to be appreciated. We could go on in our analysis did not our limits remind us of stopping, and were we not persuaded it is the less necessary to do so as most persons will take the opportunity of forming their own judgment of the entertainment by personal observation. In these remarks we wish to be understood as speaking principally of the effect produced by MATHEWS' personation. Of the composition we must speak in more measured terms; it is unequal, and decidedly inferior to some of the former *At-Homes* in execution. The fable of the *Centaur* is exactly reversed in the present instance: the man carries the beast, and were it not for the powerful talents of the performer, the vehicle made use of to convey his humour would be stale, flat, and we fear unprofitable. But

"*Materiem superabat opus*"—

and we have no doubt the abilities of MATHEWS will procure the piece a run.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

BATH THEATRICALS.

MR. DRAMA,

Should the space which you devote to Theatricals, not be pre-engaged by some more enlightened critic, will you oblige me by inserting the following observations in your next DRAMA.

Criticism in Bath is now become a serious business—There was a time when the Bathonians were aware that they could only expect their theatre to be a *nursery* for dramatic talent, a place of *trial* for inexperienced actors, where judicious applause might in time teach a novice to throw off his embarrassment, when candid criticism might urge him to correct bad habits, and where kind patronage might eventually enable him to rise in his profession; until, having endured the toils and difficulties of a provincial engagement, he might safely encounter the ordeal of metropolitan scrutiny. But these days are gone by! Bath *novices* are expected to be *finished performers*; they are to start up ready made Roscius's; or else they are to be immediately condemned and sent off again, because their pretensions are not equal to those of Mr. *This*, Mrs. *That*, or Miss *T'other*, who having served a sort of apprenticeship here, are gone elsewhere to reap the advantages of diligent study and long experience in our provincial leading-strings.

The very best actress we have had for years, and one who will doubtless reach the summit of her profession (I mean our lovely favorite, Miss JARMAN) went to Dublin, where she receives a large salary:—Is the Bath manager to blame? At all events Miss JARMAN seceded *before* our present manager was in power. What then is the use of us harping perpetually on our losses, and endeavouring to crush the dawning merit which we do possess? Miss E. TREE certainly is very far indeed from being at all equal to Miss JARMAN, but is not

Miss JARMAN also superior to any actress now in London? Miss E. TREE made her *debüt* here last season, and her improvement has been very great. Her *Letitia Hardy*, though far from being a finished performance, was extremely pleasing, and there are few provincial actresses who could have played the part so well. The sage critics have discovered that Miss E. TREE is not a finished actress—granted—she has been but a short time on the stage, and this is the very place where her talents should be cherished and brought to perfection. If she *were* a finished actress how long would she remain in a provincial town to be commented on by provincial critics? Really these gentlemen should make the tour of the provinces, and after having in succession inhabited the pits of the Birmingham, Bristol, Southampton, and a few other theatres, again return to Bath, and enumerate the heroines who are likely to eclipse the talents, accomplishments, beauty, and lady-like manners of Miss E. TREE. Our favorite, VINING, is also gone, and it will, I suspect, be very long before we meet with an actor so easy, so lively, and so gentlemanly. But what of that! He is gone—I trust like the critic's footman—to "*better himself*," and surely we are not to shut up the Bath Theatre in consequence! His departure was *not* caused by any parsimony of the management. He himself would, I believe, be the very last person to accuse them of unhandsome treatment. He, however, thought it his interest to go elsewhere, and can the managers help it! Instead of turning up our noses, and lamenting those who are gone, it would be well if we attended the performer's *benefits* while they remained with us! Mr. VINING's benefit a few seasons ago, failed so entirely, that his friends were obliged to exert themselves to secure him another at the end of the season!! Many of the parts formerly played by Mr. VINING, are now played by Mr. WARDE, (*Doricourt* for instance), but there are others which are played by Mr. MONTAGUE, and therefore Mr. MONTAGUE's voice had scarcely been heard in the theatre, before a hue and cry was raised, and Mr. MONTAGUE was pronounced a very inefficient successor to Mr. VINING! Can the sage critics name

an individual out of London, who *could* supply his place? and if they cannot, what is the use of venting their spite on the novice engaged by the manager?—But this is an instance of the *liberality* of these Bath censors. Mr. VINING is an actor long accustomed to the stage—he chooses to go away—the managers must get the best substitute they can find, and Mr. MONTAGUE is engaged probably at about half the salary enjoyed by his *lamented predecessor*! I wish with all my heart Mr. VINING had remained, but if the spirit moved him to move off, I do not imagine that the managers would have been justified in putting him under *arrest*, and making him act in Bath against his will. Mr. MONTAGUE has undoubtedly talent, and his talent has frequently been recognised by the house; he has many awkward faults and peculiarities in the management of his *face—voice—arms—and legs*; he has a tendency to *rant* when he wishes to be *impressive*; an *angular method of attitudinizing* when he means to be *graceful*; and a very funny *walk*, which I could imitate, but cannot describe. He, however, has talent, and if well treated by the audience, and *industrious* himself, he may become a good actor, and a favorite, before he has been here many seasons. (By-the-bye, he is, I am told, ten years younger than Mr. VINING.)

Mr. BELLAMY, last season, met with the same paper opposition, but his *paper* opponents were too flimsily constructed to injure one whose sterling talent soon raised him a host of energetic friends. The *Joiner*, though personally unknown to him, saw his worth, and a word of praise from him was an antidote against the attacks of his opponents. He has played *Job Thornbury*, *Pangloss*, *Old Dornton*, *The Admiral*, *Captain Copp*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and *Sir Peter Teazle*, far better than any other *provincial* actor could have played them; and there are parts which he can play better than any actor at Drury Lane. Mr. TERRY is a man of very great talent in his line, but Mr. TERRY cannot play *Justice Woodcock*, *Old Dornton*, *Job Thornbury*, and a host of other characters. These Mr. BELLAMY can play finely, they are the very things in which he

excels, and when the Bath critics are throwing dirty water at some new candidate for *their* favor, Mr. BEL-LAMY will be playing those parts in London. (I wish him health and spirits to fulfil my prediction.)

Mr. WARDE is an established favorite here; even *he* has been sneered at by these wise men of the west, but he is now too secure to require a word of eulogy from me; if he did need one he should have it. I will, however, say one word for myself; I *have* seen him play *Damon*, in "*Damon and Pythias*."—*I wish I could again see him play the part.* Miss CARR, the fair rose of Bath, ought not to need a champion, but yet I fear she does! The enlightened critics, whom I so much admire, sometimes neglect her entirely, and sometimes say, "Miss CARR was as usual Miss CARR." This is meant to be very severe, and where Miss CARR to perform the *Romps*, *Teazles*, *Townleys*, and *Belvideras*, such an observation might be called for. But in the *Marias*, *Lady Frances Touchwoods*, *Marys*, and *Cicelys*, where are we likely to find so pleasing a representative? Where one half so pretty? Mrs. BAILEY is a great acquisition; her performance of the *Princess*, in "*Timour the Tartar*," was excellent, and I confess it is in serious parts I think she excels. Mrs. WINDSOR, our *new old* lady, is an actress of first-rate abilities, and is sure to be a favorite; and Miss A. TREE, when she get rid of her *tremors*, and gains confidence, will be a valuable vocalist. I have scarcely time to say one word of welcome to old favorites, but they can fight their own battles, or, rather, they have no battles to fight. WOULDs is as safe as inexhaustible humour, and the laughter and applause of the public can make him; and Mrs. W. is as good a chambermaid as ever was seen—whenever she *chooses* to be an old woman, she may be the queen of the *Malaprops*. Mr. RAYMOND is good, and I suspect study may make him better. Miss GEORGE is one of the sweetest and best singers we ever had as a resident. *Little* Mr. MILLAR stands *high* as a vocalist—but I must conclude, or you will not insert my letter. I shall be truly happy if one word that I have written should

assist any performer who comes with all the trepidations of a stranger amongst us. These are my last *critical words* for the season.

Yours, &c.

THOMAS.

WINCHESTER THEATRE.

March 8th.—This week, LISTON was engaged to perform three nights at our theatre, and so great a weight did his name carry, that the house was crowded every night to witness his performance. His *Billy Lackaday*, this evening, was a truly comic piece of performance, which during the evening drew down the applause of a respectable audience.

9th.—This evening we witnessed him in *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Sam Savoury*. The performance of COOKE, in the comedy, exceeded our sanguine expectations. We congratulate him on his improvement, and with a little study and attention, those talents he is possessed of will procure him the esteem and regard of every one who witnesses his performance.

10th.—This being the last night of Mr. LISTON's performance, the doors were besieged at an early hour, to witness his performance of *Mawworm*, in the "*Hypocrite*," and *T. Sappy, Esq.* in "*Deaf as a Post*." The house was crowded to suffocation, and the amusements drew down the well-merited applause they obtained. We were delighted with the singing of Mr. WINGROVE; the managers may think him a valuable acquisition to the Company. His voice, though not powerful, is soft and expressive; and what he sings, he appears to take a share, in thinking he pleases those who received him so kindly on his first appearance on this stage. The other characters were well sustained, and gave universal satisfaction.

QUIZ.

LEEDS.

MR. DRAMA,

It is reported that we are to have a new theatre, indeed the papers say that the ground is already purchased; it is estimated to cost £15,000, £10,000 of which is already subscribed; if this be correct (and we have it from good authority) we shall not need soon to be ashamed of our theatre.

The one we have at present is a very poor one and in a low part of the town—the new one is to be very central; it is said the ground has cost £4,000. With a population of between 80 and 90,000 inhabitants, rapidly increasing, it frequently happens that our present theatre will not near contain those who wish to attend*; and the accommodations for the performers behind the curtain are very poor, we therefore wish this speculation every success it deserves; and when we call to mind that on various public projects our townsmen have raised near two millions within the last twelve months, we think there is little room to fear their patriotic spirit will forsake them at this juncture.

Yours, &c.

A DRAMATIC OBSERVER.

ADDRESS

Spoken by Mr. B. WEST,† at the Benefit of the Philanthropic Society of United Britons, on Wednesday, Nov. 17th, at the West London Theatre.

Within the soul, plunged into care and gloom
By adverse fate, Hope's lamp to re-illum—
To nerve anew with strength the manly arm;
Check Beauty's tear, and light with joy each charm;

* It holds about £100.

† Author of "*Hate*," "*Cenevieve*," "*Blanca Rubea*," and "*At One*."

The youthful heart to rescue from the ills
That penury within Life's cup distils ;
From worse than death the veteran to save,
And snatch pale sickness from an early grave.
These are thy deeds heaven-born Philanthropy !
First, to assist where nearer friendship's fly,
These are thy deeds—go search the lists of fame,
Produce the mightiest—most ensanguined name ;
Then ask it proud possessor, on the day
When blood-stained conquest mark'd his pompous way,
If he could boast one feeling to compare
With that Philanthropy's warm votaries share,
When o'er the features, lately dimm'd with grief,
The grateful smile bespeaks the heart's relief.
Not ours the task to lay a nation low ;
We raise the wretched, and but war with woe.
Fast fleeting from our " cold and cloudy" isle,
Benignant Summer sheds her farewell smile.
Stern icy-hearted Winter now appears,
And more each hour the social hearth endears ;
Athwart the landscape, late so smiling seen,
Spreads the hoar frost—a bleak and cheerless scene ;
Loud thro' the naked branches howls the blast,
And ice-bound now the rivulet slumbers fast.
Beats there a heart within a human breast,
By bounteous Providence, with comfort blest ?
Breathes there a man that could unmoved survey
A fellow being to their ills a prey ;
Nor stretch the friendly hand to give relief ;
Check the deep sigh nor dry the tear of grief ?
Oh ! there are none most fervently we feel,
And thus in confidence we've made appeal.
Again Philanthropy your aid implores ;
Again the Theatre unfolds its doors.
Warm-hearted friends still ready at the call
Of pity, fervently I welcome all.
Oft be it mine to meet ye happy here ;
To aid a cause so sacred and so dear.
Long to enjoy life's blessings may ye live,
And may ye never *want* the aid ye *give*.





Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MISS GRADDON,
AS LINDA,
IN DER FREISCHUTZ.

THE DRAMA,

OR,
Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1825.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Memoir of Miss Grad-		Miss Stephens.....	353
don.....	331	Theatrical Joint-stock	
On the non-appear-		Company.....	<i>ib.</i>
ance of the Ghost		On the Acting of Vo-	
of Duncan, in the		cal Performers ...	356
Banquet Scene of		THEATRICAL INQUISITION.	
Macbeth.....	334	Drury Lane Theatre	361
On ancient Mysteries		Covent Garden.....	367
and Moralities....	336	MINOR DRAMA.	
A visit to the Batavi-		Adelphi Theatre....	376
an Theatre.....	340	Surrey.....	377
The Ghost in Macbeth	341	Cobourg.....	378
Dramatic Excerpta..	343	Chichester.....	380
The Dramatic Biogra-		Private Theatricals .	381
pher.....	348	Town Talk.....	330

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF
MISS GRADDON.

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TOWN TALK.

The musical taste of this country has made so rapid a progress within the last few years, that every thing connected with the science, and particularly with its vocal department, is become matter of general interest. A most important service to the advancement of the art of singing has just been performed by one of its accomplished ornaments. Mr. DURUSET has recently published a valuable selection of *Solfeggios* from CRESCENTINI, PAER, and PELEGRINI, under the immediate patronage of HIS MAJESTY. It is prefaced by an elegant dedication to the Duke of Devonshire, and a list of subscribers, including not only many of the nobility distinguished for refined taste, but almost all the names of eminent professors, foreign and native, residents in our metropolis. If such a weight of sanction could be increased by any recommendation of ours, we should not hesitate to say, that such a work has long been a great desideratum and that no pupil aspiring to any thing like proficiency in the art should be without Mr. DURUSET's book, if they have not the works from which it has been compiled. Indeed he has considerably increased the value of CRESCENTINI and PELEGRINI's Exercises, by tasteful pianforte accompaniments, which they did not before possess.

A performer of the name of SMITH met with a dreadful accident on Friday night, 22nd of April, at ASTLEY's Theatre, during the engagement in the military spectacle, "*The Invasion of Russia.*" He fell from his horse, and, it is said, broke his back. It was yesterday reported that mortification had commenced, and that consequently no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Canine Sagacity.—Some time since, as Mr. USHER, the celebrated clown, was travelling from Sheffield to Chester, he stopped at the turnpike at Chapel-en-le-Frith, to pay the customary tolls for his carriage, but was surprised, on feeling for his purse, to find it had disappeared; and while conversing with the landlady of the toll-bar on his loss, he was relieved from his unpleasant predicament by the appearance of his faithful dog, with the identical purse in his mouth, which it had picked up, and carried from the public-house where Mr. USHER last supped, a distance of six miles!



THE DRAMA ;

OR,

Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. VII.

APRIL, 1825.

VOL. VII.

MISS GRADDON.

"There's much music, and excellent voice, in this little organ."
HAMLET.

THE memoirs of performers, and most other public characters, (as we have before often observed) when written by good-natured friends, are commonly so overloaded with encomiums on their merits, whether real or imaginary, that they not only often defeat the purpose for which they were designed, but in the opinion of the judicious reader, gain the subjects of them a reputation for *vanity*, (as they are often supposed to be themselves the authors) which *may* not properly belong to them. Those readers who have followed us in the progress of our work will, we trust, give us due credit for our endeavours to cast off the stigma which has usually (and perhaps not without just reason), been thrown upon all biographical sketches of the members of the histrionic profession ; for although we are often reduced to the necessity of resorting for information to the friends and relations of the party noticed, yet we always endeavour by our own individual exertions to arrive at the truth of every circumstance we relate ; and however we may be indebted to them for their information, our strictures are always told in the honest language of truth unbiassed by favoritism—"Open to all parties, influenced by none,"

has always been our motto, and our readers must, from their perusal both of our biographical notes and critical observations, have observed this, and will, we doubt not, give us their commendation for our laudable exertions. We detest egotism; but we conceive we should not be acting with due justice to ourselves, did we not add, that, should our gleanings prove scanty, they may always be relied on; for, unlike most of our contemporaries, we never attempt to hide their defects, by any attempt to introduce fictitious narratives in order to fill up the void.

The few notes we have been able to collect respecting Miss GRADDON are correct as to date and circumstance—and although her life presents no particular incidents to gratify the general reader, yet the authenticity of the little here related can be vouched for.

Miss G. is a native of Bishops Lydard, near Taunton, in the county of Somerset, at which place she was born, on the 21st September, in the year 1806. At an early age she evinced uncommon musical talents, and she made a considerable proficiency under the tuition of that excellent musician Mr. T. COOKE. From his instructions, aided by the quick perception of youthful genius, she rapidly acquired those refined graces of the musical art, combined with great science and brilliancy of execution, which constitute a first-rate singer. The improvement she evinced, and the delight and admiration which was expressed by all her acquaintance; caused her engagement for the Dublin Theatre, under the management of Mr. Harris, at which place she became a great favorite. She made her appearance on the 23rd October, 1823, in the character of *Rosetta*—and continued to perform for nine months successively with unabated attraction. From Dublin she was engaged to perform at Liverpool for a few nights, but her reception so far exceeded the expectations of the management of that concern, that a proposal was made to her for the season, which she ultimately accepted—performing both at that town and Manchester with great applause. While at the latter place, her fame had so increased that Mr. ELLISTON made her an offer of an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. That theatre might be said to receive a valuable acquisition in this young lady, particularly in the

vocal department. She made her appearance before a London audience on the 23rd October, 1824, in the character of *Susanna*, in the "*Marriage of Figaro*." Her performance has already been noticed at page 47 of the present volume. Her songs were given with great spirit and brilliancy, and although the novelty of her situation somewhat disconcerted her, it is but justice to mention that the audience of that evening displayed the greatest liberality of feeling added to a generous encouragement of rising merit; and, indeed, for which, we take pride in saying a metropolitan audience is never backward in bestowing.

The countenance of Miss G. is handsome and expressive—she possesses a fine clear voice joined to great science and execution. In chaste and simple melody she surpasses most of her contemporaries. Her intonation combines the accuracy of the most correct science and the utmost simplicity of exertion with the most delightful brilliance of effect. Without a superabundance of ornament, she threads the mazes of the most difficult passages with admirable dexterity, and is not only particular in conveying the *notes* of her songs to the ears of her auditors, but also the *words*, which other stage vocalists generally render inaudible. It may be truly said that no female vocalist has gained more reputation or played with more success in so short a space of time; and when it is considered that Miss GRADDON came before the public eye of the metropolis having previously played so little, and at such an early period of her life, he must be a fastidious critic indeed, who can withhold his tribute of admiration. We have the satisfaction of saying, that she has not only become a favorite with the musical amateur, but by her discrimination of character and sweetness of voice with the discerning part of the play-going public.

Her private character has ensured her the high esteem and affection of all her acquaintance, her conduct is regulated by the strictest rules of prudence, and her highest ambition is to preserve her character unblemished.

"Not only shunning, by her *act*, to do
Aught that is ill, but the *suspicion* too."

BEN JONSON.

ON THE NON-APPEARANCE OF
THE GHOST OF DUNCAN,
IN THE BANQUET SCENE OF MACBETH.

In the late representations of this play at one of the great theatres in the capital, *Macbeth* is seen "to start and tremble at the vacant chair," according to the conception of Mr. LLOYD, in his poem called "*The Actor*." It would be deemed only a waste of criticism to combat an opinion so defenceless, which presumes that *Macbeth's* agitations are merely the result of phrensy; whereas, there can be hardly a serious doubt that the poet designed the real introduction of the spectre; and the superstition wherever it prevailed, has been, that though the ghost was sometimes invisible to all, except the special object of its visitation, yet, it was really, and *bonâ fide*, present. What I am going to advance will not obtain quite so ready an assent, though I am almost as firmly persuaded of its propriety.

I think two ghosts are seen, *Duncan's* first, and afterwards, that of *Banquo*; for what new terror, or what augmented perturbation is to be produced by the re-appearance of the same object in the same scene? Or, if but one dread monitor could gain access to this imperial malefactor, which had the superior claim, or who was the more likely to harrow the remorseless bosom of *Macbeth*? "the gracious *Duncan*," he who had "borne his faculties so meek," had been "so clear in his great office," and in "the deep damnation of whose taking off," not only friendship, kindred, and allegiance, but sacred hospitality, had been profaned—or *Banquo*, his mere "partner" of whom it only could be said that he was "brave" and to be "feared," that wisdom guided his valour, and that under him the genius of *Macbeth* sustained rebuke? Which, I demand of these two sacrifices to his "vaulting ambition" was the more likely at the regal banquet, to break in upon, and confound the usurper? Besides this obvious general

claim to precedence, exhibited by *Duncan*, how else can we apply these lines?

“ If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites!”

For they will not suit with *Banquo*, who had no grave or charnel house assigned to him, (having been left in a ditch to find a monument in the maws of kites;) but must refer to *Duncan*, who, we may naturally suppose, received the formal ostentatious rites of sepulchre. I do not overlook the words—

“ Thou canst not say I did it,” &c.

which may be urged against my argument, but if this sentence will stand in the case of *Banquo*, as the subterfuge of one who had, by deputy, and not in person, done the murder, it surely will accord with the casuistry of him, who knows he struck a *sleeping* victim; and this, with the pains that had been taken to fix the murder on the grooms, may sufficiently defend the application of the remark to the royal spectre. Besides, to whom, except *Duncan*, can these words refer? “ If I stand here I saw him.”

The ghost being gone, and *Macbeth* “ a man again,” he reasons like a man, and gives this answer to his wife, who had reproached him with being “ unmann’d in folly;” but if *Banquo* were the object alluded to in this declaration, it must be unintelligible to the lady, who had not yet heard of *Banquo’s* murder. The ghost of *Duncan* having performed his office, and departed, *Macbeth* is at leisure to ruminate on the prodigy; and he naturally reflects, that if the grave can thus cast up the form of buried *Duncan*, *Banquo* may likewise rise again, regardless of “ trenched gashes and twenty mortal murders on his crown.” The lady interrupts this reverie, and he proceeds to “ mingle with society;” and when, insidiously, with the raised goblet in his hand, he invokes the health of his friend, whose life he had destroyed, just at this moment his friend’s ghost confronts him. All this indeed is only conjecture, but conjecture

I trust, on the ground of strong probability; a basis that, in the estimation of those who are best acquainted with the subject, will, I doubt not, be deemed at least as secure as the authority of Messrs. HEMINGE and CONDELL, which unhappily is the only plot we have yet had to build on.—*Scymour's Remarks, &c.*

I. W. C.

ON ANCIENT MYSTÈRES AND MORALITIES.

(*Concluded from page 126.*)

The theatre, on which the mysteries were represented, was always composed of an elevated scaffold, divided into three parts; heaven, hell, and the earth between them. It was in this central portion that Jerusalem was sometimes represented, or occasionally the native country of some saint or patriarch, whether angels descended or devils ascended, as their interference in mundane affairs was called for. In the higher and the lower parts of the theatre, the proceedings of the *Deity* and *Lucifer* might be discerned. The pomp of these representations continued increasing for the space of two centuries; and, as great value was set on the length of the piece, some mysteries could not be represented in less than forty days.

The *Clercs de la Bazoche*, or Clerks of the Revels, who were an incorporated society at Paris, and whose duty it was to regulate the public festivities, at length resolved to amuse the people with some dramatic representations themselves. But the fraternity of the Passion had obtained, in 1402, a royal licence to represent mysteries, the clerks were compelled to abstain from that kind of exhibition, and they, therefore, invented a new one, which differed in name, rather in substance, from the former. These were the Moralities, which were also borrowed from the historical parts, or the

parables of the Bible, as that of the *Prodigal Son*. Sometimes they were purely allegorical compositions, in which God and the Devil were introduced, accompanied by the virtues or vices. In a morality entitled "*Le bien advisé et le mal advisé*," almost forty allegorical characters appear, and, amongst others, the different tenses of the verb to reign—as *regno*, *regnavi*, and *reguabo*. In the course of this work, we shall have occasion to notice, in speaking of the Spanish drama, even during the times of LOPE DE VEGA and CALDERAI, the *Autos Sacramentalé*, which were allegorical pieces, evidently of the same nature as the ancient Moralities.

It is to the Clerks de la Bazoche, likewise, that we owe the invention of comedy. Whilst the fraternity of the Passion conceived themselves bound only to present edifying pieces to the public, the Clerks de la Bazoche, who did not consider themselves as ecclesiastics, mingled with their moralities farces, of which the sole object was to excite the laughter of the spectators. All the gaiety and vivacity of the French character was displayed, in the ludicrous representations of such real adventures as had been perhaps the conversation of the town. The versification was managed with great address, and one of these farces, the "*Avocat Patelin*," which was represented for the first time in 1480, and has been attributed to an ecclesiastic of the name of PIERRE BLANCHET DE POITIERS, may still be considered as a model of French gaiety and comic powers. It was translated into Latin, in 1512, by ALEXANDER CONNIBERT, and was imitated by the famous REUCHEIN. BRENYs re-modelled it, and it was again brought forward in 1706, and is represented to the present day.

In the reign of CHARLES VI., likewise, and at the commencement of the fifteenth century, a third comic company was established; the *Enfans sans souci*, who, under the command of the chief, *le Prince des sots*, undertook to make the French laugh at their own follies, and introduced personal, and even political satire upon the stage.

Thus, every species of dramatic representation was

revived by the French: This was the result of that talent for imitation, which seems peculiar to the French people, assisted by a pliancy of thought, which enables them to conceive new characters; and a correctness of intellect, which always carries them directly to the object at which they aim, or to the effect which they wish to produce. All these discoveries, which led in other countries to the establishment of the romantic drama, were known in France more than a century before the rise of the Spanish or Italian Theatre, or even before the classical authors were first studied and imitated.

The glory of ARIOSTO is attached to his "*Orlando Furioso*;" but this is not his only work which remains to us. He wrote five comedies of five acts each, and in verse, which are not now performed, and are scarcely read, since they no longer accord with the manners of the present day. Of these five, the two first were originally written in prose, in his early youth. ARIOSTO proposed to himself PLAUTUS and TERENCE, as models; and as they had copied the Greek drama, so he imitated the Latin. We find in his pieces, all the characters of the Roman comedy: the slaves, parasites, nurses, and female adventurers. The scene of the first, "*La Cas-saria*," is laid at Mitylene, in an island of Greece, where the poet might suppose the manners to be such as would harmonize with his fable. But the second, "*I Suppositi*," is laid at Ferrara, and the plot is artfully connected with the taking of Otranto by the Turks, on the 21st of August, 1480; which gives a date to the action, and a locality to the scene. Nor can we avoid remarking the singular contrast between ancient manners and a modern subject. Still, the plot of the comedy is novel and engaging; and there is an interest and even a sensibility in the part of the father. There is too, sometimes a gaiety, though rather forced than natural. The wit is rather Italian than Roman. The pleasantries of the slaves and parasites of ARIOSTO recall to mind too strongly the same personages in PLAUTUS and TERENCE, and erudition often usurps the place of humour. The scene, after the manner of the Latin

comedies, is laid in the street before the house of the principal personage. It never varies; and the unity of time is as rigorously observed as that of place; but, as on the Roman stage, the action is more related than seen. The author seems afraid of placing before the eyes of the spectators, situations of passion, and the language of the heart. In one piece, in which love and paternal affection are the two leading subjects, there is not a single scene between the lover and his mistress, nor between the father and son; and the incident that produces the catastrophe, passes in the interior of the house, at a distance from the eyes of the audience. Every thing in these pieces reminds us of the Roman theatres. They are ingenuously, though coldly, wrought. Every thing is imitated, even to the bad taste of the pleasantries, which are not sallies of wit, as with our modern harlequins, but coarse classical jokes. We may observe in the comedies of ARIOSTO, a powerful talent, corrupted by servile imitations; and in perusing them, we perceive the reason why the Italians, relying always on the ancient models, and never consulting their native genius, were so late in excelling in the dramatic art. "*La Calandra*," of BERNARD DOVIZIO, afterwards Cardinal BIBBENA, who disputes with ARIOSTO the merit of introducing Italian comedy, has all the same defects, and the same classical imitations, with more vulgarity, and less wit. The subject is that of the *Menechini*, so often produced at the theatres; but, in "*La Calandra*," the twins, who are confounded with one another, are a brother and sister.

ARIOSTO was the first to perceive, that the Italian language did not possess a versification adapted for comedy. Like DOVIZIO, he wrote his two first pieces in prose; and, at the end of twenty years, turned them into *versi sdrucchioli*, for the theatre at Ferrara.

The *versi sdrucchioli* are formed of twelve syllables. The accent is laid on the antepenultimate, and the two last are not accented. But these pretended verses are not rhymed, and so many breaks are permitted, that a word is often divided, as in the word *continua-mente*, so that the four first syllables terminate the first verse,

whilst the two following commence the second verse. They are, in short, devoid of all harmony and poetic charm, and their monotony renders the reading of these comedies tedious.

A VISIT TO THE BATAVIAN THEATRE.

THE house was commodious, airy, and well lighted by reed-wicks floating in cocoa-oil, which cast a warm glow over the panting Dutch beauties in the boxes. There is but a single tier, which stretches semi-circularly from the proscenium to within a short distance of the opposite wall. The lounge is in the vacant space behind the boxes. They resemble sheep-pens more than any other inclosure, and are solely appropriated to the fair sex. Gentlemen tenant the pit, and roll lazily round the lounge, staring at the women, who are exposed to view on all sides, the backs and fronts of their pews being extremely low, for the benefit of the air, which gushes in warm streams through the windows. These reach from floor to ceiling, and immense Venetian blinds serve instead of glass. The curtain, after an excellent overture, at length rose; and the "*Stranger*" was played in Dutch by military amateurs; the character of *Mrs. Haller* being ably sustained by a fine athletic officer of the dragoons. His whiskers and mustachios were certainly some drawback on the illusion of the scene; but these were not so much noticed and carped at as the uniform of another gentleman, who walked on the stage from the evening parade to perpetrate one of the bores in the piece. The *Stranger* himself,—the sensitive misanthrope,—at the opening of the scene before the cottage, was discovered smoking his pipe! With great humility and deference an English visitor suggested that this was not altogether as it should be. "Perfectly in character," replied the gentleman to whom he addressed himself; "Perfectly in character," repeated he, with a slight shrug of astonishment and contempt.

We vouch for the authenticity of this dramatic tid-bit, and moreover take leave to add, that the *Stranger* had not merely a pipe stuck in his mouth, whose bowl was innocent of tobacco, such as the squeamish MUNDEN used in *Crack*, but actually puffed out a cloud of dense smoke between each sentence. The effect must have been fine!

From The Cigar, Vol. 2.

THE GHOST IN MACBETH.

MR. DRAMA,

In a former number of your Magazine, a correspondent has made some pertinent remarks respecting the appearance of the Ghost in SHAKSPEARE'S tragedy of "*Macbeth*," as it is at present represented at our national theatres, and has also given some hints towards an improvement in the future personification of that character.

Every one who has witnessed the performance of this tragedy must have remarked the great want of improvement required in this particular character. I perfectly agree with your correspondent, that the end for which *Duncan's* ghost is brought forward, namely, to excite a feeling of awe in the breasts of the audience, is entirely perverted: the reverse I firmly believe is the most usual effect of his appearance, and I am perfectly convinced that in nine instances out of ten, it produces what is little calculated upon by the managers, I mean—an *excitement of the risible muscles*. I should recommend that Mr. T. P. COOKE in future personify the *Ghost* in the stead of Messrs. POPE and EGERTON, although it appears to me that neither Mr. T. P. COOKE, or any other performer (however skilful he may be in this line of acting,) would be able to "fret his hour upon the stage" during the banquet scene, without once opening his mouth, and at the same time relieve the audience

from the coldness and uneasiness which they may be supposed to feel on seeing *Banquo* (to all appearance) take his seat at the table among the rest of the company, when presently afterwards we are told "a place is reserved," but which to our amazement we find is occupied by a lump of "solid flesh" and blood. It is not every person who frequents the theatres to witness the representation of SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, that has read them. Now on beholding the entrance of the (manager's) *Ghost*, would not such an one immediately conclude, that *Banquo* by the art of medicine or magic, had been restored to life? *Macbeth*, it is true, after the lapse of some minutes, convinces us of our error; and we are then under the disagreeable and vexatious necessity of supposing the visual organs of the company assembled upon the stage to be composed of materials differing from those of our own.

It appears quite conclusive to my mind, Mr. DRAMA, that there is but *one way* to remove these inconveniences, and that is, by *removing* the *Ghost* entirely out of the scene. It is very well known that the ghost of *Banquo* is not supposed to be visible to any of the company except *Macbeth*. It reveals nothing—Why then is its actual appearance requisite? Can any thing be more sublime or more awfully impressive than to behold *Macbeth* contending with an invisible being? A chilling horror seems to pervade our senses, and we at the same time are enabled to observe, without confusing objects, the consternation of the guests. I admit that the *Ghost* may be exhibited to much greater advantage than we usually see it. It might, as your correspondent observes, be "decked in pure white robes," which, no doubt, was the intention of our great dramatic bard, by his putting these words into the mouth of *Macbeth*, "*Avaunt, thou shadow.*" But were this alteration, or improvement to be carried into effect, I question very much whether the "radical defect" would be remedied; I query whether even the appearance of a white ghost with red locks in this scene would command a proper feeling of respect. By way of conclusion, I would just remark that were

the managers to devote as much attention to SHAKSPEARE's spirits as they do to the "airy nothings" of the German drama, they would reflect more credit on themselves, and afford more amusement to the audience.

Charing Cross,
Dec. 1824.

I am, Yours, &c.
PERCIVAL, SEN.

DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. XIII.

1.—*The Wolf Club.*

According to Vol. 3, page 167 of the **DRAMA**, I certainly am in error with regard to the origin of the above club, but whatever the intention of the projectors might be, it certainly has been used as a medium to throw into obscurity the abilities of several performers, as, for instance, **MEGGOTT**, **EDWARDS**, **COBHAM**, &c. Now I happened to be present at the first performance of **COBHAM** at Covent Garden Theatre, where I heard the repeated cry of, "Turn out the *Wolves*," and to such a pitch was the opposition carried that he had not the least chance of success. As a society the *Wolves* have ceased to exist for years. They were attacked by the public during the disturbances about Mr. **BOOTH**, and charged with being an organized body for the special "thick and thin" support of Mr. **KEAN** against all other actors; their conduct ultimately justified the public charges and indignation. Mr. **KEAN** was the "*Captain*;" he had "*Lieutenants*" and other "*Officers*" under him. They had an uniform—blue coat, gilt buttons, with a *Wolf's Head* on each, and they first assembled at the "O. P. and P. S." which changed its sign to that of the *Kean's Head*! which it still retains. The society was removed in process of time to the Griffin, then to the Coal Hole, where it was dissolved, Mr. **KEAN** announcing that such

dissolution was in deference to public opinion. The *Wolves* never afterwards met in any organized form.

W. S. P.

2.—*Madame* LINGUET

Was an actress of the Italian Theatre in Paris; her husband, who was cashier to the treasury, employed a party to hiss every actress but *Madame* LINGUET, and to applaud her to the skies: this went on famously for some time, till the secret was found out by a sad mistake. LINGUET, in his instructions to the men, said, "Tomorrow night you must hiss the first actress who appears, and applaud the second—now mind you make no mistake? hiss the first and applaud the second." They obeyed; but unfortunately for *Madame* LINGUET, the play was changed; and in the new piece she appeared first, when she was completely hissed, to the great amazement of all the audience. *Monsieur* LINGUET, to be revenged, ran off with all the money of the theatre in his hands, and took refuge in the Temple, then an asylum where a person could not be arrested.

3.—One night, during SINCLAIR's performance in Edinburgh, a curious incident occurred:—After the crowd of coaches at the box door had diminished, and left the portal clear, an old woman from the causeway-side, dressed in a clean mutch, a red cloak, and white apron, after the fashion of poor Scottish women on gala occasions, moved slowly and decently up to the box-keeper, whom it appears she took for an elder "herd in the penny," and thus addressed him—"Oh, Sir, is there ane JOHN SINCLAIR sings here?" "Ay, ay," quoth Cerberus.—"Aweel, aweel, I'm glad I've fund him at last, after sic a lang tramp. But, Sir, where's your brode? I dinna see't here, and troth I maun put in a bawbee or a penny, for auld acquaintance-sake wi' JOHN; for ye see, Sir, I kend JOHN langsyne, when he was just a bit callant, rinniu' skirlin' about the doors amang

our ain bairns! Deed, Sir, I was at JOHN's kirsiuning!" So saying, she rummaged the "gulph profound" of a pouch hung by her side, which resembled in shape and size Mr. HUNTER's violoncello, and was about to affront the box-keeper with the offer of a doucer, when that worthy gruffly told her to be gone about her business, and directed a police-officer to turn her out of doors. The poor woman of course exclaimed loudly against this treatment, and said something about seeing "JOHN himself;" but the harsh order was rigorously enforced. However, a gentleman, who was then entering the theatre, and heard the whole proceeding, interested himself in her cause, and though he could not in etiquette introduce her to the boxes, generously made her happy by a ticket to the lower gallery.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

4.—*Effects of the South Sea Bubble.*

GAY (author of "The Beggar's Opera") in that disastrous year had a present of some South Sea Stock from young CRAGGS, and once supposed himself to be master of £20,000. His friends advised him to sell his share; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to abstract his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase him a hundred a year for life, "which," said FENTON, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected. The profit and principal were lost, and GAY sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger.

5.—*Madame RONZI DE BEGNIS.*

The following distich, from the pen of a well known Anglo-Italian scholar, was written under the portrait lately published of the above lady:—

La vedi o l'ode, eguale e il tuo periglio,
Ti vince il canto, e li rapisce il ciglio.

TRANSLATION.

Hearing or seeing, equal fate we brave;
Her voice enchants us, and her eyes enslave.

6.—GARRICK's *Liberality*.

In a former communication I gave an article on the parsimoniousness of the British Roscius, and in opposition to it, I now give an instance of his generosity, which I have lately met with.—GARRICK was very intimate with an eminent surgeon, who died several years since, a very amiable man, who often dined and supped with Mr. and Mrs. GARRICK. One day, after dinner, the gentleman declared, that without the assistance of a friend, who would lend him a thousand pounds he should be at a loss what to do. "A thousand pounds!" said Mr. GARRICK, "that's a large sum. Well now, pray what security can you give for that money?" "Upon my word," replied the surgeon, "no other than my own." "Here's a pretty fellow," said Roscius, turning to Mrs. GARRICK, "he wants to borrow a thousand pounds upon his personal security. Well come, I'll tell you one thing for your comfort; I think I know a man that will lend you a thousand pounds." He immediately drew upon his banker for that sum, and gave the draft to his friend. Mr. GARRICK never asked for, or received a shilling of it.

7.—The actual receipt on the first night of Miss FOOTE's re-appearance at Covent Garden Theatre was £900 16s. 0d., the largest sum ever remembered to have been received.

8.—Mrs. GARRICK.

Her "ruling passion" was to consider all dramatic efforts as trifling when compared with GARRICK. He was indeed the "God of her Idolatry;" the play of "*Hamlet*" was, it is reported, by the express order of his widow thrown into his grave. GARRICK planted two willows on his lawn at Hampton, rendered sacred by the temple appropriated to SHAKSPEARE; and in the midst of a violent storm, which proved fatal to one of them, Mrs. GARRICK was seen running about the grounds in

the wildest disorder, exclaiming, "Oh! my GARRICK! my GARRICK!"

This venerable lady, it is said, visited Westminster Abbey a short time previous to her death, and, addressing the clergyman who attended her, she said, "I suppose there is not room enough for me to be laid by the side of my dear DAVID." The clergyman assured her that there would be room enough. She then said, "I wish to know, not that I think I am likely soon to require it, for I am yet *a mere girl*, but only for the satisfaction of my feelings against the time when I must submit to the will of heaven."—She died at the advanced age of 98.

9.—*Criticism.*

A clergyman having written some observations on SHAKESPEARE'S plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. SHERIDAN, and desired his opinion. "Sir," said SHERIDAN, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own Bible if you please, but pray leave ours alone."

10.—MACKLIN

Once going to one of the fire offices to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered? "Entered," replied the veteran; "why, I am only plain CHARLES MACKLIN, *a vagabond* by act of Parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down CHARLES MACKLIN, Esq. as they are now *synonymous terms*."

11.—STEPHEN KEMBLE,

Of enormous rotundity, happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of, "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" STEPHEN parried this for some time, by saying he did not want any thing. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing

STEPHEN's figure from top to bottom, which certainly would not lead one to think he fed on air, exclaimed, "Well, Sir, though you do not now want any thing, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

12.—BENSLEY,

Before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army.—One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate ; but his Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried BENSLEY into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him, very seriously, "Hoo could ye disgrace the corps, by turning play-actor?" BENSLEY replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light ; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people." "And what maun," said the other, "do ye get by this business of yours?" "I now," answered B., "get about a thousand a year."—"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Sawney, astonished, "*hae ye any vacancies in your corps?*"

Walworth, March 25, 1825.

W. S. P.

THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

No. VIII.

I.—CHARLES HART.

CHARLES HART was born about 1640 ; he was SHAKSPEARE's great nephew, his father, WILLIAM* being

* He settled in London, and was an actor.—*Malone.*

the eldest son of our poet's sister JOAN. He was apprenticed to ROBINSON, a celebrated actor, and began his career, conformably to the practice of that time, by playing female parts, among which the *Duchess*, in SHIRLEY's tragedy of the "*Carnival*," was the first that exhibited his talents and enhanced his reputation.*

On the 11th of February, 1647, and on the subsequent 22nd of October, two ordinances were issued by the Long Parliament, whereby all stage players were made liable to punishment for following their usual occupation. Before the appearance of this severe edict many of them had gone into the army, and had fought with distinguished merit for CHARLES the First;† when, however, his fate was determined, the surviving dependants on the drama were compelled to renew their former efforts, and returned just before his death to act a few plays at the "Cock-pit," where, performing the tragedy of "*Rollo*," they were surprised by a party of soldiers, who carried them to Hatton-House (then a prison) without allowing them to change their dresses, where, having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes and let them go. Among this unfortunate company was HART, who performed the part of *Otto*, a character which he afterwards relinquished to KY-NASTON.

At the Restoration he was enrolled among the company constituting His Majesty's Servants, by whom the new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was opened on the 8th of April, 1663, with BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's play of the "*Humourous Lieutenant*," in which he sustained the part of *Demetrius* for twelve days successively. About the year 1667 he introduced NELL GWYNN upon the stage, who had been tutored by him in conjunction with LACY, and has acquired the distinc-

* Some few years afterwards we find women performing men's characters, witness PEG WOFFINGTON, in *Sir Harry Wildair*; and in our own time it has become a common practice.—J. D. V.

† HART had been a lieutenant of horse under Sir THOMAS DAVISON in Prince RUPERT's own regiment.

tion of being ranked among her first felicitous lovers by having succeeded LACY in the possession of her charms.

His principal characters were *Arbaces*, in "*King or No King*;" *Amintor*, in the "*Maid's Tragedy*;" *Othello*; *Rollo*; *Alexander the Great*; and such was his attraction in all these characters that, to use the words of DOWNES, "If he acted in any of these but once in a fortnight the house was filled as at a new play, especially *Alexander*, he acting that with such agreeable majesty that one of the court was pleased to honour him with this commendation:—'That HART might teach any king on earth how to comport himself.'"

He was tall and genteelly shaped, on which account he probably claimed the choice of characters. He possessed a considerable share in the profits and direction of the theatre, which were divided among the principal performers, and besides his salary of £3 a week and an allowance as proprietor of 6s. 3d. a day, is supposed to have occasionally cleared about £1000 per annum.*

On the 14th of October, 1681, an agreement was signed between Dr. D'AVENANT, THOMAS BETTERTON, and WILLIAM SMITH of Dorset Garden, on the one part, and CHARLES HART and EDWARD KYNASTON of Drury Lane, on the other part, by which a junction was formed between the two companies. Declining age had rendered HART less fit for exertion than in the vigour of youth. At length a violent affliction of the stone and gravel compelled him to relinquish his professional duties, and in an agreement it was stipulated "That the manager of Dorset Garden do pay or cause to be paid, out of the profits of acting, unto CHARLES HART and EDWARD KYNASTON £5 a piece for every day there shall be any tragedies, or comedies, or other representations acted during the season;" after which he retired from the stage and died soon after.

J. D. V.

* For several years next after the Restoration every whole sharer in Mr. HART's company got £1000 per annum.—*Wright's Historia Histrionica*.

II.—MICHAEL MOHUN.



MICHAEL MOHUN was born about the year 1625, and was brought up under BEESTON, with SHOTTERLL,* an actor of some eminence, and though brought up under a different tutor, the early part of his life was spent with HART, with whom he acquired his military preferment and with whom he reverted to the stage. He commenced his theatrical life at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, in 1640, where, among other *female* characters, he played *Bellamante*, in SHIRLEY'S play of "*Love's Cruelty*," and held it even after the Restoration.

Having attained the rank of captain in the royal forces, during the interregnum he repaired to Flanders, where he obtained the rank of major. At the Restoration he returned to the stage, and became an able second to HART with whom he was equally admired.

Major MOHUN was short and muscular, and not so genteelly shaped as HART. He generally acted grave, austere parts, such as *Melantius*, in "*The Maid's Tragedy*;" *Mardonius*, in "*King or No King*;" *Mithridates*, in "*The King of Pontus*;" *Clytus* and *Cassius*; though he sometimes appeared to great advantage in gay and sprightly characters, as in *Valentine*, in "*Wit Without Money*;" and *Face*, in the "*Alchemist*"—one of his most capital characters.

No man appears to have had more skill in putting spirit and passion into the dullest poetry, an excellence with which LEE was so much delighted that, on seeing him perform his own "*King of Pontus*," he exclaimed, "O! MOHUN! MOHUN! thou little man of mettle! if I should write a hundred plays I'd write a part for thy mouth!" and yet LEE was so exquisite a reader that

* In the civil wars he served in the army under the standard of CHARLES the First, and was made quarter-master in Prince RUPERT'S regiment, in which HART served as captain.—J. D. V.

MOHUN once threw down a part in despair of approaching the author's force of expression.*

Upon the conclusion of the treaty of 1681, whereby the two patents were incorporated, MOHUN, who found means to retain KYNASTON with the remnant of the royal company† in defiance of the junction just concluded, continued to act as an independent body till the period of 1682, as he acted at that time *Burleigh*, in BANK's "*Unhappy Favorite*," with, for Queen *Elizabeth*, the famous NELL GWYNN.

At last, by some unhappy difference, he became alienated from HART. Perhaps MOHUN felt dissatisfied with the conditions upon which HART was contented to coalesce, and could not tamely bear the transfer of those laurels which his comrade was anxious to relinquish.—MOHUN did not long survive their disunion, dying of a broken heart, and leaving no traces of his grand and original excellence beyond the scattered scraps of DOWNE's pamphlet, and what tradition has been enabled to supply.

The Duke's comedians endeavoured to mimic his manner when reduced by age and infirmity, a baseness which Lord ROCHESTER has thus warmly reprehended:

And these are they who durst expose the age
Of the great wonder of the English stage,
Whom nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bade him speak as she bade SHAKSPEARE write;
These blades, indeed, are cripples in their art,
Mimic the foot, but not the speaking part;
Let them the traitor or Volpone try,
Could they
Rage like *Cethegus* or like *Cassius* die?

J. D. V.

* See DRAMA vol. I. page 135.

† GRIFFIN, GOODMAN, WILTSHIRE, (the father of GEORGE POWELL) Mrs. CORY. Mrs. BOUTEL, and Mrs. MOUNTFORT, together with the famous NELL GWYNN.—J. D. V.

MISS STEPHENS.

Lovely in features—and refin'd
In every movement of the mind;
With voice as musical as lover's lute
When moonlight skies shine bright and gales are mute,
Fair STEPHENS comes—to taste and nature dear;
The sweetest chord in music's hallow'd sphere!

Oh! she is like that lovely flower,*
Whose leaves drop honey as they close;
Her voice, with more than magic power,
Sinks in the heart,
(Like balsam pour'd upon the mourner's woes,)
And soothes each smart.

'Tis like the cheering sound that breaks
Upon the slumbering, thirst-parched Arab's ear,
When from unholy dreams he wakes
And hear the gush of waters near.
Taste, feeling, judgment, each to *her* belong,
And 'mid the many of the tuneful throng,
She shines the brightest star—she is the soul of song!

M. H.

THEATRICAL JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

MR. DRAMA,

At a time when Joint-stock Companies claim the attention of the public in so extraordinary a degree, when the rage for speculation is at so wonderful a height, when *projectors* are found for schemes the most impracticable, and *patrons* for the most absurd; at such a time I may escape the imputation of insanity, and not be

* The Cape-plant which folds up its leaves every evening, and sheds a kind of gum, which is sweet like honey.

considered by the enlightened body whom I have the honour to address through your medium, as very impolitic or very inconsistent in proposing an institution for the melioration of our theatrical rank.

Oft has it grieved me, oft do I sigh, to think at what a low ebb is the dramatic taste of this country; many have been the plans for bettering its condition, all, alas! have proved but futile and ephemeral; whilst our managers thrust upon the willing public their melo-dramatic trash and empty bombast, genius is left to die, and poetry is bid to slumber.

How would the shade of SHAKSPEARE behold the unmerited neglect with which his immortal works are treated in this enlightened era? how would the spirits of "rare Ben" and the "mighty twain*" mourn over the departed taste of this age of improvement and of wonder? How would the great moralizer, were he now dictating to us, lash our vitiated taste and deplore the departure of reason from the stage?

Gentle spirits of departed sages! shed thy influence on us, and restore us to the rank from which we are so fallen! pity our degeneracy! raise us from our degradation! smile upon our attempts to rouse the slumbering drama from a sleep so fatal that it approximates to utter dissolution! When shall we again behold the powers of passion mingling with the softness of gentle love? When shall we again behold our managers the patrons of genius and the enemies to pomp and shew? I fearlessly answer—Never; unless a serious reform takes place in our theatres.

But I must not rhapsodize.—I must state briefly the nature of my design.

In a city large and populous as this, how much is it to be lamented that there is not at least one theatre where the regular drama is regularly performed. To remedy this defect, I propose that a company shall be established for the purpose of patronizing talent, and on so firm a basis as will reduce the public to the necessity of admiring native productions. For this effect a theatre

must be erected where none but plays that have passed the ordeal of a council shall be represented; this of course to apply to ancient as well as modern productions.

That this council be elected by the proprietors at large; in them will be vested the right of appointing all persons connected with the establishment. That talent shall be fostered and receive its due reward; and that successful dramatists shall reap the benefit of their success by being admitted to a proprietorship.

That shares shall be issued to applicants of known respectability, the total amount of the same to be paid into the hands of some London Banker in the joint names of the Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer; which shares shall not be transferable without the consent of the council. The main object of the institution would be to obtain a place of amusement to which the public would flock with delight, and I cannot doubt that the public would patronize this which has only for its object the upholding of the drama. Let us have one theatre where the "mirror is held up to nature." Let us for once behold "beauty reflecting her own image," and "scorn her own feature;" and therefore let us here show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure."

The only object I have in view is the public weal. I want no office in the establishment; I am no disappointed playwright; but I want a theatre where I can with pleasure *hear and admire*.

I shall feel obliged if you, Mr. DRAMA, will insert this communication in your next number, and I hope some spirited men will follow up a suggestion which I have so feebly proposed.

I am,

Your Obedient Servant,

London, 12th April.

PHILO-KEAN.



ON THE ACTING OF VOCAL PERFORMERS.

“What Actors are those?”

“Actors?”

Nay, my lord, they are the *Singers*.

MR. DRAMA,

It is a singular circumstance, that among all our vocal performers we find so very few who are capable of giving adequate effect to the dialogue of a play; consequently, while we bestow such approbation as their splendid vocal abilities demand, we regret their limited dramatic powers, as by their sustaining the principal characters of a piece, the illusion of the scene is wholly destroyed and the interest of the plot lost in their powerless and inanimated delineation of the passions. What are we to say of BRAHAM's acting? Is it not wretched? Take for instance his *Count Belino*. Whoever saw any thing so tame and unmeaning? I am well aware that it would be the height of folly to seek for in one individual the vocal abilities of BRAHAM, SINCLAIR, or SAPIO combined with the histrionic excellence of KEAN, YOUNG, or KEMBLE; yet we certainly *do* seek for much greater dramatic talent than our present vocalists are possessed of. Then what a truly pitiable piece of acting is the *Prince Orlando* of SINCLAIR; how much do we lament his inefficiency in the dialogue, considering how pre-eminent he stands as a singer. SAPIO is a better actor than either of the former, yet he must yield to PEARMAN, and *great* praise cannot be awarded to any of *his* efforts. It is, however, but fair to state that this gentleman sometimes exhibits flashes of genius which lead us to believe him possessed of abilities he does not think proper to bring into play. What is T. COOKE? What is HORN? What is DURUSET?

Our “singing ladies” boast much talent. Miss STEPHENS has lately entered the lists as an actress, and it is highly gratifying to state that her claims are exceedingly well founded. Her *Lilla* is all spirit and vivacity, and her admirable acting in the “*Full of Algiers*”

procured for that piece the temporary success which it met with.

It has been reported that Miss PATON has abilities of a very high order. If so, she has not thought proper to exhibit them. Her acting is pleasing, but by no means excellent.

Miss POVEY's personation of *Dolly O'Daisey*, in the farce of "*Hit or Miss*," and of *Lucinda*, in "*Love in a Village*," are evidently emanations of a mind possessing a fine and accurate conception. Miss P., however, in general is exceedingly tame and spiritless. She ought to remedy this—for she can.

Miss CUBITT, though seldom apparent, must not be forgotten. What an admirable *Cherubino* she makes.

Nor must we forget a new aspirant for theatrical honors, Miss HAMMERSLEY. She is judicious and correct, and displays some very good acting.

Miss HOLDAWAY was a very interesting actress. I recollect her playing *Maria Darlington*, *Barbara*, ("*Iron Chest*") *Joanna*, ("*Deserted Daughter*") and other characters of equal importance in an extremely pleasing (I was about to say excellent) manner. She is now, by her own folly, instead of gaining ground in public estimation, actually forfeiting the share of favour which she certainly did possess. No sooner did she find herself and her abilities admired, than she became so haughty, and infused so much of the prevailing passion into her acting and singing that our admiration gave place to perfect indifference, not to say contempt. I wish her well, and would she but divest herself of this foolish passion, she might yet become a valuable acquisition to the stage.

A most singularly striking instance of talent suddenly bursting from the dark clouds of obscurity presents itself in the person of Miss LOVE. Some few seasons ago she sustained second and third rate business at the English Opera House. We admired her for a pretty face, and some pleasing singing, but her acting was very bad. We now find her a leading star at Covent Garden: the transformation is extraordinary. Her acting is now recognized as being in perfect accordance with the

received notions of what genuine comedy *ought* to be. With what a spirit and effect she sustains the character of *Rosanthé*. How truly admirable is her *Vespina*. What a bewitching melody there is in her tongue! what a fascinating expression in her eye! her whole form how pleasing—

“ Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire;
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss.”

Among the numerous encomiums bestowed upon that *wonderful* youth, Master BETTY, now sunk into comparative insignificance, a celebrated critic gravely observed, that doubtless the boy was sent from Heaven, and that he should not be at all surprised were he to see him some evening take flight from the stage and ascend to his celestial habitation! May not the observation be applied with greater truth to the delightful VESTIS? How truly like an angel she appears! An earthly divinity. Upon such a subject it would be pardonable to ascend to Heaven for similies, for where can we find one on earth? She steals into our hearts with all her “ nods, becks, and wreathed smiles;” and, despite of our endeavours, compels us to acknowledge her soul-subduing power—

“ If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you’ll forget them all.”

Of Miss M. TREE it may well be said—

“ Can she be mortal? I have read of shapes
Like that, in legends of the olden days,
The beautiful *imaginings* of men.”

She is the only lady on the stage who combines the character of a first-rate actress with that of a first-rate singer. I have lately taken the opportunity of seeing her in a variety of characters. I have attentively pondered over her merits, yet found very few points for censure—very many for decided approbation. I have pictured to my fancy all her brilliant essays. I have

sought to criticise them with all possible severity; yet found myself wholly unequal to the task. Bewildered in the mazes of delight, her syren spells wound insensibly round my heart. I ventured to admire, and enthusiasm possessed my soul; for

“There is a *melody* in her every tone
Would charm the towering eagle.”

Her *Rosalind* is a sweet personation of SHAKSPEARE'S romantic character, it may possess some few defects, but they are greatly counterbalanced by its beauties. Her *Ophelia* is a beautiful picture of the unhappy maniac. The fascinating expression which pervades the whole of her acting, yields only to the sweetness and melody with which she gives the scraps of songs. Her *Rosina*, (“*Barber of Seville*”) and *Susannah*, (“*Marriage of Figaro*”) are pleasing specimens of her excellence in that department of the drama.

Miss TREE'S *Clari* is a piece of acting equal to the most refined and finished efforts of any of our first-rate tragic actresses. I should be, perhaps, considered absurd were I to compare it with the *Isabella* of SID-DONS, or the *Mrs. Haller* of O'NEIL; and the principal reason adduced would be that a melo-dramatic performance not being considered as any way pertaining to the legitimate drama, an individual sustaining characters in the former should never be allowed a situation equal in importance with those who represent the latter. This opinion if strictly acted upon would be highly commendable; but at a time when pageant and buffoonery supply the place of intellectual genius, it is preposterous to advance it.

But to the subject. Miss TREE'S *Clari* is a portraiture simply, yet powerfully grand. It is an appeal to the heart, which being so closely allied to nature and so entirely divested of all the bombastic vehemence which constantly attends the personation of this peculiar line of character, that our minds are completely lost in the illusion of the scene. The soul, harrowed up by the “stern reality of life” before us, forgets its wonted ascendancy, and takes part in the general distress. When the curse

of *Rolamo* is being denounced against the suffering *Clari*, we feel impelled to rush forward and proclaim that she is innocent. It is a complete mastery of the feelings—a faultless piece of perfection. He who can look unmoved upon it must be “something more or less than man.”

Who that has witnessed this performance can ever cease to remember the effect produced by what is termed the play-scene. Her agitation—the recalling her ideas when *Vespina* reminds her that it is only a play she is witnessing—and the agonized burst of feeling at the close of the scene, when *Clari* falls on the stage exclaiming, “She is innocent! She is innocent!”

Those who are unacquainted with Miss TREE’s splendid display of talent, cannot conceive it in the power of any individual to produce a picture so chaste, so natural, and so affecting. Her heart *feels* the distressed situation of the helpless, heart-broken wanderer. “She is the very thing itself.” Her emotions on approaching her father—her eagerly seizing the slight gleams of hope which sometimes appear—and her desponding sigh when she finds that her hopes are vain. The convulsive agony with which she discovers herself, and her supplicating cries for pity and forgiveness, are brilliant specimens of what perfection the histrionic art is capable of being brought to.

It is said that the dramatic hemisphere is shortly to be deprived of this resplendent star, she being about to enter into that “most *blessed* state, matrimony.” I am selfish enough to feel the deepest regret at the loss which the stage will sustain by her departure, for when can we hope to

“Look upon her like again!”

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection—*we* your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which yet you know not of.”

SILAKSPEARE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

March 26.—*Othello*—Rossignol—Sleeping Draught.—
 (Last night of performance till Easter.)

A very crowded audience assembled this evening to witness what the bills had announced to be “ the last appearance of Mr. KEAN.” It had been previously most industriously circulated that several years might elapse before he would again re-assume his professional duties, (at least in the metropolis) and the anxiety to witness his performance was commensurate with the fear which this rumour had excited that he might not possibly return to the English boards. However, we have his own assurance and that of Mr. ELLISTON’s that he will re-appear on the Drury Lane stage again before the close of the present summer. The interval will be occupied in the fulfillment of several continental engagements. He commences, we believe, at Brussels. His *Othello* is well known to be a master-piece of acting, and it has been termed, and not incorrectly, “ the greatest effort of genius on the modern stage.” At the conclusion of the play Mr. KEAN was summoned by “ one general acclaim”—and addressed the audience to the following effect:—

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In the powerful conflict of gratifying sensations with which my bosom glows, you may easily suppose that I cannot possibly express

or give vent to my feelings at this moment To a London audience am I indebted for my first and only support; and by their protection have I been enabled to combat against one of the most malignant attacks that was ever made on any individual. (Applause, and cries of 'Bravo') Without adverting to past circumstances, I cannot but feel that a most powerful engine was placed for my destruction. (Loud cries of 'The Times, the Times, aye, the Times.') It was endeavoured to enlist your displeasure against me. But under your patronage and kind countenance I have successfully fought those who appeared as my professional enemies. (Applause.) I should have sunk under the power which was thus raised against me, were I not protected by the shield of that liberality which is the characteristic of the British nation, and which should be an example of imitation to the world. (Much applause.) To you, Ladies and Gentlemen, am I at this moment indebted for my professional existence; and may I take the liberty of adding, that in the part you have acted you have achieved a great dramatic triumph. (Much laughter and partial approbation.) In reference to the liberal management of this occasion, I beg to express my most grateful acknowledgments. The Manager has acted towards me in the hour of my adversity with the affectionate kindness of a father, a brother, and a friend. With the renewed expression of gratitude for all your favours, I beg respectfully to take my temporary farewell of you, and hope to have the honour of appearing before you again early in June." (Applause, mingled with slight disapprobation.)

Of the propriety of his making any address on this occasion various opinions may be entertained; but we must observe, that we considered there was some impropriety in the introduction of some of these topics, which were better in oblivion.

As Mr. K. was about to make his final bow and retire, Mr. ELLISTON, who stood at the corner of the curtain during the delivery of the address, came forward and proved his *fatherly* and *brotherly* attachment to Mr. K. by a most theatrical embrace. This exhibition excited a

smile from some, and bursts of laughter from others; and during the applause and disapprobation that followed both quitted the stage. The ballet commenced, but the audience evinced a disposition to postpone the elegant pirouetting of Mr. and Mrs. NOBLE to the re-appearance of Mr. E. whom, from his late deportment, they rightly judged to be in a speech-making mood. Accordingly a general cry of "Manager! Manager!" was raised. Mr. E. immediately stepped forward to the foot lights, and in a rapid tone of delivery, said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—You have ordered me here;—I am—as I always am—at my post;—What is your pleasure?"

Loud applause followed this manly address; but a long pause ensued, which was only interrupted by some good-natured person in the pit exclaiming, "Good night! ELLISTON! they only want to make a fool of you!" No reason being assigned for the call of the manager—no materials of course were given for Mr. ELLISTON to display his oratorical powers—he was therefore obliged to fall back upon his own resources—and thus proceeded:—

"If there be any person here inimical to the interests of the theatre (Cries of 'No, no'); I am sure there are none who can be insensible to the merits of Mr. KEAN. (Appluse.) Circumstances have occurred, Ladies and Gentlemen, which have soured his mind a little. It might be any man's case; however, Gentlemen, it appears you have agreed to bury all that is past in oblivion. Mr. KEAN feels the same gratitude now for your first patronage that he ever did; I know it. (Applause.) I now have the honour to announce that he will absolutely return in June—that he will then perform for twelve nights, and I hope for many years afterwards you may have the opportunity, Ladies and Gentlemen, of receiving him and—*me too*." (Shouts of laughter and applause.)

Mr. ELLISTON then retired, and the merriment which this eccentric oration excited seemed to keep the audience in perfect hilarity, and good humour, for the rest of the evening.

April 4.—Pizarro—ABON HASSAN [1st time.]

This delightful afterpiece is founded on a tale in that inexhaustible mine for adventurers for dramatic fame, "*The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*." And notwithstanding the slightness of the materials contained in the plot, there is more bustle and activity in this little performance than is usually to be met with in others of a similar nature. It possesses some agreeably extravagant and equivocal situations; but like all pieces of the modern day, not a few indifferent puns.

The plot is as follows:—*Abon Hassan* (HORN), has given mortal offence to the *Caliph of Bagdad*, by uniting his fortunes with those of *Zulema* (MISS GRADON), who has herself become equally obnoxious to the *Sultana* on account of her marriage with *Hassan*. The young couple, in consequence of the loss of their respective patrons' favour, are reduced to great extremities, and determine, under the advice of *Zabouc* (HARLEY), to counterfeit death, as their only means of living any longer, or reinstating themselves in the good graces of the *Caliph* and his spouse. The stratagem is accordingly adopted, and *Hassan* betakes himself to the palace, where he finds the *Caliph* in a particular good humour, smoking a social pipe, and relates his fictitious tale of distress, and the death of *Zulema*. The Monarch is touched by the recital of his misfortunes, and orders him two hundred pieces, and six supernumerary wives from his own establishment, by way of consoling and supplying his loss. In the meantime *Zulema* has been playing off an equally successful hoax upon the *Sultana Zobeide* (MRS. ORGER). The wants of the young couple are thus supplied, but they are interrupted, as was to be expected, in the height of their gaiety, by the appearance of the *Grand Chamberlain* (BROWNE), and *Nouzamoul* (MRS. HARLOWE), despatched by the Monarch and his spouse, who, on comparing notes, have found themselves rather mistified by the contradictory statements of husband and wife. Accordingly those functionaries appear, for the purpose of ascertaining the genuine ghost; but disagreeing in their subsequent representations, and being bamboozled by the alacrity and inge-

nuity of *Zabouc*, the *Caliph* and *Sultana* come in person to investigate the case. An explanation takes place in consequence, and the piece terminates in the *dead alive* becoming reconciled to their patrons, and extricated from their difficulties

The music is adapted to the English stage by T. COOKE from WEBER. The overture does not possess any of those strange and unearthly qualities predominating in that of "*The Freischütz*," which in that astonishing effort of musical genius

"Came on the sense like sounds from the spheres;
Heard by the spirit—not the body's ears."

The overture to the present piece is, on the contrary, full of lively and animated movements, and characterized by a certain amenity and cheerfulness of manner equally pleasing in its way. The music throughout is of a similar character. We were particularly pleased with a concerted piece at the close of the first act; and we have no doubt that this little piece will become a favourite with the lovers of genuine melody.—The performers acquitted themselves with great ability, and did every justice to the parts allotted to them. Miss GRADDON gave two or three songs with more than her usual effect, and went through the speaking and acting part of her performance with a considerable share of archness and ability. This lady has of late manifested powers that were not at first attributed to her. We think her gradually acquiring more firmness of tone and precision in execution than she before possessed. Messrs. BEDFORD and HORN were in excellent voice, and acted and sung better than we have hitherto seen them. HARLEY had a part that suited him to a hair. There is no actor possessing more mental and physical activity than HARLEY: his veins are filled with quicksilver, and there is a vitality in all he says and does, which is the very exuberance of youthful animation. No man is so well calculated to play the *eccentricities* of the drama, and none possess a greater portion of what he would himself denominate "easy assurance," but which the world generally calls "brass." He is the true intriguing

French valet, (we have none such in England except on the stage) and is as easy with his master as an old glove. We must not forget **GEORGE SMITH**, who played a dunning (or stunning) butcher, with a bill so long as only to be discharged by a *joint-stock* company, and sharpened his knife as if he had been born and bred in *Leadenhall-Market*. **BROWNE** and **Mrs. HARLOWE** were sufficiently absurd and amusing in their respective parts. The piece is considerably indebted to the scene painter and decorator, some of the productions of the former particularly, are of the utmost magnificent description. It was given out for repetition with loud applause, and has since become a considerable favourite with the half-price play-goers.

5.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

6.—*Pizarro*—*Ibid.*

7.—*Marriage of Figaro*—*Old and Young*—*Ibid.*

8.—*Guy Mannering*—*Abon Hassan.*

9.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

10.—*Fatal Dowry*—*Ibid.*

11.—*Ibid*—*Abon Hassan.*

Mr. MACREADY made his first appearance at this Theatre since his indisposition, in the character of *Romont*. On his entrance he was welcomed by a crowded audience with long and repeated bursts of applause, which must have convinced him that his temporary absence off the stage has rather added to than diminished his popularity. We regretted to find that the health of **Mr. MACREADY** is not altogether restored; he looked very pale, and appeared to be labouring under considerable weakness. But although his voice was more tremulous and his step less firm than heretofore, the extraordinary powers of the actor were unimpaired, and he had those frequent but silent testimonials of his merit which are far better tributes than the loudest plaudits, and which must have been so many proofs that the energies of the mind can triumph over the weaknesses of the body.

12.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

13.—*Fatal Dowry*—*Ibid.*

14.—*Siege of Belgrade*—*Ibid.*

- 15.—Fatal Dowry—Ibid.
- 16.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
- 18.—Macbeth—Ibid.
- 19.—Fatal Dowry—Ibid.
- 20.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
- 21.—Cabinet—Ibid.
- 22.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
- 23.—Ibid—Ibid.
- 25.—Virginus—Harlequin and the Talking Bird.
- 26.—Fall of Algiers—Abon Hassan.
- 27.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.



COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

March 26.—Roland for an Oliver—Charles the Second—Clari—(Benefit of Mr. FAWCETT, and last night of performance till Easter.)

Mr. F. had an overflowing house, such was the general attraction of the entertainments, united to a report that it would be the last occasion on which Miss FOOTE would appear on the stage, as her marriage with Mr. HAYNE was expected to take place immediately; the report has, however, proved to be groundless. Mr. HAYNE is too wary to be entrapped. Mr. FAWCETT must have cleared between 3 and £400 by the nights' receipts.

April 4.—Pizarro—Aladdin.

We believe this is the first time "within the memory of man" that Covent Garden ever failed to present the holiday folks with some "gorgeous tale of enchantment," or "burglarious melo-drame;" full of interesting and blood-thirsty murders, or "hair-breadth escapes by flood or field." The holiday public seemed to resent the insult offered to their dignity—as the house was exceed-

ingly thin. We think the manager has acted wisely in keeping the money, (which amounts to an enormous sum when expended on these "airy nothings,") in his own pocket.

Mr. YOUNG appeared as *Rolla*, after a long absence through indisposition and various engagements in the country. His performance was marked with his usual powerful style, and he obtained great approbation. BENNETT's *Pizarro* was a bold and judicious piece of acting—he appeared to greater satisfaction than we ever remember to have witnessed from any of his previous efforts. Miss LACY played *Elvira*, and Miss JONES *Cora*—the latter we thought excessively monotonous.—The afterpiece went off very flatly.

5.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid*.

The novelty of the evening chiefly consisted in the re-appearance of Miss PATON, (or Lady LENNOX, we know not which to call her,) in her old character of *Bertha*, which had been performed *ad interim* during her confinement by Miss HAMMERSLY. If the manager contemplated a "tremendous overflow" to witness the re-appearance of the fair songstress, he was most grievously disappointed by the good sense and good taste of the public; for the house was exceedingly thin, and those few who were in the theatre manifested by the coldness of their manner a very altered feeling, so far as it regards theatrical *eclât*. The lady appears to have suffered no diminution of her very delightful powers during her absence, although in personal appearance she is thinner, and her face (as far as can be judged of the complexion of an actress) paler than ordinary. The opera, together with the afterpiece, were received with a deadening coldness which appeared to make a chilling impression on some of the performers.

6.—*Clari*—Charles the Second—*Ibid*.

7.—*Inconstant*—*Aladdin*.

8.—HEBREW FAMILY; or, *a Traveller's Adventure* [1st time.]—*Tale of Mystery*.

The plot of this new piece is as follows :—

Frank Forester (JONES), the English Traveller, has been condemned to the flames by the Inquisition, for the

crime of assisting in the abduction of a nun from a convent in Valencia. He escapes at the critical moment appointed for the execution of the sentence, in the confusion occasioned by the falling of the scaffolding, and is harboured and protected by *Issachar* (FAWCETT). The Jew has a pretty daughter, with whom, as in duty bound, *Frank* thinks it necessary to fall in love, principally perhaps *pour passer le temps*, and because there is no other petticoat in sight. *Miriam* (Miss M. TREE), who is a second edition of *Rebecca*, in "*Ivanhoe*," rejects his martial addresses on the ground of difference of religious opinion, but is content to tender all that circumstances admit of sisterly affection to "her Christian brother." This is accepted, and exertions are made to deliver *Forester* from the dangers surrounding him, while efforts are still making for his apprehension by *Father Sereno* (BARTLETT). Arrangements are accordingly made to ship him off to England, but no better means suggests itself for arriving at the sea-coast, than by passing through the house of the *Governor* (FARREN), who has been *ex officio* a party in the efforts made to re-capture the heretic. But passing by this improbability, our Englishman is conveyed into the *Governor's* garden, accompanied by *Reuben* (Miss CAWSE). There unfortunately *Leonella* (Miss GIBBS), makes a slight mistake in the darkness, and stumbling upon *Jaime* and *Vasco*, two "brothers and bandits," as the bills have it, entrusts to them the key and directions intended to facilitate the escape of *Frank Forester*. Now, it is to be observed, that these "brothers and bandits" aforesaid, entertain a slight grudge against the *Governor of Valencia*, for having been instrumental in bringing to justice their father, who was of the same trade as themselves, and having accordingly posted themselves in *Don Gomez's* garden, for the purpose of watching their opportunity of vengeance. By the mistake already mentioned they gain access to our friend the *Governor's* bed-chamber, whom they find soliloquizing upon sleep, in a red night-gown and slippers, somewhat after the fashion of our *Henry VI.* They have compelled *Frank* to accompany them to the scene of their intended violence,

and are on the point of putting their blood-thirsty intentions into execution, when they are interrupted by the appearance of *Issachar* (who has of course received timely information of what is going on), armed with a brace of pistols. The alarm is rung, guards enter, and *Don Gomez*, the Catholic Governor, finds himself rescued by a heretic and a Jew. All seems now to go on swimmingly till *Father Sereno* steps in and asserts his right to dispose of the person of *Forester*, under a royal mandate to that effect. The parties look exceedingly blank, till *Sereno* relieves them by saying, that though he will not consent to an escape, he is disposed to set *Frank* at liberty openly; having obtained the King's edict for that very purpose. The piece accordingly concludes, *Issachar* expressing his determination to set sail for England with *Forester*, and *Miriam* likewise consenting to accompany "her Christian brother" to Houndsditch.

The exertions of the performers gave equal credit to themselves and advantage to the author. What little *FARREN* had to do in the doting old Governor, he did, as usual, well. *Mr. JONES*, as *Frank Forester*, had still less to do, but fluttered through it with his customary airiness, and gave it the support of his fine person. *Mr. FAWCETT* had the most effective and telling character in the piece, and it lost none of its effect in his hands. In the character of *Issachar*, "the Hebrew dealer," or, as the vulgar call it, a Jew pedlar, the author seems to have desired to do for the contemned people of Israel what *CUMBERLAND* attempted in his character of *Sheva*. We have no quarrel with this, but must say, there is a vast deal of mock heroics and threadbare sentimentality, which we hoped *Joseph Surface* had ere now banished from our stage. *Mr. SINCLAIR* sang one song (we think it was in the second act) delightfully, and two others very indifferently. *Miss H. CAWSE*, who made her *debüt* in the character of *Reuben*, is, we understand a pupil of *Sir GEORGE SMART*. She is young, but clever—she will of course grow older, and we hope cleverer. Indeed we have little doubt of the latter, if her friends do not spoil her, which we fear

they are much disposed to do. She sang one song delightfully, and with wonderful precision and power, and was deservedly encored by the whole house. What can we say of the delightful Miss TREE that has not been said a thousand times? In every thing that is modest, retiring, and *penseroso*—in giving utterance to the very soul of song, which predominates in the ballad style—and in warbling out the very spirit of tenderness and truth, in notes that seem borrowed from the untaught and melancholy strains of the nightingale, Miss TREE is unequalled; we know not where we could find an equal for her on our stage; we trust it will be long ere it is necessary to seek one. We have remarked already that *Miriam* is imitated from *Rebecca*, a water-colour sketch from the strong tints of the great original. Miss TREE supported the character, and sang the songs belonging to it exquisitely; and whatever were its deficiencies she supplied by her delightful personation.

The defects and improbabilities of this plot, some of which we have attempted to point out in the course of our analysis, will be instantly perceived. One more absurdity is observable in the conduct of *Father Sereno*, who has the royal pardon in his pocket from the first, and yet permits our hero to be let in the *auto da fe* to the foot of the scaffold; and afterwards to undergo all the difficulties and concealments which constitute the piece, without producing it till the critical moment when he has saved the life of the *Governor* in the last scene of the last act. This is sufficiently *French* and out of nature; but to be sure the piece could not have existed without it; and that constitutes at once its only apology, and the radical absurdity of the play. So much for the plot.—The next point for consideration is the dialogue. There is rather a pretty vein of imaginative and practical expression, which predominated a good deal at the commencement of the piece, and altogether, with the bustle and interest of the first act, excited hopes not realized by the sequel of the performance. The attempt at humour fell still-born as soon as uttered. The principal and almost only joke in the piece was one which the complacency of the author put

some dozen times into the mouth of FARREN. We cannot at this moment charge our memory with it, but it was very appropriate to a silly piece of work, inasmuch as it related to All-Fools Day and the First of April. The two last acts were extremely tedious, and encountered some disapprobation, and we think the hissing would have been more had the yawning been less. The music is a *melange* from CIANCHILLINI, SHIELD, ROSSINI, and VIOTTI; and where the works of these composers could not be made available, the deficiency is supplied by Messrs. WHITTAKER and WATSON. The overture, from ROSSINI, possesses much of the force and brilliancy which are the usual characteristics of that master. The selection is indeed throughout of a very pleasing nature, and the new music possesses no inconsiderable degree of merit.

We have nothing further to observe than that the scenery and decorations were (as is customary at this theatre) excellent. The piece was given out for repetition with very faint applause.

9.—Ibid—Aladdin.

11.—King John—Ibid.

12.—Hebrew Family—Ibid.

13.—Belles' Stratagem—Ibid.

14.—Hebrew Family—Irish Tutor—Cent per Cent.

15.—Clari—Charles Second—Aladdin.

16.—Der Freischütz—Aladdin.

18.—Hamlet—Harlequin and Dragoon of Wantley.

19.—Inconstant—Barber of Seville.

20.—ORESTES IN ARGOS [1st time.]—Pantomime.

This new tragedy, as may instantly be perceived from the name, is founded on the well-known crimes and misfortunes of the devoted house of ATREUS. Its plot and conduct are principally derived from the "*Electra*" of SOPHOCLES. The Greek drama has been hitherto known to our stage only through the medium of translations from the French adaptations of CORNEILLE, RACINE, VOLTAIRE, &c. a mode of introduction peculiarly unfortunate for the originals. The French are the last people in the world capable of appreciating the severe and chaste dignity of the founders

of the Grecian stage; and accordingly we find that the "*Orestè*" of CREBILLON and VOLTAIRE are any thing but Greeks: they are Frenchmen disguised in the *Pallium*, and are all beaux of the freshest fashion.—Our present tragedy, although derived from the same source, has been penned by a masterly hand, and all the characters appear with their original and native dignity. This gives the highest effect to the play and reflects the greatest credit on the translator—he appears to have resorted to higher authorities than the school of the superfine Frenchmen, and has, we are happy to say, consequently met with the success he so well deserves.

The life of ORESTES is so well known that it will not be necessary to go into any lengthened detail of the plot:

Orestes returns to his native country, after escaping the snares laid for him by *Ægisthus*. He is recognized by his sister *Electra*, and after the usual number of difficulties and disappointments, succeeds in killing the tyrant—first, by some unaccountable mistake, having been unconsciously accessory to the death of his mother *Clytemnestra*. *Orestes*, struck with horror at his unintentional matricide, is seized with horror and dies raving. The story, as our readers will see, is closely copied from its Greek original, with the exception of the mode of *Clytemnestra's* death, which is taken from CREBILLON, and, as we think, no improvement upon the simplicity and fervour of the original. The character of *Clytemnestra* has also undergone alteration in the hands of the English dramatist. Instead of being represented as she is by ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, and EURIPIDES as the ravening she-wolf who had murdered her husband and was divested of all natural affection for her own offspring—the *Lady Macbeth* of the Greek stage—she is tamed down into an imbecile and lamenting penitent. *Ægisthus* is brought forward more than in the original, and is represented properly enough as a crafty and timid tyrant. *Nemesis* and the *Furies* are introduced in two scenes, for no other purpose, as far as we can see, than to sing some very indifferent airs and chorusses. They tossed about their rosin torches, and were perfectly unintelligible, and exercised no influence upon the action

of the piece or the conduct of the *dramatis personæ*, with none of whom had they at any time the slightest communication. This was wrong, the witches are not introduced into "*Macbeth*," for nothing. We would recommend them to be entirely discarded from the scene, which they only interrupt, notwithstanding the pretty singing of Miss HAMMERSLEY, as *Nemesis*, and that Mademoiselles HALLANDE, HENRY, and VEDZ made very laudable furies. On the Greek stage these amiable goddesses constituted the chorus to several plays, and amounted in number originally to fifty, but on account of the fatal effects produced by their terrors upon children, *et les femmes enciente*, they were reduced by an express law of the State to fifteen, and afterwards to twelve in number. We think the present piece would be better without them, and we suppose they have only been introduced in compliance with the taste for horrors introduced by the Der Freischütz school of the drama. There are several good and effective situations in the course of the piece, particularly that in the second act, where the recognition between *Orestes* and *Electra* takes place. The diction of the piece possesses very high claims, although in some instances it is only a repetition of ordinary common places of the drama. The scenery was (as is usual with this house) remarkably good, and the dresses correct. With regard to the performance, Mr. C. KEMBLE is entitled to very high praise for the effective and powerful manner in which he represented *Orestes*, and we will join with him Mrs. BARTLEY and Miss LACEY for a display of similar qualities. Of the representative of *Ægisthus* (Mr. BENNET) we would rather say nothing, and of Mr. COOPER, in *Pglades*, we have nothing to say.

The piece was received with the unanimous plaudits of a crowded house, and we doubt not but, that it will become deservedly popular.

21.—Belles' Stratagem—Animal Magnetism—Irish Tutor.

22.—Orestes in Argos—LOFTY PROJECTS; or *Arts in an Attic* [1st time.]—Aladdin.

This little piece is evidently designed for the purpose

of displaying Mr. YATES's talent at personation and mimicry; who gave most excellent imitations of Messrs. YOUNG, MACREADY, FARREN, MUNDEN, and BRAHAM. The plot may be thus briefly noticed:—An old gentleman, *Peter Polymath* (BARTLEY), lives in a garret (alias an *attic*) with his daughter, Miss *Calliope Polymath*, and there gives way to his singular propensities for the whole round of the arts, including those of gulling the public by means of nonsensical projects. However this worthy personage is made the subject of the *arts* of Mr. *Valentine Versatile* (YATES), who is in love with the divine *Miss Calliope*. To effect a union with this fair one, *Versatile* sets his wits to work and personates sundry characters, and mimics sundry performers very much to the entertainment of the beholders, and ultimately obtains the hand of his *Calliope*.

23.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Charles Second.

25.—Der Freischutz—Charles Second.

These performances were by the express command of HIS MAJESTY, who, attended by the Duke of York and suite, entered the royal box at a few minutes past seven.

The reception which awaited the King on his entrance was of the most enthusiastic description, which HIS MAJESTY acknowledged in his usual condescending and dignified manner. "*God Save the King*" was sung by the whole vocal strength of the Company, and the applause at its conclusion was vehement and protracted. HIS MAJESTY looked extremely well, and paid particular attention to the performance throughout the evening, frequently expressing his approbation, and beating time to WEBER's music more than once. The applause on the King's retiring from his box was equal to that which welcomed his entrance. HIS MAJESTY was in excellent spirits, and appeared to be deeply impressed by the warmth and enthusiastic loyalty of the audience.

26.—Woman never Vext—Lofty Projects—The Poachers.

27.—Der Freischnitz—Lofty Projects—Charles II.

MINOR DRAMA.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This elegant little theatre closed on Saturday evening, March 26th, after a very successful season. Mr. LEE, the Stage Manager, came forward and addressed the audience as follows :—

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—This evening terminates the present brilliant and prosperous season; and I am deputed by the Proprietors to offer a few parting words to their kind and liberal patrons. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am grieved to say, that in consequence of the death of our beloved and lamented proprietor, Mr. RODWELL, and the domestic arrangements of his friend and brother proprietor, Mr. JONES, this is, in all probability, the last time I shall have the honour of appearing before you as the representative of the present proprietorship. Under these circumstances, Mr. JONES avails himself of this opportunity of expressing, through me, his heartfelt gratitude to the public, to whom he is proud to acknowledge himself indebted for the uninterrupted success with which you have crowned our endeavours to please; and of paying public tribute to the memory of his deceased friend, Mr. RODWELL, to whose superior talents and unwearied exertions he attributes the superior rank which this theatre now holds in public estimation. Having performed the duty imposed on me by my proprietor, it yet remains for me to discharge another debt of gratitude. It is customary, at the close of a season, for the Performers, through the medium of their Stage Manager, to express their acknowledgements, and bid farewell to their patrons—but this is no common occasion. The Performers of this establishment have for six years been as one family, and we are about to be separated. We are about to quit the spot which, for six years, has been the scene of your approving smiles and plaudits. We deeply regret it! I assure you, in the

name of my professional brothers and sisters, that, however fortune may dispose of us, we shall never cease to remember, with pride and gratitude, the many, many happy hours we have passed in your presence. I now, Ladies and Gentlemen, conclude; and, in the name of the Proprietors and Performers, respectfully bid you farewell, and may God bless you!"

SURREY THEATRE.

April 4th.—The holiday treat at this theatre consisted of three new pieces, from the pen of Mr. C. DIBDIN, who has been chosen Stage Manager. The first was a kind of allegorical description of the plans, and introduction of the corps *dramatique*, of the new proprietor, and is entitled "THE WHITE SURREY; or, *Saddled for the Field*," a phrase borrowed for the occasion from the play of "*Richard the Third*," in which the crooked-backed tyrant exclaims—

"Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow."

In the production of Mr. C. DIBDIN, the *White Surrey* is a tavern, in which he introduces, for the "first time" to a London audience, a Mr FORD WHITE (we believe the name of the actor is not in any way associated with the name of the Drama); but to our mind a London audience would not materially suffer if the first were the last appearance of Mr. FORD WHITE, although he may have figured on the boards of the theatres royal Edinburgh, Norwich, and Bristol. His factotum, *Mr. Teddy O'Bryant*, performed his part with much greater effect, and sang a *raal* Irish song with considerable humour and spirit. This is also a first appearance at the Surrey, and promises to be a very successful one. The second piece was a melo-drama, founded on GEOFFRY CRAYON's tale of "*The Young Robber*," and, in order

to suit the reigning taste for the terrific, is called "**MURDER AND MADNESS; or, the Traveller's Tale.**" This production is excellently written and perhaps equally well performed. The most prominent characters are of course the *Young Robber* and his love, sustained by the established favorites, **HUNTLEY** and **Mrs. W. CLIFFORD**. The concluding piece was a serious ballet pantomime, denominated "*Atala and Chactas*," and founded on the novel of **M. CHATEAUBRIAND**. In this, as in all pantomimic productions, there is much music and dancing, with very little else; but the holiday audience was not very difficult to be pleased, and a piece possessing infinitely less merit would doubtless have given very general satisfaction.

The house has changed proprietors, and is now in the hands of a **Mr. HONEYMAN**, who keeps the adjoining tavern; and who, from what we are given to understand, intends sparing no expense in order to make it deserving of public patronage—we sincerely wish him success.

COBOURG THEATRE.

We visited this theatre in the course of the Easter week to witness a new piece, entitled "**THE PRODIGAL SON; or, the Rites of Memphis**" This melo-drama is from the pen of **Mr. M. H. MILNER**. and is of a "better leer" than most of his former productions, although it has one fault—that of being almost unintelligible to the generality of the visitors of this house; who know no more of the "**Hierophants of Egypt**"—"the terrific **Simoon**"—"delightful Oases of the parched deserts"—or "**Osiris the God**"—than the "**babe unborn.**" Moreover, the piece is of a religious description. We have *Laban*, *Azael*, *Naphtali*, *Jeptha*, *Naboth*, and a host of other scripture names; and, indeed, when we first cast our eyes upon the bill of fare, we were rather alarmed lest

Mr. MILNER should present us with a close representation of those inmodest representations which disgraced the stage (if we may so term it) of our forefathers, under the title of Mysteries and Moralities. Our modesty, however, was not shocked, by any want of sufficient clothing for the actors; although our sight was, by the terrible anachronisms, which were displayed in the costume, through the ignorance of the stage tailor, or the poverty of the manager's finances.

Azael, the Prodigal Son (COBHAM), instigated by the representations of *Azomath*, the High Priest of Osiris (H. KEMBLE), determines to leave his father's house and the delightful valley in which he has passed his youthful days, and "see the world." He demands his portion of his father, and under the guidance of *Azomath*, takes his departure for the city of Memphis, then the London of Egypt. Here the young uninitiated Hebrew becomes a prey to his violent passions—indulges in every species of dissipation and licentiousness—gambles—(by-the-way we may remark we never read of dice being the common amusement of the higher class of personages in those early times,) loses the whole of his property—and in consequence of having grossly insulted the *Memphisians* at the period when they were holding the most solemn rites in honour of their God Osiris—gets ruffly handled—and kicked out of the city with the utmost indignity—with empty pockets—and scarcely a rag to cover his nakedness. His distressing journey home across the burning sands of the desert—his arrival at his father's house—his kind reception there, with the jealousy of his elder brother, who attempts his life, fills up the remainder of the tale; which concludes with what the bills term "a terrific earthquake" that swallows up the King of Egypt, his priests and army, who had come in a body to the house of his father to demand him as a sacrifice to the indignation of the gods in consequence of the insult he had formerly offered them.

Mr. COBHAM performed the character of *Azael* in a very chaste manner, and received much deserved ap-

plause. Mr. BENGOUGH as *Laban*, the father, and Mr. LEWIS as the jealous brother, were very respectable. Miss WATSON performed the little she had to do correctly, and LE CLERCQ, as a dumb boy, a sort of slave to *Azael*, exhibited all the activity and spirit necessary to the part. Of Mr. H. KEMBLE, we are sorry to be under the necessity of uttering unpleasant truths; but as his best friends we sincerely advise him to turn over "a new leaf," or else to quit the stage for ever. The last scene was entirely marred in consequence of the beastly state of intoxication he was in. The manager is deserving of the highest censure for suffering him to appear in the afterpiece—" *Sir Francis Drake and Iron Arm*"—in which he reeled about the stage and completely deranged the effect of the performance. We are aware that sobriety has not of late years been "one of the virtues for which he has been famed," but, the manager of a public place of entertainment, ought to be more sensible of the respect due to his audience, than to suffer a performer to appear before them in a state, by which, he is degraded below the level of a brute. Of the afterpiece we can give the reader no description, as we were so thoroughly disgusted at the figure the above *gentleman* cut, that we retired with the greater part of the audience before it was half concluded.—We sincerely trust, we shall never again have to witness such a degrading exhibition.

CHICHESTER.—Mr. KEAN performed the part of *Shylock* at this theatre on Saturday, April 15th. Notwithstanding the prices of the pit and boxes were advanced, the house was but thinly attended, not much exceeding £20. The manager came forward and stated it was Mr. KEAN's wish not to perform to so small an audience—but the house were of a contrary opinion: of course the play proceeded. On Monday he played *Richard* to a numerous audience.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WILMINGTON HOUSE,
JOHN STREET, SPA-FIELDS.

April 18th.—Private Theatricals are somewhat out of our line, and it was our intention never to admit any notice of those falsely termed “nurseries of genius”—Private Theatres—into our pages. We were, however, sore against our inclination, prevailed upon by a friend to pay the above neat little house a visit; and we were upon the whole agreeably disappointed, for the play (*“Othello”*) and farce (*“Lovers’ Quarrels”*) were exceedingly well got up—the scenery well painted—and the young gentlemen who assumed the characters, (with one or two exceptions), above the common run of those who “strut and fret their little hour” upon private boards.

In the first piece we particularly noted the *Iago* of Mr. J. PAUL, which was really excellently acted, and if he would get rid of a mincing habit of walking the boards, it would add still more greatly to the general effect of his performance. His scenes with *Othello*, when arousing the jealousy of the latter, and those with *Cassio*, were given with a strict adherence to the nature of the character, and the demoniacal grin of self-satisfaction at the success of his villanous plans, betrayed a knowledge of the art not usually to be met with on the boards of private theatres. Mr. BARRY’s *Othello* was of a respectable description, but he should “beget a patience” and “use all things mildly;” his acting when the “yellow-eyed monster” first worked upon his soul, deserved the loud applause it met with. Mr. HAMBLETON’s *Cassio* also deserves mention. He did not over-act the part—and his drunken scene was played with considerable humour and spirit. Mr. PARRY, who

took the part of *Roderigo*, should study his part—not the silk stockings which graced his legs—and by no means put a foot on the boards till he has done so; the audience we are certain did not entertain so favorable an opinion of him as he appeared to do himself. The other gentlemen sustained the minor characters, in most respects, correctly, and added to the effect of the performance. Of the ladies a few words will suffice. Miss ALLEN's *Desdemona* was but a tame performance; and Miss TEMPLETON was too tempestuous for *Emilia*—*Emilia* is not an adder-tongued virago.

In the afterpiece we have only to notice in terms of commendation two performers—a Mr. SYLVESTER, who took the part of *Sancho*, which he displayed in a very chaste and correct manner—and Miss ALLEN, as *Jacintha*—the latter infused considerable spirit and archness into the character—and therefore performed much more to our satisfaction than she did in the play. Of Mr. WALLACE's *Lopez* what shall we say? We are unwilling to say harsh things; but we by all means advise him to leave this “calling” for which he is not fit. Without a spark of humour, he bored us for some twenty minutes with an eternal grin upon his countenance—forgot his author—and for some other twenty minutes stopped the business of the stage by spouting forth his own ribaldry (which we have no doubt he thought “devilish witty”)—and at last having tired his auditors with his ridiculous foolery got hissed (we wish we could say *thrashed*) off the stage by the unanimous resolution of the spectators—good!

With the above exceptions the whole performances went off with considerable *eclât*, and we beg to return the gentlemen our hearty thanks for their exertions in catering for the evening's amusement we met with.

* * * The performances at the Haymarket Theatre, King's Theatre, and Astleys, (which want of room has compelled us to omit) will be noticed in the Supplement.

THE DRAMA.

SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. VII.

SHAKSPERIANA.

—
No. XVI.
—

— For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen,
'Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild *Shakspeare* thine and nature's boast!

THOMSON.

1.—*Name of SHAKSPEARE.*

The following passage in "*Verstegan's Restitution*" I do not recollect to have seen quoted by any of the editors of SHAKSPEARE's works:—

"BREAKSPEAR, SHAKSPEAR, and the like, have been surnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feates of armes."

The date of VERSTEGAN's Epistle to the English Nation is as follows: "From Antwerpe this 7th Februarie, stilo nouo 1605." And as SHAKSPEARE must have been in high reputation at that time it may be presumed that in a book, professedly critical, some regard was paid to the true orthography of his name, and so considered as an authority for the rejected *e* in the middle of the name.

2.—SHAKSPEARE's *Seven Ages of Man.*

The ancient chroniclers classed or arranged the History

of the World into seven distinct portions which they termed "ages," and the life of man has been subjected to the same division. In a book containing the Customs of London and various other matters, historical, political, and economical, known among bibliopolists as the "*Customs of London and Arnold's Chronicle*," printed by PYNSON, are the "Seven ages of the World" and the "Seven ages of Man," the last of which, (extracted from the book itself) is, as follows:—

¶ The vii ages of man lyving in the worlde. The fyrst age is infancie, and lastyth from the byrth unto vii yere of age. The ii is chylldhood, and enduryth unto xv yere of age. The iii is adolescencye, and enduryth unto xxv yere of age. The v age is manhood, and enduryth unto l yere of age. The vi age is second infancie, and lasteth unto lxx yere of age. The vii age of a man is crepyll, and enduryth unto dethe."

3.—*A Cheviot Sportsman.*

IN SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY IV. Part 1, there is the following passage—

" I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventures spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unstedfast footing of a spear."

A correspondent observes in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for January, 1810, that such an expedient was frequently resorted to by the Cheviot hunters when, during the ardour of the chase, (which they follow on foot and with long spears) their passage was obstructed by a mountain torrent; laying their spears across, they passed over by this perilous sort of bridge. "He adds, 'The hunters in '*Cymbeline*' who 'house in the rock,' follow the game on foot and strike with the spear. Spears, as well as javelins, were used by the foresters, especially in the wild-boar hunt, and the former were of great strength, and very long.'"

4.—HENRY the Fifth.

There is no character which SHAKSPEARE has drawn with so much fondness as that of HENRY the Fifth. As soon as the course of his historical plays permitted it, he takes it up, and dwells upon it *con amore*, while any possible opportunity of retaining it remains. In "*Richard the Second*," the spirited rake makes his first appearance under no very favorable circumstances; but as such do not exclude the hopes of better days. In "*Henry the Fourth*" (1st and 2nd parts), he appears in the different lights of the gay companion, the generous hero, and the wise king. In "*Henry the Fifth*," all the various feelings of a hero, a patriot king, are portrayed in him. In "*Henry the Sixth*," an eulogium is passed upon his memory, and even afterwards his name is employed with effect to bring back *Cade's* rebels to allegiance. It is an honor to the feelings and opinions of SHAKSPEARE that he so admired and loved this most astonishing character.

5.—Origin of the STUART family.

When MACBETH, the tyrant of Scotland, had caused BANQUO to be murdered, his son, FLEANCE, fled into Wales, and was kindly received by GRYFFYDH AP LLEWELLYN, in whose court he was entertained with the warmest affection. During this time he became enamoured of NERT, the daughter of that Prince, and violated the laws of honor and hospitality, by an illicit connexion with her, the consequence of which was, that she was delivered of a son, who was called WALTER. In revenge for so foul an offence, GRYFFYDH ordered FLEANCE to be put to death, and reduced his daughter to the lowest servile situation for having suffered herself to be dishonored by a stranger. As WALTER advanced in years, he became distinguished for his valour, and an elevated mind. An angry dispute having arisen between him and one of his companions, the circumstances of his birth were mentioned by his antagonist in terms of reproach, which so irritated the fiery spirit of WALTER, that he instantly killed him, and afraid of abiding the

consequences of the murder, he fled into Scotland. Upon his arrival in that kingdom, he insinuated himself among the English, who were in the train of Queen MARGARET, the sister of EDGAR ATHELING. There he soon acquired a general esteem, by his wisdom and good conduct; and his abilities unfolding, as they were employed in the public service, he was appointed Lord Steward of Scotland, and receiver of the revenues of the realm. From this office, he and his descendants took the surname of STUART, and from this root sprung the royal power of that name, and many other illustrious families of Scotland.—WARRINGTON'S "*Wales*."

6.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

The fable of this play is taken from a novel, of which BOCCACE is the original author; in whose Decameron it may be seen at page 97 of the Giunti edition, reprinted at London. But it is more than probable that SHAKSPEARE read it in a book called "*The Palace of Pleasure*," which is a collection of novels translated from other authors, made by one WILLIAM PAINTER, and by him first published in the years 1565 and 1567, in two tomes, 4to. the novel now spoken of, the 38th of tome the first. This novel is a meagre translation, not, perhaps, immediately from BOCCACE, but from a French Translation from him, as the original is in every body's hands, it may there be seen that nothing is taken from it by SHAKSPEARE, but some leading incidents of the serious part of his play.

7.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

This play, together with "*Coriolanus*," "*Julius Cæsar*," and some part of "*Timon of Athens*," are formed upon "*PLUTARCH'S Lives*," in the articles—CORIOLANUS, BRUTUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, and ANTHONY: of which lives there is a French Translation of great fame, made by AMIOT, Bishop of Auxerre and great Almoner of France; which some few years after its

appearance, was put into an English dress by our countryman, Sir THOMAS NORTH, and published 1597, in folio. As the language of this translation is good, for the time; and the sentiments, which are PLUTARCH's, breathe the genuine spirit of the historical personages; SHAKSPEARE has, with much judgment, introduced no small number of spectres into these plays, in the very words of that translator, turning them into verse; which he has so well wrought up, that, what he *has* introduced, cannot be discovered by any reader, till it is pointed out for him.

8.—*As You Like It.*

A novel, or rather pastoral romance, entitled "*Euphues's Golden Legacy*," written in a very fantastical style by Dr. THOMAS LODGE, and by him first published in the year 1590, in 4to, is the foundation of "*As You Like It*;" besides the fable, which is pretty exactly followed, the outlines of certain principal characters may be observed in the novel; and some expressions of the novelist, (few, indeed, and of no great moment,) seem to have taken possession of SHAKSPEARE'S memory, and from thence crept into his play.

9.—*Juliet's Tomb.*

Every stranger who visits Verona, is sure to have his sympathy moved, and his curiosity excited, by what is called "*The Tomb of Juliet*;" and there is no man who has read SHAKSPEARE that will not hasten to the spot where it lies.

Contiguous to the church of San Francisco in Cittadella, where *Romeo* and *Juliet* were married, is a small garden formerly attached to the Franciscan monastery, but now in private hands. In the midst of it is an old sarcophagus, which from time immemorial has been shown as the tomb of *Juliet*. It is much mutilated, and has sunk considerably into the earth. It is exactly six feet long, and is just wide enough to hold two bodies.

The mutilation of the sides of this sarcophagus is said to have taken place when it was first removed from the church of St. Permo Maggiore, where it had lain for ages. It was then placed in a garden adjacent to the old monastery, which was accessible to the public, and every stranger who came broke off a piece of it to carry away with him. In consequence of this, the Podesta gave orders that it should be removed, for better security, to the place where it is now exhibited, and any person attempting to do it further injury, as a proof of his veneration, is liable to a severe penalty.

Mr. GALIFFE, in his "*Italy and its Inhabitants*," in describing the tomb of *Juliet*, says, "An English lady who had paid her devotions at this shrine some weeks before us, had taken it into her head to lay herself at full length in this tomb, like a monumental figure, with her hands piously crossed on her bosom."

10.—DOGBERRY.

The industrious AUBREY tells us, that SHAKSPEARE took the humour of the constable, *Dogberry*, in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," from an actual occurrence which happened at Crendon, in Bucks, during one of the poet's journeys between Stratford and London, and that the constable was living at Crendon when AUBREY first went to Oxford, which was about the year 1642.

11.—*The Original Story of Hamlet.*

Hamlet was a prince celebrated in the annals of Denmark, whose name has been rendered familiar in this country, and his story interesting, by being the subject of one of the noblest tragedies of our immortal SHAKSPEARE.

Adjoining to a royal palace which stands about half a mile from that of Cronenburgh, in Elsinour, is a garden, which is called *Hamlet's Garden*, and is said by tradition, to be the very spot where the murder of his

father was perpetrated. The house is of modern date, and is situated at the foot of a sandy ridge near the sea. The garden occupies the side of the hill, and is laid out in terraces rising one above another. Elsinour is the scene of SHAKSPEARE'S "*Hamlet*;" and the original history from which our poet derived the principal incidents of his play, is founded upon facts, but so deeply buried in remote antiquity, that it is difficult to discriminate truth from fable. SAXO-GRAMMATICUS, who flourished in the twelfth century, is the earliest historian of Denmark that relates the adventures of *Hamlet*. His account is extracted, and much altered, by BELLEFOREST, a French author; an English translation of whose romance was published under the title of "*The History of Hamlet*;" and from this translation SHAKSPEARE formed the ground-work of his play, though with many alterations and additions. The following short sketch of *Hamlet's* history, as recorded in the Danish annals, will enable the reader to compare the original character with that delineated by SHAKSPEARE.

Long before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, HORWENDILLUS, prefect or king of Jutland, was married to GERUTHRA, or GERTRUDE, daughter of RURIC, king of Denmark, by whom he had a son called AMLETTUS, or HAMLET. FENGO murders his brother HORWENDILLUS, marries GERTRUDE, and ascends the throne.

HAMLET, to avoid his uncle's jealousy, counterfeits folly; and is represented as such an abhorrer of falsehood, that though he constantly frames the most evasive and absurd answers, yet artfully contrives never to deviate from truth. FENGO, suspecting the reality of his madness, endeavours by various methods, to discover the real state of his mind: amongst others, he departs from Elsinour, conceals a meeting between HAMLET and GERTRUDE, concluding that the former would not conceal his sentiments from his own mother, and orders a courtier to conceal himself, unknown to both, for the purpose of overhearing their conversation. The courtier repairs to the queen's apart-

ment, and hides himself under a heap of straw, which in those days were spread on floors as a luxury, as carpets are now. HAMLET, upon entering the cabinet, suspecting the presence of some spy, imitates, after his usual affectation of folly, the crow of a cock, and, shaking his arms like wings, jumps upon the heap of straw; till, feeling the courtier, he draws his sword, and instantly dispatches him. He then cuts the body to pieces, boils it, and gives it to the hogs. He then avows to his mother that he only personated a fool, reproaches her for her incestuous marriage with the murderer of her husband; and concludes his remonstrances by saying, "Instead, therefore, of condoling my insanity, deplore your own infamy, and learn to lament the deformity of your own mind." The queen is silent, but is recalled to virtue by these admonitions. FENGO returns to Elsinour, sends HAMLET to England under the care of two courtiers, and requests the king by a letter to put him to death. HAMLET discovers and alters the letter; so that upon their arrival in England, the king orders the two courtiers to immediate execution, and betrothed his daughter to HAMLET, who shewed many astonishing proofs of a most transcendant understanding. At the end of the year he returns to Denmark, and alarms the court by his unexpected appearance; as a report of his death has been spread, and preparations were making for his funeral.

Having re-assumed his affected insanity, he purposely wounds his fingers in drawing his sword, which the by-standers immediately fasten to the scabbard. He afterwards invites the principal nobles to an entertainment, makes them intoxicated, and in that state covers them with a large curtain, which he fastens to the ground with wooden pegs: he then sets fire to the palace; and the nobles, being enveloped in the curtain, perish in the flames. During this transaction he repairs to FENGO's apartments; and taking the sword which lay by the side of his bed, puts his own in its place: he instantly awakens, and HAMLET informs him, that he is come to revenge the death of his father. FENGO starts from his bed, seizes the sword, but, being unable to draw

it, falls by the hand of HAMLET. The next morning, when the populace were assembled to view the ruins of the palace, HAMLET summonses the remaining nobles; and, in a masterly speech, lays open the motives of his own conduct, proves his uncle to have been the assassin of his father, and concludes in the following words:—"Tread upon the ashes of the monster, who, polluting the wife of his murdered brother, joined incest to parricide; and ruled over you with the most oppressive tyranny. Receive me as the minister of a just revenge, as one who felt for the sufferings of his father and his people. Consider me as the person who has purged the disgrace of his country; extinguished the infamy of his mother; freed you from the despotism of a monster, whose crimes, if he had lived, would have daily increased, and terminated in your destruction. Acknowledge my services; and if I have deserved it, present me with the crown. Behold in me the author of these advantages: no degenerate person, no parricide; but the rightful successor to the throne, and the pious avenger of a father's murder. I have rescued you from slavery, restored you to liberty, and re-established your glory: I have destroyed a tyrant, and triumphed over an assassin. The recompence is in your hands: you can estimate the value of my services, and in your virtue I rest my hopes of reward." This speech had the desired effect—the greater part of the assembly shed tears, and all who were present, unanimously proclaimed him king amid repeated acclamations.

HAMLET soon after his elevation sails to England, and orders a shield to be made, on which the principal actions of his life were represented. The king received him with feigned demonstrations of joy, falsely assured him that his daughter was dead, and recommended him to repair to Scotland as his ambassador, and to pay his addresses to the queen HERMETRUDA. He gave this insidious advice, with the hopes that HAMLET might perish in the attempt; as the queen, who was remarkable for her chastity and cruelty, had such an aversion to all proposals of marriage, that not one of her suitors had escaped falling a sacrifice to her vengeance.

HAMLET, in opposition to all difficulties, performed the embassy; and, by the assistance of the shield, which inspired the lady with a favorable opinion of his wisdom and courage, obtained her in marriage, and returned with her to England. Informed by the princess to whom he had been betrothed, that her father mediated his assassination, HAMLET avoided his fate by wearing armour under his robe; put to death the king of England, and sailed to Denmark with his two wives, where he was soon afterwards killed in a combat with VIGLETUS, a son of RURIC.

HAMLET, adds the historian, was a prince, who, if his good fortune had been equal to his deserts, would have rivalled the gods in splendor, and in his actions would have exceeded even the labours of HERCULES.

12.—*The attempt to write upon SHAKSPEARE.*

The attempt to write upon SHAKSPEARE is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid dome, through the conveyance of a narrow and obscure entry. A glow of light suddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue first promised; and a thousand beauties of genius and character, like so many gaudy apartments, at once upon the eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the mind. The prospect is too wide to come within the compass of a single view; it is a gay confusion of pleasing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration—and they must be separated and eyed distinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

13.—SHAKSPEARE'S *Historical Plays.*

"Some have supposed that *Shakspeare* was the first dramatic poet who introduced the species of drama denominated Histories: but this is an undoubted error."

MALONE.

Although SHAKSPEARE is found not to have been the

first who invented this species of drama, (viz. Histories) yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes, such a blaze of genius, that his Histories maintain their ground in defiance of ARISTOTLE and all the critics of the classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

* * * * *

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof that both SHAKSPEARE and his contemporaries considered his histories or historical plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from tragedy and comedy, a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms.—PERCY'S *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.



DRAMATIC NECROLOGY.

FOR 1824—5.

March 13.—At Clifton, Miss SOPHIA LEE, daughter of the late JOHN LEE, a performer at Covent Garden Theatre.

In conjunction with her younger sister she opened a school, called Belvidere House at Bath, soon after the death of her father, which they carried on with considerable reputation. Her first essay as an authoress was in 1782, when, under the auspices of the elder COLMAN, "*The Chapter of Accidents*" appeared at the Haymarket Theatre; a comedy, the merit of which is well known, and which had an advantage that merit does not always attain—of immediate and decided success. It was followed by "*The Recess*," the first

romance in the English language which blended history with fiction, and enriched both by pathos and descriptive scenery : such was its estimation as well as popularity, that the late Mr. TICKELL, to whom the author was at that time personally unknown, addressed a letter to her, in the name of that junto of distinguished characters, with whom he lived, to express the high sense entertained of its merit. It is to be remarked also that Mrs. RATCLIFFE (then Miss WARD), resident at Bath, and acquainted in Miss LEE's family, though too young to have appeared as a writer, was among her warmest admirers of "*The Recess*." She afterwards at intervals took up her pen and published a ballad called "*The Hermit's Tale*," "*The Life of a Lover*," a novel, and the tragedy of "*Almeyda, Queen of Grenada*," in which Mrs. SIDDONS displayed her exquisite talents : and lastly, in conjunction with her sister HARRIETT, "*The Canterbury Tales*." She was also the author of a comedy called "*Assignment*," acted at Drury Lane Theatre in 1807 ; but from some unfortunate personal applications, wholly unforeseen by the writer, it was condemned on the first representation, and never published. No work of hers ever appeared anonymously, but as has happened with other writers of the day, her name was prefixed to a novel she never saw, and which was too contemptible to allow of her giving it notoriety by entering either a literary or legal protest against it. The unqualified esteem of all to whom she was personally known, the affection of her family, and the respect of the public, softened her last hours, and will long render her memory esteemed.

May 6.—At Milan, Madame MORANDI. This singer filled, with distinction, important parts at the Italian Opera, as well at the Odeon, as at the Louvois. Her funeral was rather remarkable by the concourse of national as well as foreign artists (then at Milan) who attended. Madame BELLOE, Madame FESTA, Madame LORENZANI, and Madame SCHERA were the pallbearers.

May 22.—In London, JOSEPH KEMP, Mus. D. He was brother to JAMES KEMP, Esq. author of "*Northen-*

lay," a descriptive poem, and was some years ago organist at the Cathedral of Bristol; but in 1814 resided in London, where he gave lectures on music at some of the literary institutions. He published "*The Jubilee*," a vocal patriotic entertainment, 8vo. 1809; and "*The Siege of Isca*" (or Exeter), an historical-operatic melodrama, 8vo. 1810. "*The Jubilee*" was acted at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 25th October, 1809, by permission, to commemorate the entrance of the King on the 50th year of his reign. The music by the author and D. CORRI. "*The Siege of Isca, or the Battles of the West*" was acted at the New Theatre, (late the King's Ancient Concert Rooms) Tottenham Street.

May.—At Edinburgh, Mr. HENRY CUMMINS formerly prompter at the Theatres Royal York and Edinburgh, and son of the late Mr. CUMMINS of the Theatres Royal Hull and York.

June 9.—Of an apoplectic fit, at his house in Drury Lane, aged about 40, Mr. OXBERRY, an actor of well-known talents as a comedian (Vide vol I. page 157) He had some time ago been visited by two attacks of the same kind, but his health appeared to be quite restored. In his private character, he more resembled the actors of former days than the present. Not that Mr. O. was exactly of vicious habits, but keeping himself a wine vaults, he was too much addicted to that kind of companionship that delights in the tavern; and which shortened the life of a very shrewd, pleasant, good-humoured man. He has left a distressed widow and family. Mr. O. also followed his business as a printer, and from his press have issued some excellent editions of the drama and various other theatrical works. His printing office had been removed from White Hart Yard, Drury Lane, to Camberwell, and at the latter place he had been only a day before his death to inspect its operations.

June 18.—At Hull, after a long illness, aged 36, Mr. THOMAS CATTERICH WILLIS, artist, of the excellence of whose professional abilities the Theatres Royal of York and Hull, to which he had been many years principal scene painter, exhibit numerous proofs. He was

highly esteemed in private life as a man of great integrity and of mild inoffensive manners.

June .—At Blackheath, the Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE, M. A. He is entitled to notice in our *Necrology*, on account of his having transmitted to the Society of Antiquaries in 1814, for exhibition to its members, a copy of an early English work, "entitled *A Hundred Merrie Tales*," and printed by RASTELL, but without a date, in small folio; 22 leaves pp. 44. He had found this work converted into pasteboard and forming the covers of an old book: as it had previously been known only from the casual mention of its title by SHAKSPEARE, its discovery excited much interest among the students of the literature which the history and explanation of his works has created. In 1815 "*The Hundred Merrie Tales*" were reprinted for a select literary circle, and dedicated to Mr. CONYBEARE, by S. W. SINGER, Esq. a gentleman well known for his attachment to literature.

August .—At her lodgings in Southgate Street, Southampton, at an advanced age, Mrs. COLLINS, widow of the late Mr. COLLINS, comedian and joint proprietor of the Portsmouth, Winchester, and Southampton Theatres.

September .—At Naples, in the 91st year of his age, the composer TRITTO, well known as the author of a great number of works in sacred music, and a friend of PAESIELLO, CIMAROSA, and GUGLIANI.

October 22.—At Wansford, of apoplexy, Mr. MANSSELL, the well known manager of the York, Hull, and Doncaster Theatres. He was on his way to London to visit his sister, when he was suddenly taken ill and died the next morning.

Oct. .—At Petersburg, aged 67 years, M. STEIBELT. This composer was a native of Berlin, and was born in 1758. Early in life he manifested very decided talents for music and was placed under the celebrated KARNBERGER by the then king of Prussia; with this master he perfected himself in the study of music. He subsequently visited Paris, London, and Petersburg. While he resided at the former city he wrote a ballet called

"*Le Retour de Zephyr*," and an opera, "*La Princesse de Babylone*," both of which were successful, and for the Theatre Feydeau he wrote "*Romeo et Juliette*." In the year 1797 he was in London and performed at the concerts under the direction of SALOMON. On the 20th January, 1805, he produced his ballet called "*La Belle a Laitière, ou Blanche Reine*," and it was allowed to possess considerable merit. STEIBELT finally visited Petersburg, where he continued to reside until the period of his death, receiving that encouragement and notice his merit deserved.

Oct. —At Bergamo, of apoplexy, Signor VIGANONI, one of the principal singers at the opera. He was the principal tenor at the King's Theatre for many years just previous to the close of the last century. His voice was not considerable in volume, but his taste and execution were polished and beautiful. He enjoyed much respect both as an actor, and teacher of singing.

Oct. 30.—At Dublin, after a protracted illness, the Rev. R. C. MATURIN, M. A. Curate of St. Peters in that City.

There is always a degree of interest attached to the memory of one who has been distinguished in the world, who has gained a portion of that fame,

"Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave."

The premature death of Mr. MATURIN has been a source of deep regret, not only to those whose personal intimacy enabled them to know and estimate his excellencies, but to all who grieve when they are reminded that genius is not exempt from the common lot of mortality, and that the greatest and brightest must, like the meanest, go down to death.

Perhaps there have not been many whose lives have been more remarkably illustrative of the line of the poet—"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"—than the gifted individual whose death we are lamenting. The eccentricities of Mr. MATURIN formed a continued sub-

ject of speculation to some, and of merriment to others. "Great errors," said a learned writer, "are often connected with elevated sentiments; but to understand this, we must ourselves possess greatness of soul." Consequently the peculiarities of the man of genius were not unfrequently set down as the effects of folly, affectation, or indiscretion.

Mr. MATURIN was singular in his dress, and had generally the appearance of a confirmed sloven or professed fop. One day his habiliments were in the extreme of fashion—every garment was arranged with the nicest care—a speck on his cravat, or the disorder of a shoe-tye, would have given him real torture; at another time there was a strange contrast in his outward man. He then wore a brown coat (somewhat between a frock and a surtout), that had served him long, if it had not well; a large rent, that he would never have repaired, remained near its extremity; his pantaloons were thread-bare, and his gaiters had never their full complement of buttons; his shoes appeared as if unblackened for months, and his shoe-strings invariably dragged in the mud; his hat was old and rusty; and, to complete the picture, his linen was as though the hand of the laundress had never touched it.

Many characteristic anecdotes are related of him. Once, when his wife had lain-in, a friend sent to inquire after the health of the family, Mr. MATURIN opened the door and received the message.—"Tell him who sent you," was his reply, "that the angel mother is doing well; the cherub babe is gone to heaven, and poor MATURIN is as well as can be expected." He was a complete devotee to dancing, and in the frequent habit of giving parties, by day, shutting his windows, lighting his candles, and indulging with his friends in his favorite amusement till night. I once passed an evening with him, at the house of a famous *bas bleu* of the Irish metropolis. MOORE, Lady MORGAN, SHIEL, and many other ornaments of the country were of the party. All eye and ear, I was enjoying "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," when Mr. MATURIN accosted me with "Why do you not dance?" "I do not know the quad-

rilles," I replied. "Not know the quadrilles," said he, and he appeared as much astonished as if I had said I could not read: "then what do you live for?" On every occasion he carried this *penchant* to an extraordinary extent.

As a clergyman, Mr. MATURIN did not appear to have fallen—

"Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

I have heard him more than once regret that his clerical duties were not in unison with his taste. He certainly was not "at home" in his profession, and would, in all probability, have died a curate if his years had been "threescore and ten." His air and manner, in the reading desk, and pulpit, were too *degagé*, and did not suit the character of a Christian Minister. Yet there was always something impressive about him—something which clearly shewed he was no common man. He read the church service in a most perfect manner, and his sermons were beautifully written, and well delivered. They were always, however, tinged with those peculiarities that distinguish his other compositions. His reasoning was incontrovertible and his language invariably calculated to subdue the heart and to demand attention. His six controversial sermons, preached during the Lent of 1824, have been printed and are now before the public. They show the author to be a profound scholar and an acute reasoner. Never, since Dean KIRWAN's time, were such crowds attracted to the parish church, as during the delivery of these sermons; neither rain nor storm could subdue the anxiety of all classes and all persuasions to hear them; and did he leave no other monument whereon to rest his fame, these sermons alone would be sufficient.

In private life Mr. MATURIN was most exemplary—a faithful husband, an affectionate father, a warm friend—and an intimacy with him never left a blush upon the cheek, a stain on the character, or a wound on the heart. In this respect, at all events, his example strengthened his precepts. To the poor he was ever a benevolent, if he could not be a beneficent friend—and beside

the sick bed, he was always the Minister of Christ. Those who enjoyed his society, valued it for the information and pleasure they derived from it—and that brilliancy, but wildness of imagination, so conspicuous in his writings, shone equally in his conversation. He was remarkably free from that irritability so common to authors, and was always the first to encourage in literary youth, those

“Longings divine, and aspirations high,”

that lead to noble feelings and to great acts.

It is an old tale, and there is no necessity for again telling it—that of genius struggling with pecuniary difficulties, and enduring those numberless disappointments that “sink the heart of man.” Such, however, was the fate of MATURIN, and a melancholy picture might be drawn of the mental sufferings of him, whose unceasing labours could not give to his home those comforts which he felt it wanted. When the world hears of the death of an individual, it knows little of the cares and the sorrows that may have pressed him down to the grave,—and the physician is often called upon to administer to the body, when the mind only is diseased. The possession of a curacy, pitiful as it was, was a certainty that Mr. MATURIN dared not relinquish, to try his fortune in the world, and he frequently regretted his inability to visit the British metropolis, where he knew that talent and industry are never without their reward. The scriptural adage, that “a prophet hath no honor in his own country,” is indeed verified in Ireland. Her living worthies are little noticed by her; and it is a fact, as true as it is lamentable, that the productions of an Irish author are the works for which, in Ireland, there is the least sale. The same coldness and neglect have been manifested towards the memory of those of whom the nation has been proud. The dust of her worthies has generally mingled with a distant soil; the bones of GOLDSMITH, of SHERIDAN, of GRATTAN, of CURRAN, rest not in their native land; and there exists but little in it to remind the stranger that Ireland gave them birth, or to excite emulation in the bosoms

of her rising generation. A plain marble slab marks the grave of SWIFT,—and, except a bust in the College library, there is not a single tribute to his memory.

The first production that brought Mr. MATURIN into notice, was his tragedy of "*Bertram*;" and which perhaps has not been succeeded by a drama so eminently and deservedly successful. But his plays, as well as his novels, somewhat resemble an unshackled steed—wild and unstrained, yet beautiful in itself, and graceful in its motions. His language was fine and forcible, and the power of his imagination wonderful. He was altogether the creature of fancy; it formed his element—but with nature he had no intimacy. He never designed characters as they were, or as they ought to be—they were all of his own creation; but, although abounding in faults, there was always an interest about them, which few others could have given to personages so unnatural or repulsive. They evince wonderful powers of imagination, while the beauty of his language stands unrivalled. Indeed we have seen it observed by some of the reviewers, that there was no writer of the present day who had a greater range of thought, or a greater command of language than this reverend gentleman.

The immediate cause of Mr. M.'s death was, we are given to understand, his having taken a lotion containing a large quantity of laudanum in mistake for medicine intended for the stomach.

It is said that Sir WALTER SCOTT, in a letter of condolence to the widow, has gratuitously offered his editorial services in bringing before the public some of her late husband's unpublished manuscripts.

Nov. 9.—Suddenly at his lodgings in Barrett's Court, Edward Street, Portman Square, WILLIAM HAWKINS. This personage was well known in the parishes of St. George and Marylabone by the name of "*Harlequin Billy*." In his youth he was apprenticed to the celebrated ASTLEY, in whose service he received a severe kick in the head from a horse, from the effects of which he never completely recovered. A plate was placed in his head from which time he has gained a livelihood by selling band-boxes about the streets of the west-end of

the town. An inquest sat upon the body and brought in their verdict—"Died by the Visitation of God."

Nov. 27.—Of a typhus fever, at Dublin, (whither he had gone to superintend the *debüt* of his pupil, Miss GOWARD,) Mr. HENRY SMART.

Mr. SMART began his musical education under Mr. CRÄMER, and played in the early part of his life in the Orchestras of the Opera, Haymarket Theatre, and at the Ancient Concert. At the opening of the English Opera House he was engaged as leader, and continued in that capacity for several years. When the present Drury Lane opened, Mr. SMART was also retained as its leader; and, we believe, it was his peculiar pride to have formed that orchestra entirely of English artists; and in such estimation did they hold his character, that on his retirement in 1821, the Orchestra presented him with a silver cup, as a mark of their gratitude and his merits. Mr. SMART was leader at the Oratorios, at which he had assisted since they were under the conduct of his brother, Sir GEORGE SMART, which began in 1813. In 1820, Mr. SMART entered into a manufactory for piano fortes, and, but a very short period since, had obtained a patent for an important improvement in the touch of these instruments. He was distinguished by great urbanity of manners. In his nature he was kind, generous, and humane. He always evinced an ardent love for his art, and on all occasions, private feeling gave way to public interests in its exercise.

Dec. 13.—In the 83rd year of his age, at Bath, Mr. FRANCIS BLISSET, comedian, many years one of the most popular actors at the theatre in that city.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Mr. BLISSET, accompanied by the late highly esteemed Mr. DIMOND, made his first appearance at Bath, and from that time to the termination of his professional career, his talents and respectability secured to him the actor's best reward—the favor of the public. In 1778, he made his *debut* before a London audience at the Haymarket Theatre, and acted there several summers under the management of the elder COLMAN. After a lapse of twenty-five years, he again essayed his fortune in the metropolis

and was very favorably received; but being then more than 60 years of age, the bustle of London ill accorded with his habits, and he returned to his friends and patrons, whose kindness followed him till his retirement from public life about ten or twelve years since. Old age and infirmity of late made him a recluse, but a small circle of ancient friends survive, who regarded him living, and regret him dead.

1825. Jan. 1.—Suddenly at his lodgings in Wild Court, Drury Lane, aged 76, the veteran of the stage, RALPH WEWITZER. When the boy who attended him came with his breakfast, he was leaning on his hand quite dead, and from the calmness of his countenance, it may be hoped that he expired without pain. For some years past he has suffered the infirmities generally attendant on such a period of life. He was in circumstances of peculiar distress, and at the time of his decease had scarcely a bed to lie on. He died indebted to his landlady £14, the payment of which she never urged during his illness; but after his death, hearing that he had relations, she determined on having her money or at least the value of it. A handsome coffin was provided, it is understood, by the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, in which his remains were deposited and every arrangement made for the funeral, when the landlady made her demand and a man was placed in possession. Information was forwarded to one of WEWITZER's relations in Finsbury Square, and ultimately the body was taken from the coffin, and conveyed in a shell to that neighbourhood for interment, which ceremony was performed on the 8th, the coffin and furniture remaining at the lodgings. The deceased was confined to his bed for the last nine months unable to move.

Mr. W. was born in London, of Swiss parents, where he was brought up as a jeweller, which business he exchanged at an early period for the vicissitudes of an actor's life. Having obtained some experience in his new profession he made his *debüt* at Covent Garden Theatre as *Ralph*, in "*The Maid of the Mill*," which character he sustained for the benefit of his sister, who, about the year 1785, was held in some estimation both

as an actress and singer. It may be observed as something singular that his Christian name happened to be the same as that allotted to his character in this piece, WEWITZER's exertions were crowned with success, and indicated so much promise of utility in his profession that he was engaged by the house, where he soon distinguished himself as a comedian by his whimsical, but just representation of Jews and Frenchmen. He next repaired to Dublin for a short time, under the management of RYDER, and on his return resumed his situation at Covent Garden Theatre, where he remained till the year 1789, when unfortunately he was induced to undertake the management of the Royalty Theatre. On the failure of that concern he became a member of the Drury Lane Company, with which he continued to perform, with the exception of some few seasons, till the close of his theatrical career. He played at the Haymarket Theatre for several summer seasons; was the original *Jew*, in "*The Young Quaker*," and by his performance of it contributed much to the success of the piece. He was considered as the inventor of these pantomimes—" *The Gnome*," acted at the Haymarket Theatre in 1788, but never printed, and "*The Magic Cavern*," 8vo. 1785. He was also the author of "*The Royal Pedigree of His Majesty GEORGE III. from EGBERT*," 8vo. 1812. "*School for Wits, a New Jest Book*," 12mo. 1814; and "*The Dramatic Chronology*," a very useful book for reference. The labours of his profession while he was able to continue on the stage, and his infirmities after he left it, prevented him affording his literary talents due cultivation. He had no indifferent share of companionable qualities; for at one time, by happy turns and a cordial vein of humour, he managed to keep the table in a roar. In his latter years he was an annuitant on the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.

Jan. 25.—In Aungier Street, Dublin, aged 88 years, Mr. PATRICK BARRETT, the father of the Irish Stage, upon which he had been engaged as a performer of low comedy upwards of half a century! He was of an active, bustling, talkative disposition; and although

never remarkable for abstemiousness, he enjoyed excellent health until a few days before his final dissolution. Extremely fond of walking he was constantly seen in the streets of the city going to one acquaintance or another to beguile the time in recounting the often-told anecdote or antiquated jest. There was hardly a player of the last century of whom he had not some knowledge. He often said that JOHN KEMBLE at the commencement of his theatrical career paid him for lessons in acting. By a peculiar system of economy he saved a sum that enabled him to live independent, which he left as a provision for the maintenance and education of his two grand-daughters.

Feb. — Sir JAMES BLAND LAMB, Bart. who, when known by the name of BURGESS, distinguished himself in politics and literature. He produced the play of "*Riches, or the Wife and Brother*," founded on MASSINGER'S "*City Madam*," which was acted at the Lyceum Theatre by the Drury Lane Company, and published in 8vo. 1810. To him has also been ascribed the comic opera of "*Tricks upon Travellers*," never printed.

March 26.—After a long and painful illness W. T. RODWELL, Esq. proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre. It is supposed that the anxiety and fatigue he endured in arranging for representation the melo-drama of "*Val-mondi*," brought on the complaint which ended in his death.

April 24 —Mr. JAMES WILLIAM BRANDON, aged 24, after a severe and painful illness. He was son of the veteran BRANDON who passed 55 years of his life in the service of Covent Garden Theatre.

May 1.—In the 72nd year of his age, WILLIAM TAYLOR, Esq. principal proprietor and manager for many years of the King's Theatre.



 ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT ACTORS.

 No. III.

1.—*Greek Actors.*

It is certain that no woman ever acted upon the Grecian stage. From PLUTARCH's Life of PHOCION we learn that in his time (about three hundred and eighteen years before the Christian era,) the performance of a tragedy at Athens was interrupted by one of the actors, who was to personate a *queen*, refusing to come on the stage because he had not a suitable mask and dress, and a train of attendants richly habited; and DEMOSTHENES in one of his orations mentions THEODORUS and ARISTODEMUS as having often represented the *Antigone* of SOPHOCLES. AULUS GELLIUS has preserved the following curious and interesting anecdote:—

A very celebrated actor, whose name was POLUS, was appointed to perform the part of *Electra*, in SOPHOCLE's play, who, in the progress of the drama, appears with an urn in her hand containing, as she supposes, the ashes of ORESTES. The actor having some time before been deprived by death of a beloved son, to indulge his grief as it should seem, procured the urn which contained the ashes of his child to be brought from his tomb, which affected him so much, that when he appeared with it in the scene, he embraced it with unfeigned sorrow and burst into tears.

2.—*Roman Actor.*

FUSIUS PHOCÆUS being to perform the part of *Hione*, the wife of *Polymnestor*, in a tragedy written either by ACCIUS or PACUVIUS, and being in the course of the play to be awakened out of sleep by the cries of the shade of *Polydorus*, got so intoxicated that he fell into a real and profound sleep, from which no noise could rouse him.

3.—*Mysteries.*

The most ancient as well as the most complete of this species of entertainment is, "The Chester Mysteries," which were written by RALPH HIGDEN, a monk of the Abbey of Chester, about the year 1328.—The following is extracted from WARTON'S "History of English Poetry":—"Exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city, '*The Fall of Lucifer*,' by the Tanners; '*The Creation*,' by the Drapers; '*The Deluge*,' by the Dyers; '*Abraham, Melchisedeck, and Lot*,' by the Barbers; '*Moses, Balak, and Balaam*,' by the Coppers; '*The Salutation and Nativity*,' by the Wrightes; '*The Shepherds Feeding their Flocks by Night*,' by the Painters and Glaziers; '*The Three Kings*,' by the Vintners; '*The Oblation of the Three Kings*,' by the Mercers; '*The Killing of the Innocents*,' by the Goldsmiths; '*The Purification*,' by the Blacksmiths; '*The Temptation*,' by the Butchers; '*The Last Supper*,' by the Bakers; '*The Blind Man*' and '*Lazarus*,' by the Glovers; '*Jesus and the Lepers*,' by the Corvesarys; '*Christ's Passion*,' by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers; '*The Descent into Hell*,' by the Cooks and Innkeepers; '*The Resurrection*,' by the Skinners; '*The Ascension*,' by the Tailors; '*The Election of Matthias*,' '*Sending of the Holy Ghost*,' &c. by the Fishmongers; '*Antichrist*,' by the Clothiers; '*Day of Judgment*,' by the Websters." The reader will perhaps smile at some of these combinations. This is the substance and order of the former part of the play: *God* enters creating the world: he breathes life into *Adam*, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. *Adam* and *Eve* appear *naked and not ashamed*; and the old *Serpent* enters lamenting his fall—He converses with *Eve*—She eats of the forbidden fruit and gives part to *Adam*—They propose, according to the stage directions, to make themselves *subligacula a foliis quibus tegamus pudenda*, cover their nakedness with leaves, and converse with *God*—*God's* curse—The *Serpent* exit hissing—They are driven from Paradise by

Four Angels and the *Cherubim* with a flaming sword—*Adam* appears digging the ground, and *Eve* spinning—Their children, *Cain* and *Abel*, enter; the former kills his brother—*Adam's* lamentation—*Cain* is banished,* &c. Mr. WARTON again says:—"In a play of *The Old and New Testament*, *Adam* and *Eve* are both exhibited on the stage naked and conversing about their nakedness; this very pertinently introduces the next scene, in which they have coverings of fig-leaves. This extraordinary spectacle was beheld by a numerous assemblage of both sexes with great composure: they had the authority of scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of *Genesis*. It would have been absolute heresy to have departed from the sacred text in personating the primitive appearance of our first parents, whom the spectators so nearly resembled in simplicity, and if even this had not been the case, the dramatists were ignorant what to reject and what to retain.

4.—STOWE records that when King EDWARD IV. would show himself in state to the view of the people, he repaired to his palace at St. JOHN'S, where he was accustomed to see the *City Actors*.

5.—HENRY the Seventh's Players.

In two books in the Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer, containing an account of the daily expenses of King HENRY VII., are the following articles, from which it appears that at that time players both French and

* These representations were so far from being considered either as indecent or profane, that even a supreme pontiff, Pope PIUS II., about the year 1416, composed and caused to be acted before him, on Corpus Christi Day, a Mystery, in which was represented *The Court of the King of Heaven*.

English made a part of the appendages of the court, and were supported by regal establishment.

"Item, to HAMPTON of Worcester, for making of balades, 20s. Item, to my ladie the king's moder's poet 66s. 8d. Item, to a Welsh rymer, in reward, 13s. 4d. Item, to my Lord Privie-Seal's fole, in rew., 10s. Item, to PACHYE, the fole, for a rew., 6s. 8d. Item, to the foolish Duke of Lancaster 3s. Item, to DIX, the fole's master for a months' wages 10s. Item, to the King of France's fole, in rew., £4. Item, to the *Frenshe players*, in rew., 20s. Item, to the tumbler upon the ropes, 20s. Item, for heling of a seke maid, 6s. 8d. (Probably the piece of gold given by the king in touching for the evil.) Item, to my lord prince's organ player, for a quarter's wages at Michell. 10s. Item, to the *players of London*, in rew., 10s. Item, to Master BARNARD, the blinde poete, 100s. Item, to a man and woman for strawberries 8s. 4d. Item, to a woman for a red rose 2s." The foregoing extracts are from a book of which almost every page is signed by the king's own hand, in the thirteenth year of his reign. The following are taken from a book which contains an account of expenses in the ninth year of his reign. "Item to CART, for writing of a boke, 6s. 8d. Item, payd for *two playes* in the hall 26s. 8d. Item, to *the King's players*, for a reward, 100s. Item, to the King to play at cardes 100s. Item, lost to my lord MORGING at buttes 6s. 8d. Item, to HARRY PYNING, the King's godson, in reward, 20s. Item, to *the players that begged by the way* 6s. 8d."*

* Itinerant companies of actors are probably coeval with the first rise of the English stage. In 1556, the fourth year of Queen MARY, a remonstrance was issued from the Privy Council to the Lord President of the North, stating, "that certain lewd persons, naming themselves servants of Sir FRANCIS LAKE, and wearing his livery and badge on their sleeves, have wandered about these north parts, and representing certain plays and interludes reflecting on the Queen and her consort and the formalities of the mass."—*Stripe's Memorials*, Vol. 3. Appen. 3.

This account ascertains that there was then not only a regular company of players in London, but also a royal company. The intimate knowledge of the French language and manners which HENRY must have acquired during his long sojourn in foreign courts (from 1471 to 1485), accounts for the article relative to the company of French Players.

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

MR. DRAMA,

The following interesting morceau appeared in the London Magazine, and conceiving that it might prove a valuable gem in your little dramatic casket, I have forwarded it to you for insertion therein.

Yours, &c.

T. W.

HENRY VI. AND SHAKSPEARE.

"Shakspeare's excellence is not the fiction of a tale, but the representation of life."

DR. JOHNSON.

Having accidentally met with some verses of our ancient kings, which although curious as such, and moreover of intrinsic beauty, are not sufficient either in quantity or merit, to refute our opinion as to the humble pretensions of earth's rulers towards the sovereignty of one poor turf in the domains of Parnassus. A single flower, and that almost hidden in the obscurest angle of those realms, owns itself the property of King HENRY VI.; it is emblematic of the temper and condition of its royal master :—

" Kingdoms are but cares ;
State is devoid of stay ;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy (game),
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp, unprompt; and fame, a flame;
Power, a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood."

The pious and contemplative disposition of this monarch, well betrays itself in these verses; they are not inelegant, and were written probably about forty years after the time of CHAUCER. The author of such unambitious sentiments might well be supposed to utter those congenial lines which the poet has given him:—

" O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain " &c.

It is more than probable, that the poet had not seen his royal brother's verses, yet how admirably has he hit off the same melancholy and philosophic strain, which it appears HENRY himself had indulged.

We beg leave to subjoin here two sentences written by the same HENRY, and preserved by one who had taken him prisoner in the wars of York and Lancaster:—

Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly:
This meriteth mercy, when causeless is suffered sorrow.
Nought else is war but fury and madness,
Wherein is not advice but rashness;
Not right but rage, ruleth and reigneth.

These breathe the same mild and amiable spirit; they confirm that character which their author has received from history: more of the saint than the soldier—less of the prince than of the philosopher.

ANCIENT THEATRICAL BILL.

MR. DRAMA,

Having fallen in with what appears to me a very curious theatrical bill, I have used the freedom of forwarding a copy of it to you, hoping that it may not be altogether unacceptable. It seems to form a striking contrast to its kindred of the present day. It is related in these words :—

At a play acted in 1511, on the feast of St. MARGARET, the following disbursements were made as the expense of the exhibition :—

	£	s.	d.
To Musicians, for which, however, they were bound to perform three nights.....	0	5	6
For Players in bread and ale	0	3	1
For decorations, dresses, and play-books....	1	0	0
To JOHN HOBARD, priest and author of the piece	0	2	8
For the place in which the representation was held	0	1	0
For furniture.	0	1	4
For fish and bread	0	0	4
For painting three phantoms and devils.....	0	0	6
And for four chickens for the hero.....	0	0	4

Edinburgh, 20th Sept. 1824.

J. S.

THE HOOK'D NOSE ROMAN.

MR. DRAMA,

I hope you will insert the following article in the most conspicuous part of your Magazine ; for it is no less than “ a full and true account,” (“ more than one erudite dissertation authenticating the family likeness”) of the antiquity of the pedigree of the celebrated tragedian Mr. Punch.

Pullicinella, whom we familiarly call *Punch*, may

receive, like other personages of no greater importance—all his diguity from antiquity; one of his *Roman* ancestors having appeared to an antiquary's visionary eye in a bronze statue:—the nose long, prominent, and hooked; the staring goggle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast; in a word all the character which so strongly marks the *Punch* race, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose. The genealogy of the whole family is confirmed by the general term, which includes them all: for our *Zany*, in Italian *Zanni*, comes direct from *Sannio*, a buffoon; and a passage in *CICERO*, "*De Oratore*," paints *Harlequin* and his brother (*Punch*) gesticulators after the life; the perpetual trembling of their limbs, their ludicrous and flexible gestures, and all the mimicry of their faces." *Quid enim potest tam ridiculum quam SANNIO esse? Qui ore, vultu, imitandis motibus, voce, denique corpore ridetur ipso*," Lib. II. Sect 51. "For what has more of the ludicrous than *SANNIO*? who, with his mouth, his face imitating every motion, with his voice, and indeed, with all his body, provokes laughter." The statue, which is imagined to have thrown so much light on the genealogy of *Punch*, was discovered in 1727, and is engraved in *FICORONIS*' work on "*Le Maschere sceniche e le figure comiche d'antichi Romani*," p. 48. It is that of a mimic called *Maccus* by the Romans; the name indicates a simpleton. But the origin of the more modern name has occasioned a little difference, whether it is derived from the nose or its squeak. The learned *QUADRIO* would draw the name *Pullicinello* from *Pulliceo*, which *SPARTIANUS* uses for *il piello gallinaceo*, (I suppose this to be the turkey-cock) because *Punch's* hooked nose resembles its beak. But *BARETTI* in his "*Tolondron*" gives a derivation admirably descriptive of the peculiar squeaking nasal sound. He says, "*Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow who in a puppet-show manages the puppet called *Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as the English folks abbreviate it, speaks with a tin whistle in his mouth, which makes him emit

that comical kind of voice. But the English word, *Punchinello*, is in Italian *Pulcinella*, which means a *hen-chicken*. Chicken's voices are *squeaking* and *nasal*; and they are *timid* and *powerless*, for this reason my whimsical countryman has given the name of *Pulcinella*, or *hen-chicken*, to that *comic character*, to convey the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose, to express a timid and weak fellow, who is always thrashed by the other actors, and always boasts of victory after they are gone."

I regret extremely that it is not in my power, MR. DRAMA, to throw any light upon the genealogy of the illustrious heroine *Mrs. Judy Punch*—perhaps one of your numerous learned readers, "well skilled in antiquarian subjects," will be kind enough to favor us.

T. W.

CHARACTER OF TALMA.

M. TALMA, the principal tragedian of the French Theatre, is as amiable in his personal character as his histrionic talents are at this moment unequalled; he was the personal friend of BONAPARTE, and one of the few who dared to speak openly to that ruler, and by his candour and good conduct he was continued notwithstanding the liberality of his political opinions, to secure the friendship of the leading members of the present dynasty. The house and purse of M. TALMA have ever been open to distressed talent, and the most fortunate of the literature and the theatrical world, among whom we reckon Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, were happy to cultivate his acquaintance. But M. TALMA has a claim to the good will of Englishmen which all their respect and attentions cannot discharge. The monument erected in the South of France, at the expense of more than 20,000 francs, to the memory of the daughter of our immortal YOUNG, was the work of TALMA. There is something romantic and affecting about the history of

this young lady's death. She was a Protestant, and the abominable bigotry of the Roman Catholic Priesthood denied to her corpse interment in consecrated ground. Under these circumstances, the author of the "*Night Thoughts*" dug a grave for his beloved child in his garden and buried her with his own hands. This affecting scene has been perpetuated by a well-executed print, published in Paris, and the erection of a monument by TALMA will transmit a useful lesson to posterity. It is gratifying to state, that this act has met with the approbation of every reflecting and well-meaning man in France.



TO MISS M. TREE.

MR. DRAMA,

I beg leave to transmit you the following lines to Miss M. TREE, by a young friend. They appear tolerable, and you may probably deem them worthy of insertion in your entertaining little Magazine.

I am, Yours, &c.

H. L. D. M.

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, could charm the list'ning trees,
 Bid stones have life, and fix the wand'ring breeze—
 But now, O wonder, a melodious TREE
 So far excelleth *him*, in minstrelsy
 That could our ancient ORPHEUS rise, and hear
 Her tuneful accents falling on the ear,
 With hate and envy at the enchanting strain
 He straight would melt, and be a shade again.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

Of all the pleasures which imagination is capable of receiving, none are so captivating as those which arise from witnessing an excellent dramatic representation. It includes all that is interesting, instructive, amusing, and affecting; it combines the rich colourings of painting, the grace of action, and the harmony of verse, with the splendor of decorations, the beauty of scenery, and the enchanting allurements of fiction and romance.—C.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

April 28.—Winter's Tale—Abon Hassan.

29.—Fatal Dowry—Rossignol—My Uncle Gabriel.

30.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

May 2.—Ibid—Simpson and Co. [By Command of His Majesty.]

3.—Wild Oats—Harlequin and Talking Bird.

4.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

5.—Guy Mannering—Rossignol—My Uncle Gabriel.

6.—*Virginus*—Abon Hassan.

7.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—Liar.

9.—Jane Shore—Abon Hassan—Pantomime.

10.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

11.—WILLIAM TELL [1st. time.]—Sleeping Draught.

This historical play is from the gifted pen of Mr. KNOWLES, the author of "*Virginus*," "*Caius Gracchus*," &c. The story of TELL is so familiar to every reader, that a very brief sketch of Mr. KNOWLES's version of it is all that can be required of us.

The scene of the play is laid in and around the town of Altorf, where the Austrian Governor, *Gesler* (ARCHER), tyrannizes over the Swiss till they are goaded on to league against him. *Tell* is the leader of a few chosen ones, who have agreed to assemble on the hills, and way-lay the tyrant. The play opens with a scene before the Castle of Altorf, into which a guard of Austrian

soldiers take a number of Swiss prisoners. *Tell* at this moment enters, and finds *Michael* (WALLACK), a merry mercurial Swiss peasant, soliloquizing on the words of his father, who had just told him to become serious, and go take *Gesler's* Castle as a feat worthy of him. *Tell*, pointing at the guard, exclaims to *Michael*—"How like you that!" whose reply conveys an idea that *Michael* no less than *Tell* was a hater of tyrants, but they part without farther parley. The second scene introduces *Tell* solus amidst the rocky and romantic scenery of his beautiful country, where he addresses a prayer to God to crown him and his compatriots' efforts to regain the liberty of his native land with success. His friends then arrive, and their plot is arranged for taking the life of *Gesler* on the hills while he is hunting. The next scene of this act is occupied with some small talk between two ladies—*Annell* (Miss POVEY), and *Agnes* (Mrs. YATES), the theme of which is love. The second act opens with a well-executed scene, representing to us *Tell's* cottage on the mountain. *Emma*, the wife of *Tell* (Mrs. BUNN), is observed contemplating and apostrophising the scenery around her, and pathetically lamenting the enslaved condition of her country. Her son (Miss CLARA FISHER) enters, and receives from her some very good advice about being grateful and contented; to which the boy (saving the misnomer) replies, that, "I may lack content, and yet be good." A trial of *Albert's* skill at shooting at the target is now made, and during his efforts to strike the mark, *Tell* himself enters, and perceiving his son to miss, he gives him some good counsel in archery. "You said one day, that if you were a man, you would not let *Gesler* live: now look at that mark—that's *Gesler*; now for liberty!—right to the tyrant's heart!" and he hits it. "Well done!" *Tell* now informs his wife of the plot to take the life of the tyrant indeed; and in some very good language, almost amounting to poetry, encourages her to prepare for the worst. The boy is sent by his father to the mountains, to bear his dagger to his band of friends, which was to be the signal of attack. The father of one of those friends having been seized by

the Austrians for attempting to defend his son, his eyes are put out. In this plight he comes before *Tell*, at the sight of which the patriot shudders; but rousing up his courage, determines on instant revenge. Meanwhile *Tell's* son proceeds to the mountains, and there he finds *Gesler*, separated from his guards, and lying exhausted on the ground. The boy rouses him and offers to become his guide. *Gesler* demands his father's name; but the lad refuses to reveal it. When arrived at the Castle of Altorf, *Gesler* again requires the name of the boy's father, but the latter persists in his silence, and after various ineffectual attempts to make him comply, *Gesler* orders him to be confined. The tyrant, foreboding that while such men as the father of this boy lived on the mountains, his life was not safe, gives orders that his cap should be hoisted on a pole in the market-place, to which every one was to bow, in token of submission to the Governor. With this mandate *Michael*, the peasant, refuses compliance—the Seneschal orders the soldiers to seize him; but *Tell*, who had witnessed the scene, rushes forward and disarms the Seneschal, strikes down the poll, and tramples on the symbols, as he terms it, of tyranny. The guard rallies and seizes *Tell*, who is taken before *Gesler*. This scene, which is one of the finest in the play, affords Mr. MACREADY an opportunity to display his powers in an eminent degree, an opportunity which he does not let pass him. *Gesler* demands of *Tell* what and who he is, and learning that he has a son, it strikes the tyrant that the lad who is in his power is that son, and he accordingly orders him to be brought forth. *Albert* (true to the noble spirit of his father, as we dare say the author meant it, but somewhat too sage and forethoughted for a boy,) resolves not to own his father. *Gesler* then orders *Tell* to be taken into the Court, and there let the headsman do his office: this is to try the boy, who was observed to start at the hard decree, but he soon resumed his courage. *Tell* then craves leave to address the boy, which he does in a strain of the truest pathos, telling him, "You know me not; but I have a son much like yourself, and should you regain your freedom, tell him how I blessed him,"—

and so on. *Gesler* failing in his object of betraying the father, it is suggested by the Seneschal that the boy should also be beheaded; this is commanded, and then the father's feelings can no longer be suppressed. The name of *Tell* being now made known, *Gesler*, in the wantonness of his tyrannical will, gives him and his son life, upon condition that *Tell* shall shoot an apple placed on his son's head. The deed is done, and *Tell* and his son are liberated; but the secreted arrow falling from his bosom, causes *Gesler* to ask why it was there: "To shoot thee, tyrant, had I killed my boy!" *Tell* is again put in chains, and the fourth act ends. *Tell* escapes—is pursued—kills *Gesler* with an arrow—the Castle of Altorf is taken, and "his country is free."

The underplot is mere common-place about love, and which, for the sake of the main story, we could wish, if possible to be expunged, at all events considerably curtailed in its dialogue. We see no necessity for *Jaghelli*, who is an insipid lover, and nothing more.

It is obvious that here are materials for a good acting play, and we must in justice say that the author has done much with them, although, perhaps, an ore diversified cast of character might have been given, when we consider how extended is the field which the subject of the piece affords. Tyrants, slaves, and freemen, with all the various passions that actuate these most opposite and discordant characters, were within the scope of the author's plot, and yet we have only two other characters, besides that of *Tell*, which our minds can at all fix on, and those are delineated in a very minature-like manner. *Gesler*, the tyrant, is a coward, and acts cruelly; *Michael* is a light, cheerful peasant, and, when time serves, acts like a true patriot. Although the sentiments of *Tell* and his wife are good, yet they are as old as the subject of them. Liberty is a theme that of all others leaves the imagination of the poet almost hopeless of a new idea. In every age and in every clime, liberty has been the favorite subject of genius, till nothing new can be said about it.

Mr. MACREADY showed, throughout the part, the justest conception of his character, and performed it in

a manner equal to that conception, and worthy of his high histrionic fame. The scene where he tramples on the cap of *Gesler*, and that one which we have already mentioned, where he appears in chains before him, were, in our judgment, two of the best in the play. The full gush of a patriot's heart, panting for liberty, was shown in the one, and all the emotions of a parent about to be torn from his child, for loving freedom and detesting tyranny, were portrayed in the other. The struggling commotions arising from the consciousness of his being, as he thought, about to suffer for such a cause, with the lingering wish of nature to live and cherish his wife and child, were most painfully wrought up by this excellent actor. He was warmly applauded throughout. We had no conception that WALLACK (who was always our favourite) could cast off the gloom and solemnity of tragedy, and with a light heart and a lighter heel frisk through such a character as *Michael*. He was particularly good; and his cheerful chat and smiling face were in true keeping with the unsophisticated honesty of a Swiss peasant, such as he was before his country had felt the overreaching power of NAPOLEON. Mrs. BUNN had but little to do, and with somewhat less of a "drawl" (as a gentleman who sat behind us called it), she would have done that little well. The character, though dealing in heroics, was not so tragical as to need the solemn emphasis and minute-lasting pause with which some of her speeches were given. As to Mr. ARCHER's *Gesler*, we dare say it was quite becoming in a tyrant to be full of fearful apprehensions himself, and to be particularly disagreeable to all about him. We know not that it is at all desirable that the character of an Austrian despot should be rendered amusing; so that Mr. ARCHER may still continue the same awful enunciation and pomposity of voice with which he offended us. There was a little music scattered throughout the piece, but of no particular merit. When the curtain fell the applause was loud and long continued from all parts of a very crowded house.

12.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

13.—William Tell—My Uncle Gabriel.

14.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—Monsieur Tonson.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

April 28.—Orestes in Argos—*PRECIOSA; or, the Spanish Gipsy* [1st time].

This afterpiece met with so decided a condemnation that is scarcely worth our while even to bestow a line upon it. The cause of the result did not lie in any defect in the getting up of the piece, or in the performance of it—for the scenery was beautiful, the dresses elegant, and the acting (where the performers *could act*) excellent; but in the nature of the plot, which has many weak points, and also in the paucity of songs, considering that WEBER's name was united with the piece and that such a syren as Miss PATON sustained the chief character, for in fact only one song was sung by her which was pretty. The plot was not an original one, as it was merely ROWLEY and MIDDLETON's play of the "*Spanish Gipsy*" revived, with a few trifling alterations. The audience shewed displeasure at the end of the first act; they however heard it patiently till its conclusion, and then unequivocally damned it.

29.—Inconstant—Lofty Projects—Aladdin.

30.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Charles II.

May 2.—Orestes in Argos—Harlequin and Dragon of Wantly.

3.—Belles Stratagem—Barber of Seville.

4.—Orestes in Argos—Lofty Projects—Poachers.

5.—A Woman never Vext—Ibid—Cent per Cent.

6.—Belles Stratagem—Ibid—Aladdin.

7.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Charles II.

9.—Macbeth—Pantomime.

10.—Iron Chest—Blue Devils—Padlock. (Benefit of Mr. YOUNG.)

11.—Der Freischütz—Aladdin.

12.—Belles Stratagem—Barber of Seville.

13.—Every Man in his Humour—Lofty Projects—Padlock.

14.—Iron Chest—Lofty Projects—Animal Magnetism.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

April 18.—Merry Wives of Windsor—LOVE AND MADNESS [1st time.]—Agreeable Surprise.

In consequence of the ungenerous conduct of the Managers of the *Patent* Theatres towards the Proprietor of this house, that gentleman has determined to enter the lists against them and open his theatre two months earlier than any other period. He has procured a company equal if not superior to either of his rivals, and we are happy to state that his attempt has been crowned with decided success.

The season commenced this evening with the above performances, DOWTON sustaining *Falstaff* with all that rich comic humour for which he is so celebrated. Mr. T. RUSSELL, who made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy at Covent Garden a few weeks since, has returned to his old quarters and again embraced the comic muse—he enacted *Master Slender* with humorous effect. Madame VESTRIS and Mrs. T. HILL, as the "*Merry Wives*" acted and sang delightfully. Miss GEORGE, who made her *debüt* at the close of last season, appeared as *Anne Page*. She has a pleasing voice and sings with considerable taste, yet has much to attain before she can efficiently support leading vocal characters. A new ballet of very humble pretensions succeeded the comedy. In the afterpiece Mr. T. RUSSELL played *Lingo*; it was a performance which although not equal to LISTON's, nevertheless places Mr. R. at no considerable distance from his great compeer. The character of *Cowslip* introduced to us Mrs. HUMBY of the Dublin Theatre. From the reports we had heard we were led to expect abilities of a very high order, and we confess we were not disappointed. Mrs. H. is an extremely fine woman. Her countenance is beautiful and expressive—her voice is clear and agreeable, and there is an archness and

humour in her tones and looks peculiarly interesting. Though she seemed not altogether relieved from that incompleteness of self-possession almost inseparable from a first appearance, she is manifestly a great acquisition to the London stage, and possesses sufficient original powers to render her highly popular in a department of the drama that has not been pre-occupied by any candidate of whose competition she may be apprehensive.

19.—Simpson and Co.—Heir at Law.

A Mr. S. BENNETT (we believe from Plymouth) made his first appearance as *Peter Simpson*. We cannot conceive what induced this gentleman to undertake so arduous a character, and one which TERRY has made so completely his own. Mr. B. gave a very poor representation of the part, and was but coldly received. Mrs. DAVISON (whom we are happy to find the managers have retained) went through *Mrs. Bromley* in a fine and spirited manner. In the last piece Mr. BENNETT appeared as *Dr. Pangloss*, another injudicious selection, some points were given with much humour, but upon the whole it was a very inferior performance. Mrs. HUMBY's *Cicely Homespun* was excellent, and received great and well-merited applause. *Caroline* was played by a Mrs. BURN in a manner which induces us to think she has greater talent than the character gave her opportunity of displaying. DOWTON's *Lord Duberly* was irresistible. VINING gave an admirable representation of the volatile *Dick Dowlas*. Mrs. C. JONES was a very good *Deborah*. The house was well attended.

20.—Fortune's Frolic—Beggar's Opera—Agreeable Surprise.

20.—Every one has his fault—Love and Madness—Weathercock.

Mr. FARREN, another importation from Dublin, appeared this evening as *Sir Robert Ramble*. To adequately support this character requires abilities of a very peculiar order; it is not the mere flow of spirits which will enable the actor to sustain it—he must also combine a refined and correct judgment, with an elegant and gentlemanly deportment, or he can never exhibit the feeble baronet in a right point of view. C. KEMBLE is the only person on the stage who can play the part

well, but since he has resigned it, we know no one who is more capable of filling it than Mr. FARREN. Mr. CLARKSON, another candidate, was the *Captain Irevin*. *Solus* was finely and fully embodied by DOWTON. WILLIAMS played *Harmony* in a skillful manner. Mrs. GLOVER displayed some good acting as *Lady Elinor*. Mrs. W. CLIFFORD's *Mrs. Placid* was highly meritorious. Mrs. BURN gave great effect to the short but interesting character of *Miss Woburn*. In the farce, Mr. FARREN played *Tristram Fickle* with genuine comic humour—he is undoubtedly a great acquisition to the London stage. Mrs. HUMBY was also most successful in her performance of *Variella*.

22.—Lovers' Quarrels—Marriage of Figaro—A Roland for an Oliver.

23.—School for Scandal—Love and Madness—Agreeable Surprise.

25.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Intrigue—Simpson and Co.

26.—Hypocrite—Agreeable Surprise—Tom Thumb.

27.—Turn Out—Beggar's Opera—Youth, Love, and Folly.

This little piece was played for the first time at this house for the purpose of introducing Mrs. HUMBY as *Arinette*, or the little jockey. The piece, as many of our readers know, contains a good deal of pointed equivoque and pleasing music, which, by the way, was but indifferently executed. However the bustle of Mr. VINING, as *Florimond*, and the quaintness of WILKINSON's *Antoine*, rendered this musical entertainment a great favorite.

28.—Belle's Stratagem—Intrigue—Tom Thumb.

29.—Lord of the Manor—Youth, Love, and Folly—Three Weeks after Marriage.

30.—Fortune's Frolic—Love in a Village—Youth, Love, and Folly.

May 2.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Love and Madness—Ibid.

3.—Lovers' Quarrels—TRIBULATION; or *Unwelcome Visitors* [1st time].—She Stoops to Conquer.

Mr. POOLE, the author of that excellent comedy, "*Simpson and Co.*" is the translator (for we think we

recollect seeing it in France) of the present little piece. It has less merit than the former piece, as the dilemmas are less clearly developed and by no means of so humorous a description.—The plot of this piece is as follows:—

Mr. Dorrington, a Bristol merchant, having retired from trade, and finding time hang heavy on his hands, comes to London to pass away the time and get himself made a Knight or Commissioner, as the fates and his wife should determine. Now though the latter thought *Lady Dorrington* an exceedingly genteel appellation, yet as it had pleased the former that *Mr. D's* Christian name should happen to be *Jeremiah*, and *that* savored too much of the ludicrous to harmonize well with the knightly dignity, it is determined their names shall be *Mr. and Mrs. Commissioner D*. This point being arranged, and matters put in a train for its completion, the Commissioner *in posse*, feels strongly disposed "to make a night of it," and is taken by *Forrester* to the house of *Mrs. Dashmore*, a fashionable demirep, celebrated for high play and good suppers. In the meantime *Mrs. D.*, taking advantage of her husband's absence, is introduced at the same house, without being aware of its character. There she becomes a witness of *Dorrington's* flirtations with a certain *Widow Ogle*, and she herself is in turn addressed by *Sir George Faddle*, who is exerting himself to the utmost to make the husband a Commissioner. The husband very good-naturedly volunteers his advice to the Baronet on the conduct of the amour, unconscious that his own wife is concerned, who is finally relieved from the gallant *Sir George* by her cousin *Forrester*, who carries her off in safety. The next morning, what the author facetiously terms the tribulation of the affair, commences with the successive and unwelcome visits of *Sir George and Mrs. Dashmore*, and the humor of the piece consists in the cross purposes and embarrassments which ensue from the mutual endeavours of *Mr. and Mrs. D.* to conceal from one another the part which each has been acting on the preceding evening. After a good deal of confusion *Mr. D.* is made a commissioner, and the piece terminates with a satisfactory explanation.

This piece, which is too short to be tedious, and admirably acted throughout, was most favorably received.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

April 4th.—A new piece was as usual brought out at this amphitheatre, for the benefit of the Easter holiday folks, and which appears likely to meet with the same success that attended the "*Battle of Waterloo*" last season. It was called "*BONAPARTE'S INVASION OF RUSSIA ; or, the Conflagration of Moscow*," a name which sufficiently indicates the nature of the plot, or rather incidents—for plot there was none—of the piece. Mr. SMITH looked a very good *Alexander*, and would no doubt have acted and spoken very well had any thing been given him to say. The character of *Napoleon* was hit with great felicity, and does credit to the author, nor is less due to Mr. GOMERSAL for his happy personation of it. We do not hesitate to say, that there were parts of his performance which many who consider themselves first-rates might not be ashamed to acknowledge as theirs. Mrs. WEST, as *Catherine*, and Mrs. POPE, as *Rhudina*, need only be seen to be properly estimated. We cannot forbear expressing the pleasure we felt in Mrs. SANDER's *Victorine*. *Marshals Ney, Oudinot*, and a score of others, were very respectably performed. The same may be said of *Generals Shomaloﬀ, Flouchkoff*, and enough of other *offs*, to fill more space than we can spare. With regard to scenery and dramatic effect, this piece is very well got up ; the last scenes of the first and third acts we have seldom seen excelled. The "*Scenes in the Circle*" were every thing that could be expected from the known reputation of the *manège* department. Master COLLETT's performance might be shortened with advantage. The equestrian cavalcade, representing the four quarters of the world, was a fine exhibition of the docility of the noble animals. Mr. WILKINSON's grace and agility were truly surprising, but were far surpassed by the feats of horsemanship performed by Monsieur DUCROW, which we recommend all who are fond of such sights to go and see.—The house was crowded to excess, and will be so, no doubt, during the whole run of these pieces.

INDEX TO VOL. VII.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A Cheviot Sportsman	384	Biographer, Dramatic	80,
Acting of Vocal Per-			348
formers.	356	Bolinbroke's Clara ...	15
Actors, Roman	406	Bowman, the Actor..	194
—— Anecdotes of		Brunton, Miss, Lines	
Ancient	25,	to.....	229
	190, 406	Butcher and the Pas-	
—— Greek.	406	sions.	244
Actress, Letter from		Cato, improvement on	243
an	21	Cheviot Sportsman ..	384
Actresses, Handsome	296	Clara, Bolinbroke's ..	15
Addison's Cato, im-		Criticism	348
provement on.....	243	Cox v. Kean, Trial of	203
Address, a Playgoer's	201	Davis, Mrs. the Act-	
All's Well that ends		ress	193
Well, Story of	386	Dogberry	388
Alleyn, the Actor....	190	Downfall of Jamaica..	310
Ancient Drama.....	237	Drama, Degeneracy of	
—— Play Bill....	412	the	17
—— Mysteries and		Dramatic Discovery ..	276
Moralities	119,	—— Poets consi-	
	336	dered	16
Anthony and Cleopatra	386	Dramatic Excerptal 6,	144
Astley, Sen. Anecdote		196, 237, 343	
of.....	19	—— Sketcher... 35,	
As you like it.....	387	129, 230	
Audience Wit.....	245	—— Biographer . 80,	
Bannister, Anecdote of	309	348	
Barry, Mrs.	194	—— Necrology..	393
Bartleman's Music, sale		FOOTE, Miss, Memoir	
of.....	243	of.....	169
Battle of Nanci, a		—— Lines to	195
Sketch	283	Females on the Stage	242
Batavian Theatre....	340	Ferdinand Mendez Pin-	
Bensley, Anecdote of	348	to....	148

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Foote v. Hayne, Trial of.....	243	INCLEDON, Mr. Me- moir of.....	61
French Othello	305	Juliet's Tomb.....	387
——— Authors and Musicians	<i>ib.</i>	Kean, Moses, Reminis- cences of.....	293
——— Dramatic Re- view.....	114	Kean's Othello	244
——— Theatres.	305	Keen Wit.....	18
GRADDON, Miss, Me- moir of	331	Kelly, Miss, Sonnet to	40
Garrick, Mrs.....	246	Kemble, Stephen, An- ecdotes of....	38, 347
——— Mr. Anec- dote of	145	King's Company of Ac- tors.....	191
Garrick's Liberality..	346	Kynaston, the Actor	25
——— first appear- ance	147	Lacy, the Actor....	192
George Stevens.....	22	Lee, Miss, Memoir of	393
German Drama..	78, 301	Letter from an Actress	20
Ghost in Macbeth 11,	334, 341	Lima, Theatre at....	238
Goethe, Anecdote of	21	Lines to Miss Tree..	415
Goldsmith, on the death of.....	243	——— to De Wilde..	222
Grecian Heroes, a Sketch.....	129, 230	Linguer, Madame....	344
Green Room Mar- riages.....	146	Liston, Poetical Por- trait of.....	137
Hamlet at Naples....	20	Macbeth, Ghost in..	11, 334, 341
——— Copies of, scarce	241	Macklin, Anecdote of	347
——— Original Story of.....	388	Mathews in America	308
Handel's White Wig..	306	Maturin, Memoir of	397
Harris, the Actor....	25	Measure for Measure	79, 190
Hart, the Actor..	25, 348	Mellon, Miss, Anec- dote of	309
Henry the Seventh's Players.....	408	Mohun, Life of	192, 351
Henry the Sixth and Shakspeare	410	Morality on and off the Stage.....	246
Histrionic Essays	78, 301	Mysteries and Morali- ties.....	119, 236, 407
Hook'd Nose Roman	412	Nokes.....	193
Hornby, Mrs.....	241	Norris, the Actor....	194
		Nugæ Dramaticæ....	286
		Oldfield, Mrs.....	26

PAGE.	PAGE.
Opera House at Stock- holm 240	Shakspeare, Preterna- tural Beings of.... 27
Origin of the Stuart family..... 385	—————Name of.. 383
Otway..... 26	—————Attempt to write on..... 392
Oxberry, death of.... 395	—————and Henry VI. 410
PARROCK, Miss, Me- moir of..... 277	—————a player.. 191
Paris, Theatre at.... 239	Shakspeare's Hamlet. 241, 338
Pelagio, a Sketch.... 35	————— Othello, Origin of..... 311
Penkethman, Anec- dote of..... 144	—————Seven Ages 383
Play Bill of Garrick's 147	————— Henry V. 385
Plays Performed on Sundays 145	————— All's Well that ends Well.... 386
Players of Henry VII. 408	————— Anthony and Cleopatra..... <i>ib</i>
Preternatural Beings of Shakspeare 27	————— As You Like It 387
Quick, Anecdotes of.. 126, 145, 380	————— Dogberry 388
Reminiscences of Ste- phen Kemble. 38	————— Historical Plays 392
————— Quick 126	Talma, Character of 414
————— Kean 293	Theatre at Lima.... 238
Retired Performers.. 306	————— Paris.... 239
SINCLAIR, Mr. Me- moir of..... 7	————— Sandwich Isles... .. <i>ib</i> .
Sandwich Island, Thea- tre at. 239	Theatrical Joint Stock Company..... 353
Sheridan..... 147	————— Bill, Ancient 412
St. Paul's 18	————— Portraits. .. 137
Smart, Mr. Memoir of 402	————— Reminiscen- ces 38, 126, 293
Sonnet to Miss Kelly 40	Tomb of Juliet..... 387
South Sea Bubble.... 345	Tree, Miss, Lines to 415
Stevens, George. 22	Twelfth Night Theatri- cals 138
Stephens, Miss, Lines to 353	'Twou'd Puzzle a Con- juror 143
Stockholm, Opera-house at..... 240	Verbruggen 194
Stuart Family, Origin of 385	
Suet and Bannister.. 312	

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Viganoni, Signor, death of.....	397	Wewitzer, Memoir of	403
Vocal Performers, Act- ing of	356	Wolves, The...	245, 343
		YATES, Mr. Memoir of	115
		———Mrs. Memoir of	223

THEATRICAL INQUISITION, &c.

	PAGE.		PAGE
A Woman never Vext (C.G.T.)	106	Cooke, T. Mr.....	104
Addresses 164, 327, 361, 362, 375		——— T. P. Mr.	318
Abon Hassan (D.L.T.)	364	Committee (O.T.)	166
Archer, Mr.....	259	Der Freischütz (C.G.T.)	41
As you like it (D.L.T.)	149	———(O.T.) ..	57
Ayres, Mr.....	57	———(W.L.T.)	<i>ib.</i>
Ball, Mr.....	315, 317	———(D.L.T.)	103
Bartley, Mr.	109	Downe, Mr.	153
Bath Theatre.....	322	Dowton, Mr	163
Bedford, Mr. 101, 103, 104		Duff, Mr.	49
———Mrs. <i>ibid.</i>		Duruset	160
Beggars' Opera (H.T.)	163	Edinburgh Theatre ..	269
Belle's Stratagem (C. G. T.)	263	Eldred, Miss.....	57
Bennett, Mr.	<i>ib.</i>	Enchanted Horse (D. L.T.)	98
Beverley, Mr.....	57	Fall of Algiers (D.L.T.)	248
Bianca, Miss.....	<i>ib.</i>	Family Fete (D.L.T.)	105
Blanchard, Mr. 109, 263		Fatal Dowry (D.L.T.)	247
Buckingham, Mr....	268	Father & Son (C.G.T.)	315
Buckstone, Mr.....	56	Fawcett, Mr.....	263
Cabinet (C.G.T.)	159	Fitzwilliam, Mr.	259
Caledonian Theatre..	272	Foote, Miss	263
Change Partners (D.L. T.)	314	Frank-in-Steam (O. T.)	267
Chatterley, Mrs.	41	George, Miss.....	163
Chester, Miss.....	109	Graddon, Miss 47, 104, 249	
Cline, Monsieur	52	Greenwood, Mr.	57
Cobham, Mr....	56, 379	Grimaldi.....	220
		Hafed the Gheber (D. L.T.)	151
		Hamblin, Mr., ...	160, 163

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Hamlet (H.T.)	160	Masaniello (D.L.T.)..	260
Harlequin and the		Mason, Mr.	263
Talking Bird (D.L.		Mathews' At Home ..	319
T.)	214	Merchant of Venice (C.	
----- and the		G.T.)	261
Dragon of Wantley		Melrose, Mr.	51, 163
(C.G.T.)	219	Murder and Madness	
Harley, Mr. 48, 150, 153,		(S.T.)	378
249		My Uncle Gabriel (D.	
Hebrew Family (C.G.		L.T.)	153
T.)	368	Opera House.....	313
Hide and Seek (H.T.	49	Orger, Mrs.....	150
Hill, Mrs. T.....	51	Orestes in Argos (C.G.	
Horn, Mr. 102, 103, 104		T.)	372
Hughes, Mrs.....	259	Othello (D.L.T.)	254
Isabella (C.G.T.)	111	Paton, Miss 44, 159, 368	
Jones, Mrs. C.....	163	-----Miss J.	259
Kean, Mr. 217, 250, 254,		Pearman, Mr.	44, 45
257, 260, 361		Penzance Theatre....	274
Keely, Mr.....	109	Perouse (O.T.)	166
Kelly, Miss.	51	Pope, Mr.	150
----- F. H.	158	Povey, Miss 48, 104, 150	
Keuba, the (S.T.)....	51	Power, Mr.	55
Kemble, Mr. C. 106, 108,		Portsmouth Theatre..	273
112, 262, 266		Private Theatricals ..	381
----- Mr. H... 51, 380		Prodigal Son (C.T.)..	378
Knight, Mr.,... 102, 150		Ravenna (C.G.T.)	155
Lacy, Miss 109, 159		Raymond, Mr.....	49
Leeds' Theatre	327	Rayner, Mr.	160
Liston Mr	51	Richard III. (D.L.T.)	250
Lofty Projects (D.L.		Rivals (H.T.).....	163
T.)	374	Russell, Mr. J.	261
Love in a Village (D.		Sapio, Mr. 151, 249	
L.T.)	101	Shepherd of Derwent	
Macready, Mr. 149, 366,		Vale (D.L.T.)	258
418		Sherwin, Mr	259
Maid of the Mill (D.L.		Siddons, Mrs.....	111
T)	102	Siege of Belgrade (D.	
Marriage of Figaro (D.		L.T.)	151
L.T.)	47	Sinclair, Mr.....	159

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Sloman, Mrs.	105, 109, 111	Wake not the Dead	
Smith, Mr.....	104	(C.T.)	55
—— Mr. G.....	102	Watson, Miss.....	56
Stephens, Miss..	152, 249	Waylett, Mrs.	103
Stranger (C.G.T.)....	109	Weber.....	44, 45
Stuart, Miss	268	Williams, Mr....	51, 163
Terry, Mr. 101, 150,	249	William Tell (D.L.T.)	416
Tinney, Mr.	45	Winchester Theatre .	327
Tree, Miss.....	263	White Surrey (S.T.)..	377
Truro Theatre.	274	Yates, Mr	158
Valmondi (A.T.).....	53	—— Mrs.....	150
Vandenhoff, Mr.....	271	Young, Mr. 40, 106, 108,	
Venice Preserved (C.		110, 158	
G.T.).	105	—— Mrs	51
Vining, Mr.	163, 268	Younge, Mr.....	259
Wallack, Mr.....	149		

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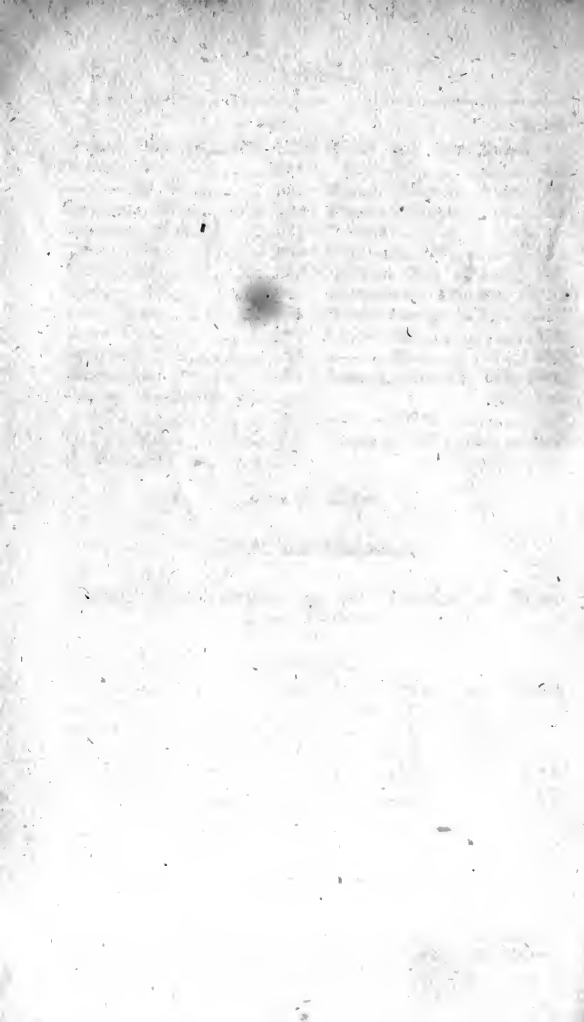
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PORTRAITS OF

Mr. SINCLAIR, as <i>Don Carlos</i> .	Mr. YATES, as <i>Cornet Count Carmine</i> .
Mr. INCLEDON, as he appeared when singing the "Storm."	Miss FOOTE, as <i>Maria</i> .
	Mrs. YATES, as <i>Violante</i> .
	Miss PARROCK, as <i>Elvina</i> .
	Miss GRADDON, as <i>Linda</i> .









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